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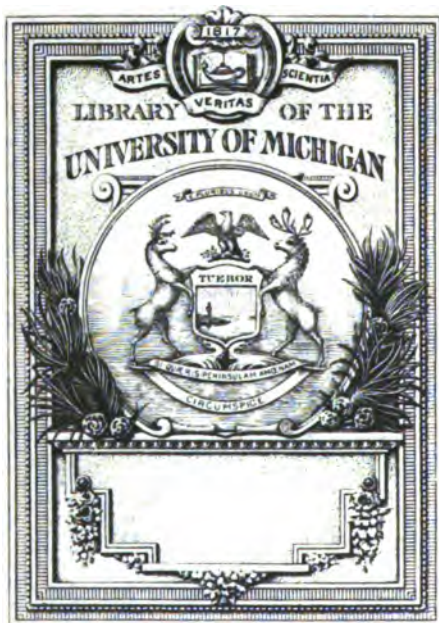
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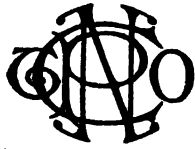


Indians

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THE OJIBWAY



THE OJIBWAY

A NOVEL OF INDIAN LIFE
of the Period of the Early Advance of
Civilization in the Great Northwest

BY
Joseph A. Gilfillan
JOSEPH A. GILFILLAN



NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON
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1904

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BY JOSEPH A. GILFILLAN



To the Sweetest of Wives

HARRIET WOODBRIDGE

Who, setting out from old Connecticut, for
twenty-three years among the Ojibways shed hap-
piness around, this book is dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

April 19, 1904.



Adjoining
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CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN OF THE HUNTER.

When the shades of evening were beginning to close in on a May day about the middle of the century just ended, an Indian hunter on the lonely shores of Gull Lake, in what is now the State of Minnesota, was warned by the increasing gloom that it was time for him to turn his steps homeward. He had been all day hunting ducks to provide food for the loved ones, and a well-filled bag which hung from his back suspended by a deer hide strap showed that his efforts had not been in vain. His gun was on his shoulder, and at his feet was his faithful dog, who had so many times that day dashed into the water and brought to land the mallards which the sure aim of his master's gun had deprived of life. He seemed to share his master's opinion that it was about time to think of supper and a place to sleep, for when the master ceased scanning the lake for ducks and took a long look toward the place where his wigwam should be, turning his steps toward it, the dog gave a joyous bark and scampered ahead in that direction. As he ran on he ever and anon looked round with joyous face to his master, his meaning being as plain as if he had spoken it: "That's right, master; it is time to go to home and supper."

The hush of evening was on, and stillness brooded on all around, broken only when a dry twig snapped under the elastic tread of the hunter and the light pressure of his moccasined foot. The lake, lying like something molten in the hollow of a great depression, reflected all the tints of the evening sky as in a looking-glass, and the pine trees, which in some places projected far over its waters, were faithfully reproduced there. The evening star was to be seen there, and the red tints of the western sky, a few floating clouds, and the brooding pines: there was a double world, one above one below.

The hunter was a man above middle size, and carried himself with the beautiful poise, and had the light, elastic tread of the Indian. His ample chest was thrown forward, his head back; one arm bare to the shoulder, except where a broad, thin silver band on the upper arm encircled it, steadied his gun; the other was hidden beneath the folds of the blanket, which it kept in place around his body. His small and well-shaped feet were encased in deer-hide moccasins that fitted like a glove, and on the upper part, over the high instep, were worked some beautiful figures in bead-work, the character and design of which showed to the experienced eye that he was an Ojibway. Evidently there was some female friend or relative to whom he was dear, and the tale of whose affection the neat-fitting and carefully-worked moccasin told. To the tops were sewed pieces of deerskin which were wound round his legs and

bound with deer-hide thongs, also sewed to the top of his moccasins, and which were wrapped several times around his limbs, thus holding the deerskin tops firmly in place.

When he moved aside the blanket in walking, it was seen that he also had on white cotton leggings, reaching above the knee, and which were held in place by thongs fastened to the belt around his waist. His thighs were bare, as was his body, except for the breech-cloth; and over all was the invaluable blanket; his covering by day and his complete protection in the wildest winter storms by night.

He and his faithful dog thus plodded on a good many miles along the shore of the lake, until he came to a birch-bark canoe drawn up on the sand, out of reach of the waters of the lake and out of danger of being blown in by the wind. When he came to it he turned into the woods and searched for some seconds among a clump of bushes, whence he brought out a paddle. The paddle in the canoe would have been a temptation to any one happening along to use it: having hidden it where no one but himself could find it he was reasonably sure of finding his canoe.

In it he now embarked with his dog, and giving it a shove as he jumped aboard sent it far over the waters; then taking his seat and seizing his paddle, with skilful strokes sent it skimming along. Soon its bow grated on the sand on the farther shore, and springing out he lifted it out of the water and carried it some distance up on the land and inverted it there.

Then taking his gun and paddle in one hand and slinging the bag of ducks over his back, he walked swiftly in the direction of his wigwam.

His road lay through a scattered Indian settlement of several hundred inhabitants; the Gull Lake Indian village. There was no attempt at anything like a street; the wigwams were built here and there and everywhere in picturesque confusion. As he went along he saw an endless number of columns of light, high up in the sky, each resting on a black base a considerable distance from the earth. These were the columns of light from the open tops of the wigwams streaming far upwards.

It was the evening hour; the labor of the day was over, the families were all assembled, sitting in circles around the fire, which was kept blazing high with the wood liberally thrown upon it from the pile deposited at the outside of each door. As our hunter passed wigwam after wigwam he everywhere heard the sounds of laughter and of mirth issuing from each. The whole village seemed to have given itself up to joy. Sometimes as he passed the blanket door was thrown aside, and looking in there was the happy group, all bathed in light and warmth, reclining on mats around the central fire. Jests and laughter flew around, and every face was radiant. There was the father sitting behind the fire, opposite the opening for a door, in the seat of honor, if the ground can be called a seat, holding up on its little trembling, uncertain legs, his

baby just beginning to walk. There was the mother preparing the evening meal; there was the steaming pot suspended from the crotch of a sapling over the fire, whence a delicious savor of cooking meat diffused itself. There were the little brothers and sisters of all sizes and ages disposed along the sides of the wigwam, their white teeth shining and their sides shaking with laughter at the mishaps of the little naked, staggering baby in its efforts to navigate over the outstretched legs which encircled the fire. Such were the happy scenes again and again repeated in every wigwam, which the hunter noticed with observant eye as he passed.

The glowing columns of light from the top of each wigwam lit up also the rude framework in front of nearly every one, on which were hung countless strips of venison, of moose meat, and the flesh of other animals suspended there to dry. It was evident there was plenty in the village; abundance of food, and of the best. Everywhere there was innocent revelry and the happy enjoyment of families. Throughout the whole length of the village which he traversed there was no trace of care or sorrow. Old and young alike were happy.

And now at last Ozawa-animiki *(Yellow Thunder), for such was the hunter's name, reached his own home, and lifting aside the skin kept spread out by two small sticks which covered the opening in the birch bark which served for a door, he stepped in. It was an ordinary wigwam, about sixteen feet across and twelve

*As written in this book, "a" is pronounced as "a" in father; "e" as in they; "i" as in machine.

feet to the top, made of poles coming together at the top, but spread out at the bottom, where they were thrust into the ground some distance. Around these poles on the outside there were loosely laid on large strips of birch bark, sometimes overlapping each other a little and sometimes leaving considerable chinks between. These were laid on diagonally, and extended from the ground nearly to the top. The top was open for the escape of the smoke. There were no beds, tables, nor chairs, but all around the sides of the wigwam mats made by the good woman of the house from the rushes which grew in the lake. On these mats the family reclined by day and slept by night. Round the sides of the wigwam were neatly stowed the scant bed coverings of the inmates, their few pots and kettles when not in use, their birch-bark dishes and plates, and their few other earthly possessions. The fire was guarded by four green sticks about as large as a man's arm, laid about it in a square and about two feet from it, and it was a matter of etiquette that no one should put his feet beyond those sticks, no matter how cold his feet might be.

Somehow the fire did not seem to burn as brightly that night in his wigwam as in the others he had passed, and he noticed that his wife's face was clouded and anxious. Still he made no inquiry, but flung down his bag of ducks, bestowed his gun and paddle in the sides of the wigwam, thrusting them between the birch bark and the poles, where they were firmly held, and then took his accustomed seat on the mat oppo-

site the door. He felt tired, and the rest was good. Soon his wife placed on the clean mat beside him a birch bark dish of delicious steaming duck, another birch bark dish of cooked wild rice, and a bark cup of hot duck broth. Here was a feast fit for a tired hunter, and he did the ample justice to it which a man should who had tramped all day, and tasted nothing since the morning. At last he put the empty dishes away from him with a gesture of satisfaction, and getting out the mixture of the dried inner bark of the red willow mixed with a little tobacco, which he was accustomed to smoke, and his long-stemmed wooden pipe, proceeded further to make himself comfortable.

CHAPTER II.

TROUBLE IN THE WIGWAM.

His wife now began to speak. She was a comely Indian woman of about forty, about the same age as himself. She was dressed in a short garment made of well-tanned deerskin, which covered her body, but left her arms, and legs from the knees, bare. The materials for civilized costume were not very plenty at that remote place in those days, and she conformed to the general custom. Her feet were encased in the usual moccasins. Her abundant black hair was parted in the middle, oiled with some kind of grease, and, plaited in two braids, hung down her back almost to her waist.

“Indeed,” she said, “I am very much afraid about our daughter, and though it was on my mind I didn’t want to speak to you about it before you had had your supper. I knew you were tired tramping all day, and I thought to myself, ‘let him have his supper in peace before I begin to say anything; for I know if I tell him what I have to tell him he will not be able to eat.’ But this day I became really alarmed about our daughter, who is lying there.” Here she pointed to a figure, enveloped in a blanket, which lay upon the mat at one of the sides of the wigwam, and of which not even the face was visible, the blanket being drawn over the head in the usual

manner of Indians when sleeping. The figure had not moved since the hunter came in.

"This day, for the first time, while you were gone, I really became alarmed about her. She coughs so much, and she raises so much coughing, and look here," she said, with increasing agitation, "what bad stuff she spits out," taking a bark cup and showing the contents to her husband. "And I notice she is getting thinner and thinner, and she cannot eat. To-day, though, I set to work and cooked her the nicest things I could find, yet she could not eat them. But what alarmed me most of all to-day was that once she almost fainted, and it looks to me as if I might lose my daughter; and if I lose her what shall I do?" Here she began to cry in a low, heart-broken way, for she would not make much noise lest she should wake her sleeping child. "I would not say this before her," she continued, "for it would make her feel badly, and might make her worse; but I tell it to you when she does not hear me, that you may consider what is to be done. Oh! I have lost so many children that I am almost heart-broken, and now if I lose this last one of all, oh, what shall I do?"

Here, though she restrained her voice from loud weeping, violent sobs shook her. "Oh, my daughter, my daughter!" she moaned; "what shall I do if you leave me?"

The hunter was deeply saddened by what his wife told him. He did not weep like her, but his anxiety and distress were quite as great. He laid aside his pipe and did not smoke. His head sunk down in deep meditation and great

sadness. He had not noticed these threatening symptoms in his child so keenly as his wife had, and her words went like daggers to his heart. He was dependent on her about such things, and his heart rose and fell with her. If she had hope he felt the greatest elation; if she despaired he was cast into the depths of despair. About hunting and the business of life he was his own master, but when a sick child was in question he watched her with the greatest anxiety.

"Well," he said at length, speaking in a kind of stony despair, "there is only one thing to be done. There are medicine-men here who make it their business to cure sickness. They have been given power, it seems, to do such things. The People* all rely on them, The Spirits have given them power, and help them. Tomorrow morning I shall go and bring one of them here to doctor her. It is seldom that one of them fails. Sometimes only, if some one is destined for death, they fail; but if there is such a thing as life to be had, they do not fail."

"I suppose," said his wife in a low tone, so as not to wake the sleeper, "that is the only thing we can do, though I do hate to give away our wealth to them. They charge very high for their services. We shall have to give them presents of the best we have, and nearly everything we have, to get them to undertake it. There are those beautiful blankets of mine. I worked hard many and many a day making wild

*The Ojibways call all Indians Anishinabeg from Anisha (without cause or spontaneous) and Inabewal (he appears): so it means spontaneous man or may be translated as here The People.

rice last fall, and traded that rice to the traders for those beautiful new blankets, and now they must go. And only last month I came back from the sugar camp from making maple sugar. That is where our daughter took cold. How I did toil and slave night and day, carrying sap in birch-bark pails all day long in the deep, melting snows, wet up to my waist all the time; and then sitting up all night boiling the sap, hardly sleeping and hardly ever resting all during The Sap-boiling Moon (April)! And now that sugar will have to go; and not only that, but our pots and kettles, and our food, and pretty nearly everything we have to live on."

"Oh well," said he, "it is better to give all that than to see our daughter die, the only child we have left. It is true we shall have to give away about all, and have only a frame of a wigwam left, and our bodies. But there are animals out on the prairie and in the woods, and they have valuable furs on their backs; and there are traders living somewhere, three or four days' journey off, who are anxious to get those furs, and who will give us in exchange blankets for them as good as these, and pots and kettles and sugar, too; and I propose to go and get the furs from the backs of those animals, even if I have to follow them for days and days till I drop. I would rather do that than lose my daughter, and I know you would, too, when you think of it."

"It is not certain," the woman replied, "that the Medicine-men can cure our daughter, even if we do give them everything we have. When

my other children were sick I had them doctor them, and yet they died. And maybe it will be so again. But yet we can not stand by and see our daughter die. We must do something, and this seems the best thing we can do."

This consultation over, and sorrowful conclusion arrived at, they each addressed themselves to their several ways; she to her housewifely duties and thinking, and he to his smoking and no less deep meditation. Then, without making any noise that might awake her, she gently spread over her sleeping child an additional covering, that she might not take cold, and soon they also stretched themselves out on their mat, and silence and sorrow reigned in the wigwam.

CHAPTER III.

TRYING TO GET RID OF THE TROUBLE.

The next morning, after his hasty morning meal, Yellow Thunder presented himself at the wigwam of Men-we-we-gi-zhik (Good-Sounding-Sky). He was the acknowledged Head Grand Medicine-man of the Ojibway nation, and if any one could cure the sick one, he could. His reputation extended all over the Ojibway country; and from villages five days' journey (one hundred miles) or more distant the sick were carried by their friends and laid before him for him to heal them. With them were brought valuable presents; blankets, guns, traps, maple sugar, beadwork; whatever the Ojibway counted most valuable; which were laid down at his feet in payment for his services. His deceased father had been Great Grand Medicine-man before him; and he had taught him all his art and skill; so it was in him both by training and inheritance. On account of the valuable presents he continually received for doctoring the sick, his substance was greater than that of any of the other Indians, even the most successful hunters. His wigwam never lacked venison, wild rice, and food of all kinds, and he had also blankets, pots, and kettles more than any other Indian. And all this although he rarely went hunting, devoting himself par-

ticularly to the practice of his art. The others hunted and endured the severe labor; he stayed at home, but reaped a share of the fruits of their toil. From the style in which he lived and the abundance of everything desirable that he had, he was rather the nabob of the little village.

When our hunter drew near to the door of his wigwam and raised the skin that covered the opening, there sat Good-Sounding-Sky on a mat behind the fire, in the usual seat of honor, solacing himself by singing a chant, accompanied by the beating of his drum. This he held aloft in one hand, while with the other he beat it. His legs were folded under him as he sat, his face directed upwards, his lips parted; and there was a look of ecstasy on his face, called forth by his musical efforts. The effect of his singing was evidently very pleasing to himself, and as it proceeded inspired him more and more with a belief in his own powers. His wife was going about her usual household tasks, and the chanting seemed to please her, and formed a sort of accompaniment to her work. His little son, a dirty-faced, but bright, black-eyed, pretty little boy, had stopped in his play to listen to his father, and was looking at him with undisguised admiration.

The chant was pitched beginning with a high, clear note, and gradually falling, but with many attempts at recovery, according to the usual way of Indian singing, until it ended in a very low note. Then the singer took it up again in its pristine height and clearness, until once more it gradually descended. So it kept on a long

time. The general effect of the continual recurrence to the high, clear note with which it started was to give one the feeling of being roused and excited, as if there were continual impacts of energy coming into one. The particular chant which the singer happened then to be singing was one on which he entered with zest, for it was about himself. It was:

"Men-we-we-gi-shik o-dibendan Kagiashkonshag
"Enendunk ishiwebutini."

Two lines, of which the first was

"Good-Sounding-Sky is the Lord of Gull Lake,"

and the second,

"As he wills a thing to be, so it comes to pass."

He was exalting his own powers as a healer of the sick and Grand Medicine-man, one who was on intimate terms with the powers above. He magnified his office and kept his courage up for the more effectual discharge of his duties, both for the effect upon himself, that, being in a state of exaltation, his powers might work more strongly, and also for the effect on others; both the sick and the well; who could only be influenced, and the sick cured, by seeing that he had unbounded confidence in himself. A halting, hesitating, or fearful way of proceeding would pre-doom him to failure, but the undoubted assertion of his powers carried him successfully along; and others, the sick and the well, along with him. Therefore not merely to gratify his vanity and self-love, but in order that he might successfully accomplish what he wished to do, and raise up the sick, he habitually held himself high.

When the visitor entered, Good-Sounding-Sky took no notice of him for some time, but held on in the same lofty strain, reiterating again and again that "he was lord of Gull Lake, and that whatever he destined came to pass," in order to properly impress the man, and that he might be sufficiently plastic to receive whatever stamp he later should see fit to impress upon him. When he judged that his visitor had been sufficiently impressed he ceased, and gave him an opportunity to tell his errand.

Our hunter had meanwhile been deeply impressed with the confided assertion of supernatural powers so boldly and perseveringly claimed, and which had been borne in upon him with the divine force of music. He realized that he was in the presence of a very great being. It was therefore with much inward humbleness of mind that he addressed him. Then his mind reverted to the pale little figure in his wigwam, and hope revived in his breast that here was the one who could restore her to the flush of health. He thought, too, of his sorrowful wife, and that here also was the medicine for her woes.

"I see you have very great powers given you," he meekly observed.

"Yes," said the medicine-man, "I can do almost anything. I can cause a very great storm to arise; again, I can lay the winds at pleasure. A few days ago a stranger came to our lake here to go across. I went to him and asked him to give me tribute. He laughed at me and asked what he should give me tribute for. I told him in order that he might have a fair passage across

the lake. I told him that if he did not I would begin to sing and chant, and would raise such a storm upon him when was out in the middle of the lake that very likely he would be drowned. He laughed again, and told me to sing all I wanted to; that he had no fear of my being able to do any such thing by my foolish singing. With that he jumped into his canoe and started across. When he was about half way over I began to chant my medicine songs and beat my drum, and sure enough! a fearful storm of wind sprung up, and soon I saw the poor man struggling for life in the billows. Oh how he wished he had not made light of me and my powers! The waves filled his canoe and there he was in the water holding on to it trying to keep his chin above. I never saw such a distressful sight! At first I thought I would let him drown as he deserved to, then I began to feel pity for the poor devil; so I eased up on him. I stopped singing just as he was about to drown, and as I did so the wind ceased, so he was just barely able at last to crawl ashore. Be he lost his canoe, his gun, his traps, and all his property. He was a stranger in this part of the country and did not know who I was, or he never would have done such a foolish thing. Had it not been that I took pity on him just before the end came, he would have lost his life."

"He was indeed a very foolish man to defy you," said Yellow Thunder, "but he did not know what powers you had."

"Another time," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "I was out in the woods hunting, when I spied a

moose a long distance off. Instead of trying to kill him I thought I would try the power of my medicine over him. So I began to sing one of my medicine songs, and do you know! the power of my singing was so great that that moose stood stock still and listened! Then I came toward our village here, still singing, and do you know! I had made that moose so silly that he followed me right here to my wigwam. I declare I almost died with laughing at that moose! Never saw anything look so silly in my life as he did." Here he laughed again, most heartily, at the recollection of it.

"Did you kill him?" inquired Yellow Thunder.

"No," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "I was too much overcome with the ridiculousness of the way that moose looked to do anything but laugh. By and by, when I ceased singing, because I was laughing so hard I could not sing, his senses came back to him; and he just took one look at the wigwams around him, and off he darted back into the woods."

"Your medicine is certainly powerful," said Yellow Thunder.

"Yes," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "there is my little son, Na-me-gos (The Trout). I intend to make him just as powerful a medicine-man as I am myself. I have already begun to work upon him, and to endue him with supernatural powers. I have already put him through a course, and I intend to make him immortal. Do you wish to know how far I have progressed? Well I will tell you. I lately put him under the

water for three days, and when I took him out he was still living. You see him playing there; you see how healthy and well he is. Here is the song that I sang, and by the power of it and by the power of my medicine he was kept alive.

With that he began to sing, accompanied as before by the beating of his drum.

"Nesogwon gi-agwindjing, Kawin botch gi-nibosi."

"Three days he was under the water, and yet he did not die."

"Do you see that lake," he went on to say, pointing to the sheet of water on which their village was situated. It was perhaps seven miles long, was narrow at the upper end, then widened out very much, so as to be three miles across, then narrowed again at the lower end where the river ran out of it. There were also some rocky islets in it.

"You see that lake?" said Good-Sounding-Sky. "Well, that lake is I. I am the god that is under it, and that lake is an outward representation of me. Do you see that upper part where it is so narrow. That is my feet, and that is why it is so narrow. Then you see where it widens out in the middle and is so broad? That is my body and shoulders. Then do you see that narrow place at the lower end? That is where my head is. And do you see those rocky islets in the middle? Those are the spines of my backbone. I am the god under that lake, and my body is partly visible in those spines. You can see for yourself that I am a god."

Yellow Thunder was wonderfully encouraged by this recital of supernatural powers and

supernatural achievements. He had been thinking of his little daughter all the time he had been listening; he had been estimating it all with reference to her. Here was undoubted power, adequate to all needs. His mind was filled with hope, his heart with joy. Then he addressed him.

“Our little daughter,” he said, “is not very well. She is drooping for some reason, although there is nothing much the matter with her,”—this last he added as a sort of consolation to himself,—“and my wife and I wish you to come over as soon as you can and bring your instruments with you, and doctor her. Such men as you have power given to them,”—this he said in sincere homage to what he had just heard,—“and we wish you to save our daughter.” Then, after a pause, he added, “I wish to say that we will try to do well by you out of what we have, and we wish you to exert your powers to the very utmost. We think everything of our child, the last child we have, and we will not scruple at anything if you will only cure her.” So saying he laid down a present of a haunch of venison, some wild rice, and a piece of red cloth got from the trader in exchange for many skins, whose bright color was just the thing to take an Indian’s eye. All this as a preliminary, a retaining fee, as it were; more might be expected to follow.

The Medicine-man accepted the present, not too eagerly, but with a proper reserve. Perhaps graciously would be the proper word to use to express the manner of his acceptance. A man

with such powers as he was entitled to the tribute, and to kindly receive it was all that could be asked.

"Well," he said, "I shall go and doctor your daughter, and I shall be extremely glad that she should get well. It is very seldom indeed that my powers fail; only once in a great while if a person is fairly destined to death, then indeed I am unable to save them; but nearly always, I might say always, I am able to save the sick."

With this comfortable assurance Yellow Thunder rose and with good hope in his heart went back to his wigwam to tell his wife to prepare for their distinguished visitor.

Soon, while they were sitting in silence expecting him, having their daughter propped up in an easy position, and with hope from the expected visit of the one who was to cure her giving a new life to her pallid face, the Medicine-man came. But before he entered the door he struck up a chant, accompanying himself with the beating of his drum; and in this he continued a long time before he deigned to enter at all. It was a victorious, exultant outburst, in which he recited and exulted in his powers, and rejoiced in a victory already won. There was no doubt, no hesitation in his proceedings. He was the conscious victor and the hunter and his wife and the sick girl, as they looked at him, felt the contagion of his enthusiasm and they, too, rejoiced in an already assured cure. As he sang, his face was ecstatically turned upward; the drum held aloft with one hand, while with the

other he beat it, and its every throb went to the heart of the listeners.

His chant was one line repeated over and over.

"Ni Manidow, ta-hi-yo, tchibekunank ondjI Manidowiyán, wlu-gushk." "I am a God: ta-hi-yo; from the road of the dead coming, a God, herbs make me so."

The "ta-hi-yo" is an exulting exclamation, the words being without meaning.

Not only was he a "manido," but he came from the underground world, the regions of the dead; therefore a very powerful one.

His whole appearance as he chanted these words was that of exaltation, exhilaration, power. Now the hunter and his wife placed before him a dish of the best food they had, and also the precious blankets, dear to the heart of the woman. Good-Sounding-Sky saw them approvingly, but did not touch them, and now deigned to come within the wigwam. He squatted down on the ground beside the sick girl, and after partaking of the food got down to business. He had in his hand his Grand Medicine rattle, endowed with mysterious powers, and this he shook over her a thousand times, with many a "whe-ho-ho-ho-o." He used all sorts of incantations to exorcise the evil spirit that was afflicting her and recited endless formulas which he had learned from his father and from the old Medicine-men before him. He called on great numbers of gods to help him; gods who lived in many different places. He made himself hoarse, and he made himself tired, with his continued exertions, and certainly tried faithfully and with honesty of purpose to cure the girl. He had a great natural sympathy for the father

and mother, as well as for the sick girl, and he was anxious for their sakes, as a friend and neighbor, and not only for his own credit, to succeed. He tried all ways and did the best he could and the best he knew. Sometimes he would fall to sucking with great vehemence at a particular place, as the child's arm, and after a little with great effort would bring out of his mouth a piece of bone or a nail or a bug which he declared he had got out of her body and which had been the cause of the trouble. This pious fraud he had become so used to in his profession that he hardly knew it was a fraud.

The girl at first was pleased at being the object of so much attention; and hope buoyed her up that she would soon get well, and be running about playing as the other girls were. Was not here the Great Medicine-man shaking his rattle over her, determined to make her well? And did he not have power? Yes, she was not abandoned to be sick as she had been for the last few days. Here was an effort made to get her well, and she would get well. That was her high resolve. So she fell in with the pullings and haulings that he used upon her, and was receptive and responsive to all his treatment.

But when night drew on and she could not sleep for his shaking the rattle over her and drumming and singing at her ear; and for his pulling her head and her arms this way and that way, and for his falling to and sucking at some new part of her anatomy to get out some new cause of her sickness; and when this was con-

tinued night and day, almost without intermission, for three days, except sometimes when for a very short time he himself was borne down with sleep she began to get very tired of it and to long for rest, and it was very evident to her parents that, whatever the ultimate result might be, for the present at least her condition had not improved. So at the end of three days and nights, during which he had almost continuously practiced his spells and done his best, certainly exerted himself to the utmost, as they had been witnesses, the Grand Medicine-man, with the consent of all parties, gave it up and moved away. Before he went he spread out one of the blankets and put in it all the rest of the articles which had been given him as his fee: furs, maple sugar, wild rice, white cotton cloth, red cloth, tanned deerskin, and other things, and making a great pack of it all, took it off with him. And in it went much of the wealth of the wigwam.

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER EFFORTS TO GET RID OF THE TROUBLE.

It had now become pretty well known in the village that the daughter of Yellow Thunder was sick, and as she was the only remaining child, and the family was well liked, there was much sympathy shown to them, which manifested itself in many ways.

An old woman appeared in the wigwam, and looking at the pale sufferer gave vent to her long-drawn Indian woman's exclamation of surprise and grief.

"Ny-a-a-a—my daughter; and are you sick my daughter?" And then going to her she kissed her with a kiss, ending with a resounding smack, in a way that certainly lacked nothing in heartiness. "Cheer up, my daughter," she said as she stood contemplating her. "There is nothing going to happen to you, my daughter. The Indians would not do such a thing as that, as not to take means to save you. They are powerful when they all put their minds to a thing. And they have the Grand Medicine to cure the sick; that is what it was given to them for. And they will assemble, all of them, and have the Grand Medicine rites over you, my daughter. Every one of them will put their strength into it, and all the old men, who know exactly how to make the Medicine right, will be there, and doing their

best. And when all the people get together and use the Grand Medicine for you you will certainly get well. Don't think anything because one Medicine-man failed, my daughter." Here she kissed her affectionately again. "That often happens. One man alone may be weak at anything, but when they all get together about it they will be powerful. There was my nephew. He was far thinner than you are; wasted away; nothing but skin and bones; and we all thought he was going to die; but they made Grand Medicine for him; three days; and from that very time he began to get well, and now he is FAT. That will be the case with you, my daughter, so cheer up. And it is not only my nephew, but all the Indians who are living: it is on account of the Grand Medicine that they are living, for there is hardly one of them who has not been brought through some deadly sickness by having had it made over him."

Here she turned her attention to the girl's mother, and had equally good words of cheer for her, calling her "my sister," kissing her, and showing the most genuine spirit of love. No one could have shown more real kindness and given more real help; by her presence and by her encouraging words than she did. She was followed by many likeminded in the course of the day; the stream of sympathy in the village set in very strongly toward that wigwam and its sufferer. By how many scores of women was the girl kissed that day and subsequent days. By many were she and her mother encouragingly talked to! The visitors were mostly women,

but the men's sympathies were almost equally roused, though they did not show it in the same way. Occasionally some of them pulled aside the skin door and looked in and talked awhile, but only the women kissed her. But outside the men were discussing among themselves the propriety of having a great celebration of the Grand Medicine rite over her.

They knew that Good-Sounding-Sky had sung over her for three days with his rattle, and had practiced his incantations; but they saw that something more powerful than that was needed. They saw too that it must be a putting forth of the strength of the whole community directed to a common object. The season was propitious, for it was May, and so favorable for the sufferer to sit out the three days that the rites would last. They began therefore to inquire among themselves about the old men, who were in a manner the High Priests of the rite; who knew the ritual, the songs, and chants that should be used, and the proper order that should be observed. And so it began to be rumored about the village that in so many days there was to be a grand celebration over Yellow Thunder's daughter.

A little naked boy comes staggering along, with his dirty face, his liquid black eyes directed upwards among the trees, where he is anxiously looking for squirrels, his left holding the bow directed upward, and his right hand on the arrow just ready to draw it as soon as he sees his little victim. Behind him follows his sister, younger than

he; following him with the admiration which a younger sister has for her bigger brother. Not looking where he is going, his eyes being among the branches, and staggering sideways, he runs against a wigwam. Recalled to earth by the collision, he glances at it long enough to recognize whose it is, then says to his sister: "There is a girl sick in there." "Is she going to die?" asks his little admirer. "It seems not," he answers; "The People are going to do something."

The next minute he takes a sheer off to one side to get a favorable position for a shot at the squirrel, whose head he has espied looking down at him from behind a limb, and has forgotten all about the sick girl and everything else.

But it was not only kind words and kisses that the sick girl and her mother received from so many female friends. Here comes in an old woman who says: "See here, my daughter, what a nice thing I have brought you to eat; this tastes so nice, and it will make you strong. I cooked it the very nicest that I knew; see what a rich brown it is, and what an enticing smell it has." With that she presents to her part of a deliciously cooked duck, wrapped in a piece of clean birch bark. The invalid puts out her wasted hand and takes it, and lays it on her bed. And then not long after there comes in another woman, and says: "See here what I have brought you!" And with that she displays a dainty little piece of new maple sugar, a cake of fantastic shape run into a mould of her own making. Soon the girl's bed is covered with

dainties of all kinds, which anxious affection has brought her. It seems as if the village thought of her alone.

The older women were much more effusive in their kissing and in their demonstrations of affection than the younger. The latter came in and looked, and their eyes and the expression of their faces told what was in their hearts, but they said little or nothing, and rarely kissed the sufferer. Sometimes a girl of her own age would sit down beside her and gently kiss her without saying anything.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUPREME EFFORT TO GET RID OF THE TROUBLE.

At last the day had come for a supreme effort. A space had been cleared of all underbrush on a level piece of land just outside the village and overlooking the beautiful lake. Boughs had been stuck in the ground enclosing an oblong space, large enough to contain the entire population of the village. There were two entrances, one on either end of the oblong space. There was a rope of deer's hide high overhead extending the length of the place, and upon it were hung the presents which were given at this grand celebration of their great religious rite. There were pieces of bright red cloth, greatly valued by them, bought from distant traders at the cost of many skins. There was white cotton cloth suspended, and there were blankets, tanned deer-skins, and dressed skins of all kinds. There was a representation of the entire wealth of the community, and a generous part of it. One of the principal things hanging on the pole overhead was tobacco, as that was thought to have mysterious virtues. These were the presents for the venerable men who were to conduct the rite.

Inside the enclosure of boughs was the entire community, some of the children only excepted. The men and women each had their Medicine

Bags, generally the skin of an animal, as the otter, beaver, etc., handsomely trimmed with silk ribbons bought at great cost. Inside of these bags was the precious medicine, both bag and medicine forming their most sacred possession. Sometimes these medicine bags were made of human skin; and it was considered that the medicine in them was more powerful. About the centre sat the oldest men, who had charge of the proceedings, and who occasionally sang chants and performed ceremonies in an archaic tongue derived from former generations of Indians long ago, many words of which were hardly understandable by the people present.

Sometimes they were all in motion inside the enclosure, men and women following each other, holding their medicine bags in their hands, and occasionally pointing them at each other with a "pooh" in imitation of the report of a gun, on which the person at whom the bag was presented immediately fell down as if shot dead. This was to show the strength of the medicine within. Sometimes, again, they were all sitting quietly on the ground, only the head men chanting and continuing the exercises. Occupying a prominent position in the midst of all this was the sick girl, reclining on the ground, and warmly covered. Sometimes, after a season of comparative quiet, one of the old men would spring up, and holding his rattle high above his head, advance toward the sick girl. The others followed, each holding his rattle in like manner and a ring was formed around her. Round and round they went, round and round, faster and

SONG OF THE MEDICINE LODGE.—Ojibway.

M. M. $\text{♩} = 160$.

Transcribed and harmonised
by EDWIN S. TRACY.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a series of chords, followed by a melodic line with eighth notes and a quarter note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and a steady eighth-note bass line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and a quarter note, ending with a star symbol. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with chords and a steady eighth-note bass line.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and a quarter note. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with chords and a steady eighth-note bass line.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and a quarter note, ending with a star symbol. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with chords and a steady eighth-note bass line, ending with a double bar line.

yet faster, while the chant swelled louder and the inspiring drum beats caused the very air to throb. Then all at once the old men would present their medicine bags toward the girl, the mouth and head of the animal from whose skin the bag was made pointing directly at her with grinning teeth, as they held the neck with one hand, while with the other they grasped the tail of the animal, and their rattle; there was a moment of expectation, then a loud "pooh" as they all at once shot. This was to shoot the good medicine into her, and as it was discharged into her in a regular volley from all around, it was most powerful. If anything could cure a sick person that would.

The Medicine-men called on endless names of gods to help them; gods under the lakes, gods under the rivers, gods of the bears, of all the animals. One never understood till now how peopled the earth was with spirits, in every part of it. Many strange vows were made, many wonderful invocations.

All this lasted three days and three nights, except when they went home before midnight for rest. There was cooked food set out in wooden and birch bark dishes, in the midst of the enclosure, and of this, they partook occasionally. There was wild rice, vension, bear-meat and many other kinds.

Thus for three days the entire community engaged in a contest with death; every man and woman took part in it, and the utmost power of them all, which seemed to be the whole human race, was directed to rescuing that girl from

death. It was partly sympathy, but there was also in it self-interest. It was to see if they were not stronger than death. Their own turn might come next day to be sick and would they have to succumb? Had not the Great Spirit given them the means to cure sickness? Had not the seven spirits come out of the vasty deep, and lived with their forefathers a long time, and given them the Medewiwin (the Grand Medicine) from the Great Spirit, by which they were to ward off the ravages of disease and live to an extreme old age? Here then was a case to apply it once for all, and in gaining the victory for the sick girl to gain it also for themselves. To demonstrate by this striking test that the most precious thing they had on earth, the Grand Medicine rite was all, in efficacy, that they were told it was. That the Great Spirit had not mocked them in giving them that inestimable gift.

They were a little community, far from any other human beings. Over two days' journey (about 60 miles) of wilderness separated them from the Leech Lake Indians, their nearest neighbors on the north, and a somewhat less distance (about 50 miles) from the Mille Lacs, the next nearest on the southeast. On the south they were about six days' journey (150 miles) from the Sioux, while west it was perhaps two days' journey to the Otter Tail band of Chippewas. They were therefore a little world of themselves when they entered on this mighty contest. It is true they had had celebrations of the Grand Medicine before for the sick and the sick had died. But they had never had one

on which they had entered with such unanimity and with such determination to succeed as in the present case. It seemed to them that they *must* and *would* succeed this time. And they had a great many instances in mind where they *had* succeeded; yes, many of them there present were living instances that they *had* succeeded, for was it not the Grand Medicine that had raised them from dangerous sicknesses?

At last the long rites were over, the supreme effort made, and the "medewi-gan," "the enclosure of the celebration of the Grand Medicine-rite," was once more silent and deserted. Those assisting were back in their wigwams, the sick girl in hers. All things had resumed their accustomed tenor, and all were watching to see what the effect on the sick would be. They did not have long to watch. The expected and dearly-longed for effect had not been produced. She was evidently going down hill. Their supreme effort had apparently been useless. There was disappointment and dejection in the camp. Things had not turned out as they had confidently expected.

Then it was that Good-Sounding-Sky, the Head Medicine-man determined to bring the matter to a decision one way or other. He was going to find out for certain whether that girl was going to live or to die. He was to be resolved on that point from the unseen world.

To accomplish this he went out with many others, and selecting four small evergreen trees growing close together, and of suitable size, they were bent toward each other and tied at the top.

Underneath this top there was made with withes and deerskin thongs, and the tough roots of the tree out of which the Indians make ropes, a sort of nest, large enough to contain a man. Along the bottom and sides of it were blankets and other cloths, screening the person who might be within from observation.

Good-Sounding-Sky now requested that he be firmly bound with ropes; so firmly that he could move neither hand nor foot, and that it seemed utterly impossible for him to unloose himself. In this helpless position he was hoisted up into the nest, which, after some incantations on his part, began to sway violently to and fro, although no one touched it, and he being wholly inside could exert no force upon it to sway it, to one side or other. Some of the bystanders, powerful men, took hold of it to stop the swaying; but their arms were almost jerked out of their sockets, and they felt that they would have been had they not let go. In an incredibly short space of time the ropes were flung out of the top of the nest; the man was loose. While this swaying was going on a heavy thud was heard on the bottom of the nest, as of a body alighting. "Have you come?" Good-Sounding-Sky inquired. "Yes, I have come," was the answer. Those outside heard the squeaking of a very strange voice while this interchange of question and answer took place, and saw sparks of fire about the top of the nest. Then Good-Sounding-Sky was told by his visitor to hand up his already filled pipe, the one with a large stone bowl, and with the long wooden stem about two

feet long. He handed it up to the top of the nest, and in an instant it was flung down upon the floor, red-hot and smoked out. Good-Sounding-Sky now asked the crucial question; the one for the sake of the answer to which all this had been undertaken. That we may know the exact words of this commerce between the seen and the unseen world, we give it just as it was spoken, on either side, with a translation:

“A-ya-ma-gut na izh-i-chi-ge-win?”

“Is there anything to be done?”

That was the question.

The answer from the supernatural visitor was:

“Kawin gego izh-i-chi-ge-win.”

“There is nothing to be done.”

Soon the swaying ceased, the conference was at an end, and the Medicine-man, getting out of the nest told the assembled people that he had been informed that there was nothing to be done, that the girl would die.*

We are to remember also that the magicians and sorcerers of Egypt “did in like manner with their enchantments, for they cast down every man his rod and they became serpents”; that by the same power “turned the waters into blood,” and that they “did in like manner with their enchantments and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt.”

After this interview of the Medicine-man with

*When questioned long years afterwards as to who it was that came to him in the nest, Good-Sounding Sky said it was a god or spirit, and affirmed the truth of all the particulars here given. If there be any who are disposed to deny the truth of this, we can only answer to them that there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy, and that we must believe the testimony of witnesses.

the Spirit the people abandoned hope of the girl living. An old scarred warrior comes into the wigwam where she is, and sitting down by her tenderly takes her wasted hand in his, and looking her steadfastly in the face begins a gentle but audible crying. This he keeps up for some time, expressing by it his deep sorrow over her approaching death, and his inability, though so willing, to prevent it. She looks calmly at him, and accepts the homage he offers, for such it is; homage to one who was about to die. Then, after contemplating her for some time in silence, he withdraws, without a word spoken on either side, but with his deep sympathy so plainly conveyed and so gently accepted.

One of the men of Gull Lake had not been there during these events; he had been on a visit to the Leech Lake Indians. He was Ma-ing-ans (The-Little-Wolf) a tall, magnificent specimen of a man. When he returned to Gull Lake he went to the wigwam of Yellow Thunder and talked to him about his daughter.

“It is like this,” he said: “Here is life,” holding up his long forefinger, “something erect; it is now inclining down in your daughter like this,”—here he allowed his finger to incline toward a horizontal position—“and we know, do we not, that if it falls down like this”—putting his finger in a horizontal position—“that it is impossible ever to raise it up again, the person is dead. Now what your daughter needs to raise up life again, which is now inclining down, is something lively. She will never get well lying there, as you know; but life will

incline lower and lower, and at last will lie flat. Something lively is what she needs; something that will raise up life again. Put her on the back of a horse and ride her around; that will raise up life, and she will get well." He offered to lend his own pony, and to show how it should be done. Poor Yellow Thunder and his wife had been in the depths of despair, seeing their daughter ever lower and lower and evidently drawing near to death, and Good-Sounding-Sky's report of his conference with the Spirit, and that there was "nothing to be done," had almost extinguished the last ray of hope. But the hopefulness of this man, and his confident assertion, and the plausible illustration which he gave with his finger about the falling down of life and how it could be raised up again, wrought upon them. They are seized with a sudden accession of hope. What if this is the way; something lively. Yes, they will do it. So the horse is brought, a blanket fastened upon him, and the almost dying girl, greatly against her will, seated upon him. The Little Wolf holds her on to keep her from falling, assisted by some others. The horse is whipped up and made to gallop and jump, and thus she is ridden round and round in a ring for some time, till her distress and impending collapse become so painfully apparent to all that even The Little Wolf himself sees that she will die there right among their hands if that course of treatment is further persisted in. In an almost fainting condition she is at last lifted off and carried to her place in the wigwam.

One scene more, the last. Her father had taken his gun and gone off hunting, because he could not bear to look upon her sufferings. Her faithful mother alone was with her. She noticed a change, and it seemed to her that her child was going. She ran hastily to the door to look for help, and happened to see a Medicine-man who was passing. He realized that prompt measures necessary or it would be too late, so flinging down the pack he had on his back he went in. The girl was lying on her back with her head in her mother's lap. He first put a piece of wood between her teeth to keep her mouth from closing. Then he directed her mother to keep pouring into her mouth, with a large spoon, a black decoction of some herb, which, soon filling the cavity of her mouth, kept overflowing and running down her cheeks. Then he raised up her body with his hands, and beginning between her shoulders, kept, with frantic energy, blowing blasts from his mouth into her; along the median line of her body, up over the neck, over the back, top, and front of the head, till at last he arrived at her chest. It seemed as if each blast was so strong that it would bore her through. This was to blow the breath of life back into her, which was in danger of leaving her. Her eyes, meantime, were set, and she looked as if her soul was departing, which at last it did in the midst of all these frantic efforts to detain it.

Death at last was victor in the long contest which had been waged against him.

CHAPTER VI.

YELLOW THUNDER TAKES MEANS TO ASSUAGE HIS GRIEF.

When death had thus drawn the veil, immediate preparations were made for the burial. The neighboring women came in, hastily wrapped the body in a blanket, then in many folds of birch bark, which they had in large sheets sewed together with coarse twine from the tough root of a tree. This rendered it impervious to rain. With the body they put a flint and steel, the usual means of Indians making fire at that time; a woman's ax, packing strap, or portage collar; and all the other implements required by a woman in her daily tasks. The deceased would need all these things, in her new sphere, the same as in life; and would be as grievously crippled wanting them in the spirit world as she would in the flesh. And although they see that these things are not bodily carried away by the deceased to the realm of souls, yet she has the spiritual use of them there.

Yellow Thunder took no part in these hasty precautions, but walked moodily about outside. His wife assisted, but left it mostly to the women, But she combed her daughter's long hair for the last time. "Never more shall I do this, my daughter," she said, and she tenderly kissed the cold face.

When the body was ready to be carried to the place of burial, which it was in less than an hour after death, Yellow Thunder came in. He tenderly kissed his daughter's remains. "O my daughter, my daughter," he said as he did so, and then cut off and carefully put away a lock of her hair. Then as they were just ready to carry her out he addressed the cold corpse in a harangue of considerable length, in which he gave vent to his feelings of love and grief. "Your feet are now on the road of souls, my daughter," he said as he stood off a little ways looking at the body. "You are going home. I have loved you, my daughter, in life. Now that you have left me I shall render you proper honor. Yes, I shall do to you, my daughter, that which honor to you, and duty, require." With these words of mysterious import he bade her good-by.

Then the mournful procession went to a high knoll near by, overlooking the lake, and there on a rude scaffold, formed by a growing tree and some large stakes driven into the ground a little distance from it, with cross pieces laid between, the body was laid. Wrapped in so many pieces of birch bark, which were firmly tied around it with withes, all moisture was kept from it, and in the same way it was defended from the attacks of birds or any flying creatures. Being raised on high, it was out of the reach of land animals, and there were no worms or hideous crawling things as there would have been had it been buried in the ground. It seemed to them al-

together the most seemly, reverent, and proper mode of sepulture.

While this was going on the wigwam was being torn down, the goods in it removed, and everything set up in a new place. This was in accordance with the ideas of the Indians, who never live in a house or wigwam where a death has taken place, but immediately tear it down. Soon the spot where the wigwam had stood was bare and deserted, the killed grass and a slight hole where the fire had been alone showing by a bare circle that a human habitation had been there. But when night came there was a cheerful fire of wood burning there, which was kept replenished till near midnight by three women who sat around it. This was that the dead girl might have a fire where she then was on her way to the world of spirits. The three women talked about her, saying that she was then doubtless making her camp, and that by their good offices she had a bright and cheerful fire at which to warm and refresh herself after her day's journey. But for them, how cold and cheerless her state! All alone in the gloom of night! A stranger in a strange place, and on a journey! She would have suffered from actual cold, too, for it was still May, the ice not very long gone out of the lakes, and the nights were sometimes even frosty. So the women talked of the gossip of the village, and of the grief of the stricken father and mother. They interspersed remarks occasionally about the deceased; how she was probably getting along, what time she would arrive at the Abode of Souls, and

what a reception she would have from friends already there.

“How thankful she will be,” said Kinebigonsique (The-little-snake-woman), “for this splendid fire to warm herself at, and how cheerful it will be. We are certainly doing a good thing for her.”

“Yes,” answered Makonsique (The-bear-cub-woman), “and, poor thing, she is all alone. She would feel very lonesome but for this.”

“And,” said Bepamigijigoque (The-woman-who-belongs-in-the-sky-that-moves-all-about) “we put some food with her, and we will renew the supply every day till she gets there, so she will have plenty to eat.”

“She will need it,” said Little-snake-woman. “It is a long, tiresome journey for three days, day after day. And we put a cup with her also, so she will be able to drink.”

“Yes,” said The-Bear-Cub-woman, “she has not only food and a cup, but she has her packing-strap with her, so she will be able to pack all the wood she wants. And though her road lies mostly through a prairie country, where there is not much wood, yet I doubt not that she can pick up a good deal here and there on the prairie. And not only her packing-strap, but she has her woman’s ax to cut it if any of the pieces are larger than she can carry. Yet all that would have been useless to her, for although she has a flint and steel with her, they say that she would never be able to start a fire if we had not made this one for her here.”

“Yes,” said Sky-going-about, “there was that

wretched old Big Bear. All the people hated him because he was such a miserable old scoundrel, and when he died none of them would make a fire for him; even his old woman,—she was the only one of the family left, he had lost all his children because he was so bad,—even she said, ‘Why should I make a fire for that wretched old fellow? I have been making fires for him all my life, packing wood on my back till it is almost broken, and all the thanks I got for it was to hit me over the head with an ax-helve, till he cut me through the scalp. That he did many a year and day; now let him make fire for himself or go without.’ That is what they say she said. I did not hear her myself, but those who heard her told it to me; and they say that what that old man suffered, three nights without a fire on his way to the villages of the dead, and in the very coldest of the winter, and in deep snow, was beyond everything! Some of the Indians, it seems, went there afterwards in dreams, and saw the old man there, and heard all about it from him and the others, and they say it was just awful! But served him just right,” she continued, raising her voice; “nothing could be too bad for him, he was so mean. Once he stole my fish net full of fish, and I came on him just as he was pulling the last of it out of the water and packing it away in his canoe, and I said to him, ‘I wonder what has become of my net. I set a net here last night, but now I don’t see anything of the floats.’ And he said, as gruff as could be, ‘I don’t have any nets, and I don’t have anything to do with

nets. Do you take me for an old woman, that you speak to me about nets?' But for all that I saw the corner of that net tucked away in his canoe, and they say that Four-Sky saw that identical net afterwards with his old woman."

So the talk went on among the watchers, the flames fitfully lighting up the near-by trees, sometimes dying down, and then again showers of sparks rising as they threw on a fresh supply of wood, till, nearly at midnight, they went to their respective wigwams, putting on before they left, however, some good solid logs, which they calculated would last till morning and keep the dead girl warm all night. This they did every night for three nights, when it was discontinued because she had then arrived at the Villages of the Dead.

During these days Yellow Thunder wandered disconsolately and somewhat aimlessly around. He endeavored to divert himself by hunting a little; but he had no heart in it. He was evidently restless and unhappy. He avoided the society of the other men, and their well-meant efforts to rouse and cheer him fell flat. He was invited by them to take part in the gambling in which they were accustomed to spend much of their time, but somehow he could not get up any interest in the game. He was where they were talking, but he did not seem to take in what they said. There was something on his mind. In a few days it took shape and showed itself. He sent round to each wigwam by a messenger a little tobacco (which was a letter), inviting them

all to meet him on a certain day at the usual place of assembly, the dance house.

It was now in the air that Yellow Thunder had something to propose, and various were the speculations as to what it could be. Some thought one thing and some another, but all knew that it was in some way connected with the death of his only remaining child. There was an air of expectancy in the village; even the children knew that something was about to take place, and the meeting was looked forward to with general interest.

When the appointed day and time came the usual order of proceeding was observed. Indians always approach a thing slowly and by regular steps; nothing is hastily blurted out, for it would belittle it to treat it so; but by giving a dignified setting to the matter its importance is enhanced.

First there was an inner circle of young men singers and drummers, who sat with their faces toward each other around the big drums. Outside of these was a circle of chosen women singers, whose shrill voices were allowed to come in, in certain parts of the chant. They said of them Sha-bo-we-wug—"their voices pierce through." Between the young men and women chanters and the next row outside, where nearly all the men sat, there was a wide cleared space or ring, and here it was that the dancers danced and the orators spoke. Outside the men sat the rest of the women, who, however, were not allowed to take part in the dance, nor in the discussion of topics, but who were anxious to hear, and who,

when the chant was once started, were allowed to come in with their voices in aid.

First the drums gave an occasional sound, then more and more frequently and loudly, their throbbing causing an answering throb in every heart. Then the young men around the drums began a high-pitched chant, which gradually descended to the lowest note. This was followed by chants of a more and more rousing character; but still no one spoke or moved. There was a short silence, then the drums began again with redoubled vigor, and the chanting was fast and furious, and exacting. Here the women's high-pitched voices came in. When the chanting and drumming had reached their height, suddenly all the men jumped up, and in the cleared space between them and the singers began dancing. They were dressed only in breech-cloths around their loins; and wore feathers in their hair, and their moccasins. They had provided themselves with as many tinkling ornaments as they could find, and these were tied to their legs, around their waists, and various parts of their bodies. These gave forth a tinkling sound as they moved in the dance. They had also pieces of the skins of animals tied around their legs above the calf, some of them so long that they trailed on the ground. Their faces and bodies were painted, and their headgear of feathers the best they could get up. Each carried in his hand a tomahawk. The rapid motion and the music seemed to excite their warlike passions for each was concerned with an enemy, whom he was spying or pursuing, or killing. They further excited

DANCE SONG.—Ojibway.

M. M. ♩ = 96.

Transcribed and harmonized
by EDWIN S. TRACY.

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The piece begins in 3/4 time. The first system contains the first two measures. The second system contains measures 3 and 4, with a double bar line and repeat sign at the end of measure 4. The third system contains measures 5 and 6, with a double bar line and repeat sign at the end of measure 6. The fourth system contains measures 7 and 8, with a double bar line and repeat sign at the end of measure 8. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

themselves with rapid interjections and whoops as they danced.

After perhaps ten minutes of this they all at once ceased, the music stopped, and the dancers sat down in their places. There was quiet for a space for them to take breath, then the music started up again. Again they sprang up, and the same performance was gone through with. Then after an interval a young man arose alone and danced. He was beautifully formed as Apollo, and he trod the earth with a sense of conscious power, like a lord of creation. His moccasined feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, so light and graceful was his motion. Soon he sighted an enemy, drew his knife, and pursued him. He followed him in and out through all his windings and dodgings, always with an appearance of supreme and masterful power and ease upon his face, at last caught him, took hold of him, despatched him with his knife, took off the scalp, and held it up, in triumph. Victor was written upon every line of his face.

The time had now come for the matter about which they had been called to be disclosed, and Yellow Thunder stepped into the arena.

"My friends," he said, "you all know the grief that has come to me in the loss of my daughter. She was my only remaining child. Now my wife and I are entirely stripped of everything; we have nothing left but our bodies. You all know how I feel, for you have nearly all lost children yourselves. It is as if some one had struck me a heavy blow with a stick. I

dearly loved my only child, and I did everything I could to save her. A little while ago I had considerable wealth. Now it is all gone, and as I said we have nothing left but our bodies. But I do not begrudge our wealth to the Medicine-men, and I am not blaming them, because they did the best they could. The Great Spirit, I suppose, has given them power to cure sickness, and they can nearly always do it, only sometimes, when a person is fairly destined to death, they cannot do it. And now, my friends, I want to do something to divert myself from my grief. I want to have a change. If I go into our wigwam here, I see the little toys and things that our child played with, and it brings my grief back afresh. If I go out of doors it is the same; there are the places where she used to play. So I think if I could get off somewhere, and see different scenes, it would divert my mind from my grief, and that I would be able to live. And you know, my friends, what our ancestors taught us as to what was becoming to do for the dead, and how we could show proper honor to them. As for us, we know nothing; we have lived too short a time upon the earth. But they fetched their wisdom from afar; they had lived long, and it had been handed down to them from generation to generation of those who had lived before them. You know what they told us, as to how to properly honor the dead; to take something belonging to the dead, a toy perhaps, or some little thing, or best of all a lock of their hair, and put it among the warm bowels of a slain enemy. Now my heart feels bad; I have lost

my only child; it seems to me that if I do not do something I cannot live. I wish I could kill somebody* and then I think my heart would feel good. And I wish to do proper honor to my child, the last thing I can ever do for her. I have got some of her hair and I wish to put it where our ancestors instructed us it is seemly to put it. And that is why I have called you together, my friends, to ask your permission to go, and take with me one or two others. I do not wish to lead a great war-party of a hundred, but to go quietly, as it were, on a private scout of my own. I wish to see different scenes, to get away from here for a while, and to do the last honors to my child."

After this address the drums and the chanting started up again, and the men sprang to their feet and resumed the dance, and everything was again in a whirl. Then after a time silence once more supervened, and all again sat listening. One of the chiefs now arose and told them they had heard what Yellow Thunder had to say, and what he wished to do, and that his heart and his intention were evidently very good, wishing to do what their wise ancestors had recommended to be done for the dead, if it could be. That this was a matter that concerned them all, and therefore he wished those who could to speak their minds upon it, that the matter being viewed in all lights they might find the right thing to do.

Again the music and dancing were in full

* This may seem strange logic to white people, how killing some one else could make Yellow Thunder's sad heart feel good. And the connection between the two ideas may not seem at all plain to us; but is strictly in accordance with Indian ideas, and is a perfectly natural connection to them.

blast, and again there was silence in the Council. And now rose up Sha-bosh-kunk—He-who-overcomes-everything—and addressed them. He was a middle-sized, sharp-nosed man, with an appearance of outspokenness and candor in all he said. He was dressed in the usual moccasins and breech-cloth, with a head-gear of grandeur, and a skunk-skin tied round each leg below the knee, the ends of which trailed in the dust. As he was rather warm with the whooping and jumping of the dance, he had laid aside his tomahawk and taken a goose's wing, with which he fanned himself.

"My friends," he began, "my soul is just as white as the whitest piece of cloth you ever saw in your life."* When he said this and made a pause it set his auditors to thinking. They remembered various things that he had acquired from them at different times by curious arts; how he had got the advantage of them very frequently by sharp practices, and had manifested generally a selfish spirit, unscrupulously disregarding the rights of others when it could safely be carried out. They remembered many persons who had suffered from him in various ways. They remembered also very queer things in his past and present matrimonial arrangements; and though they had no certain rule or canon on matrimonial subjects, and therefore nothing by which to condemn such actions, yet now when he

* It is a very usual way with Indians, when beginning a speech, to lay first a broad fundamental platform, and on that to erect the superstructure; to establish a general principle, and from that to deduce particulars. The particular principle which he aimed to establish here was the goodness of his life, his worth as a man, and, as a corollary from that, that his opinion should have weight and should decide.

professed such whiteness of soul it brought these things to their mind. It is true that Indian politeness never allowed the least allusion to these things, nor was he ever reminded of them by word or look, and was received in society in all respects as if these things had never been; yet still they remembered them even though their desire to make all things easy and pleasant in intercourse with each other occasioned the practical exclusion of them from consideration.*

Having thus laid down his platform, Sha-bosh-kunk proceeded to erect his superstructure:

“Indeed, my friends, we all know that what Yellow Thunder has said is very good; and that what he quoted from our ancestors as to the proper way of honoring the dead is very good, when it is expedient to be done. And we know that his heart is good in wishing to go and kill an enemy to assuage his grief. We would all of us feel so if we were in his case. But, my friends, it is not expedient at this time, for it may cause the destruction of all of us. Look now, my friends. How many do we number here in Gull Lake? Perhaps 400 or 500. How many do the Sioux number, whom he proposes to go and kill? We have never been to their villages, but from what we can learn they number many thousands. We know their villages are everywhere; at the mouth of Greenleaf River (St. Paul); a great many villages at the head waters of the Minnesota River; a great many at Chief Mountain. It is true there are also other

* For it is a rule of the Indian's life to make intercourse with each other pleasant, and in obedience to that no man ever loses caste or is ostracized, no matter what he does.

villages of the Ojibways, but what good will that do us? We are here two sleeps (2 days' march) from Leech Lake, Indian village; and nearly as far from Mille Lacs in the other direction; and if we arouse the Sioux we shall all be killed before they can hear of it, or come to our succour.

“And there is one thing I can tell you about those Sioux; they have sharp eyes. And although a party may go down from here and kill some of them, and think that those Sioux will not know from what place the killers come, they are mistaken. No matter how secretly they do it, those Sioux will find out whence they came; will track them home. They will find they came from this village, and that will draw their fire on us. If we would let the Sioux alone they would let us alone. That is why they keep killing us, because we keep killing them. Some say it is best to keep killing them off; but I think their numbers are so great that it will not be possible for us ever seriously to reduce them; and we, the smaller, will all be killed off before half of them are. And there is Mesa-zibi (The-everywhere-river) leading straight from them to us; a highway, to our doors, and they have plenty of canoes.

“So if Yellow Thunder and his party go down there the result will be that they will ask, ‘who are these that come killing us?’ And not two or three, but some hundreds of them, will make us a return visit, and then four or five days after we have all been killed, perhaps the Leech Lake or Mille Lac Ojibways will hear of it by some survivor who has escaped from the slaughter,

and will come here to find our bodies, without any heads, lying here and there about our village; for our heads the Sioux will have collected in bags, and taken them to show to their relatives about the Yellow Medicine country, or on the river which we hear exists, the river of the Great White Clay Banks (the Missouri River). And here are these children playing about here. Perhaps they are your children, or perhaps mine. If we wish them to live, let us let those Sioux alone. But if we wish to have their brains knocked out on these trees and scattered about, just let Yellow Thunder and his companions go down there and stir up that hornet's nest to come back at us. We know what deathly terror falls on us sometimes if we find even a Sioux moccasin in our vicinity. Then what will it be if he go wantonly to provoke them, when they are not molesting us?"

When Sha-bosh-kunk concluded, the drummers and chanters started up the music again, and soon all the men, springing up, were leaping and dancing as before. When they had danced awhile they suddenly ceased and sat down, and perfect stillness reigned, inducing reflection and affording an opportunity for further light to be thrown on the subject under discussion.

The subject had thus been fairly put before them in both aspects, by the two addresses which had been made, and it was for them to decide; and choose they must, one way or other. It was a matter which concerned them all, and, as they saw, might be productive of consequences

to them all. And so every mind was working to arrive at the proper decision, and the intent faces, and eyes fixed on the earth, and winking eyelids, showed how intently they were considering it. Even the women, though the decision did not rest with them, and though they were allowed no voice in the matter, were thinking very hard over it. Indians never do anything but with great deliberation and after long considering it in the best light they have. Here was their little world endeavoring to find out if it was advisable for Yellow Thunder and his companions to go, and, if possible, kill some Sioux.

With the Sioux they had been at war for unknown generations, and it was always death to one or the other whenever they met. The name by which they call the Sioux contains a world of meaning, and history. They are the A-bwa-nug, or Bwa-nug, Roasters, from their habit of roasting Ojibway captives, when they did not kill them outright. These Ojibways lived about five days' march from their enemies, so they rarely met, except when they sought each other; though sometimes they both went to hunt on the border land of their respective territories, and then they met, and death held a revel.

So they thought and thought, and wrestled with the subject according to the best light they had. There were many speeches about it, each preceded and followed by a dance; and while a few were of Sha-bosh-kunk's mind, the great majority thought Yellow Thunder's proposition right and good. They finally came to the conclusion that the custom of their ancestors was

most laudable; that Yellow Thunder should be allowed to show proper respect to his dead child, and that his heart being now hot and inflamed with grief, he had a right to cool it if he could with the blood of their enemies.

Formal permission was therefore given. And now arose the question as to his two companions. That was soon settled. Up rose an elderly man, Ogema—the Chief—with a set, determined countenance, who had often been on war parties, and announced that he would go. He had often, he said, looked the foreign Indians in the face, and heard their war whoops, and felt their bullets and their arrows whizzing about him, and he was anxious to hear them again. He was an approved warrior, and was allowed to go.

To the surprise of all there arose for the third party, Good-Sounding-Sky, the Great Grand Medicine-Man, and declared that he would go. He was usually so much occupied with his drumming and chanting and calling on the spirits, and shaking his rattle over the sick, and with the other functions of his profession, that he rarely went even hunting, and had never yet gone to war. An exclamation of surprise went round the group when he rose. "Good-Sounding-Sky!" they said; but he was accepted and the party was complete.

When the council had broken up and dispersed to their homes, a friend of Sha-bosh-kunk's asked him, with much interest, why he had opposed Yellow Thunder's going, something that seemed inexplicable to him.

"Because," said he, "I wish to go myself. I

am not yet quite ready to go, but I intend to as soon as I get ready, and I do not wish that man to go down there before me and reap that honor which I intend for myself. I do not like that man very well, and I do not wish him to come back here with a big reputation of having killed Sioux and brought their scalps; for that is an honor which I intend for myself. So I opposed him."

Good-Sounding-Sky's wife had not been present at the council. She had been off with her net fishing, a branch of industry which, like many others, is reserved by the Ojibways exclusively for women. It was with great surprise that she heard that her husband was going to war, so she sought him.

"So you are going to war," she said, with something of a half-scornful and half-compassionate laugh. "Well, I have compassion on you, though you are a good-for-nothing old man, and I do not want you to go down there and be killed. It is true you are good-for-nothing." Here she turned around and gave a hunch with her elbow to the woman who sat beside her, and made a face at her. "All you are good for is drum, drum, drumming on your mitigwakik (medicine drum). You scare away all the game from the vicinity," she said, raising her voice to a shout, "by the noise you make, so that no deer or moose can be found near this place. You are of no use to me,"—here she made another face at the woman next her,—"you never bring any meat in here, and I have to support you. And yet I don't want you to go there, and the Sioux kill you, poor old man." Here she put her hands on his

shoulders and looked in his face, with an endearing look which was not feigned.

"Oh nonsense," said he; "the Sioux will never kill me."

"What do you wish to go down there for anyway?" she asked.

"Well," he replied, "I wish to have a great reputation, the same as all the others wish it. It is true I am far the foremost in the Grand Medicine, and they all look up to me in that; but I have never been to war, and when all the men meet in council, as we did today, a great many of them have eagle's feathers in their hair, one for each enemy they have killed, and I have none. I want to be equal to them in that respect, and then with my pre-eminence in the Grand Medicine I shall be the foremost man in all respects. I long to be a great celebrity, and I am going on this expedition to achieve it."

"But see now," said she, "very likely a Sioux will get your head and tie it to his girdle. Very likely he will mock your head, and flout at it. Very likely that Sioux will spit at it, and although you are a poor, worthless old man,"—here she turned round and made another face at her woman companion,—"I don't wish you anything so bad as that. Had you not better stay here, and just drum on your drum, and keep your head on?"

"Oh, there is no fear of any Sioux getting my head," he said. "Look here, and I will tell you. When I was a young man, just growing up, I went away and fasted a long fast, as my parents told me to do, that I might have a vision for the direction of my future life. Well, I fasted

and fasted. For five days and nights I did not taste a mouthful of food; nothing but a little water, and very little of that. And at last, when I was almost swooning, I saw a vision. The Great Spirit appeared to me, and with Him He had two sticks, crutches, and some white hair like a white horse's hair, and He said to me: 'I have seen your fasting and I have pity on you. I give you these two sticks for crutches, and I give you this white hair. I give you to live so long that your hair will be as white as this and that you will need these crutches to go when in extreme old age.' Now I am sure that no Sioux can kill me, and that I shall live till my hair is as white as snow, and till I shall hardly be able to walk for feebleness.'*

This conference over, the good woman ceased to dissuade her "old man," as she called him, though he was not over thirty years of age, and preparations for the departure were begun. A canoe was provided, together with three guns

* To understand this it is necessary to know that every young man and woman, but especially the former, is incited by their parents, when approaching manhood or womanhood, to enter on a long fast in order to see some vision by which the whole course of their future life shall very largely be ruled. The parent offers the child in one hand charcoal, to black his face, and in the other food, and when he chooses the former and rejects the latter, commends him. The person then either makes a nest for himself in a tree, or retires to the top of a rock or mountain, or some solitary place, and there enters on his fast. He is directed to look very particularly for some vision, as of some animal, or clouds, or something which will disclose to him his future life, and what he must do. Some attain to five, six, or even ten days of total fasting before the desired vision is seen. Very often it is some animal, as the bear, buffalo, etc. And in that case the person is careful always to wear on his body a piece of the skin of that animal: and he looks on it as his guardian spirit, who will deliver him from danger, and lend him all its qualities, as swiftness to escape from foes, cunning to outwit them, or strength to oppose them in the hour of need. Hence every warrior is found to wear a piece of some skin, as buffalo, connected with his fasting dream or vision, and upon that he relies to deliver him from danger.

and ammunition, and some wild rice; but flesh they were expected to find for themselves by the way. The whole village was now in a state of some excitement about their departure. As a necessary preliminary there was the "Minisnowikondiwin," the Warrior's Feast, for those about to go to war. Eight were invited,—always an even number,—and a whole roasted animal, as the rule prescribed, was set before them, which must all be eaten, as there would have been grievous breach of rule should any of it be left. Cups of bear's grease were, according to the rule, given for their drink, to make them strong-hearted. Each guest must eat all that was set before him on his birch-bark dish, and if he found himself utterly unable to do so, he was allowed to give an offering of tobacco to the host to allow some one else to eat it for him. Our three warriors did the best they could with their portions, which were not small, but had to implore their host to let them call someone else to finish, saying that if that privilege were not accorded them their war expedition would end right there by bursting. However, the host graciously accepted the tobacco, and the privilege was allowed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

And now the day of embarkation came, and the three whom the gliding water was to bear to their destiny stood paddle in hand, ready to step into their canoe. Old friends came running down the bank, many of them bearing what looked like images, or dolls, wrapped in clothing, all but the head, and entreated them to take them and dispose of them as honor to the dead required.* Many women now came running down with these in their arms, and tried to have the voyagers take them. "Here, take this, of my child, and give it the proper honor if you can. See how light it is. It will be no incumbrance to you. Put it in the bowels if you can; but if you cannot, at least throw it away on the field of battle. Now, will you do that for me? We are old friends and neighbors; we have lived long together. I beg you do that for me. Will you now?" So they were entreated again and again, and begged and coaxed. It was hard to

* When an Indian woman's child dies, she makes a muslin-ini, or image of it, about the size of a small child, the face exposed, the body wrapped round with many clothes and expensive bead work; and this she keeps for a year in the wigwam. It occupies the place in the wigwam which the deceased child had, and it is regularly offered food, the hair is combed, and it is treated with the greatest affection and respect. It is her memorial of the dead loved one. It is kept for a year, or until it can be thrown away on the field of battle.

refuse; but oh, so many requests of that sort! "I think I shall be made crazy by so many commissions of this kind," said old Ogema.

At last the final preparations were made, and the men, pushing against the bank with their paddles, shoved off and were afloat. And now the last calls were borne to them across the water from the assembled Indians. Ayangwamiziuk was the word most often heard, which may be translated "Take the greatest care"; "now nerve yourselves"; "now be on your guard"; for it means all these. There were many cries; all of encouragement, exhortation, warning. "Now tighten your belts to the very last hole to strain yourselves," shouted one old superannuated warrior. "To strain yourselves," that is, to make a supreme effort.

Their paddles were now flashing in the sun, and soon they entered the stream which drained their lake, and behind a point of land were hidden from sight. All of a sudden from the midst of life, from an excited multitude, from discordant cries, from the haunts of men, they were in a lonely wilderness. For days and days they would see no human being, nor sign of human life. They felt, as they drew down that silent river, as if they had parted from life, as if they had entered on a totally different existence. The dangers and the toils of the enterprise on which they had entered, for the first time came home to them.

Ogema, a seasoned veteran, was the first to recover himself. "I wonder what we shall meet before we again see Gull Lake Village," he said.

He said it not in fear, but he knew that the course of events would unfold surprises.

The stream down which they floated was about two lengths of their canoe in width. The banks were high and somewhat sloping, and in some places overarching pines almost roofed it over. Soon the stream brought them to the Mesa-zi-bi (The Everywhere-river), here a sylvan stream, and their canoe danced out on to its broad bosom. It ran in great bends, so that they could not see any great distance ahead. Round each bend was a new scene spread out before them, ever varying, ever beautiful. By this time the declining sun told them it was time to camp, so drawing up their canoe on the bank they took the ax, and soon its sound was a new feature in that lonely wilderness. A fire was soon blazing, their pots and kettles upon it, and supper was cooking. Then followed supper, served in birch-bark dishes on the ground. Then their long-stemmed pipes were brought out, and filled with the mixture of the inner bark of the red willow and a little tobacco, and there was sociability and enjoyment. Yellow Thunder and Good-Sounding-Sky had by this time recovered from the temporary dampening of their spirits that followed the parting from their friends, and all were cheerful and happy. The former felt that the load of his grief was already rolling from his back, in the diversion of his thoughts to new channels. They had no fear of enemies where they were, so their camp-fire was a conspicuous signal far up and down the river. They talked of their village, of their friends, of hunting

scrapes, and Ogema told episodes of his eventful life when on war parties. They watched the moon sailing overhead, and the river gently gliding at their feet. By and by they slept, and there were three forms that looked like mummies, head and feet all wrapped in blankets, around the fire.

It is needless to detail the days during which their canoe glided down the silent, beautiful river. It was a sylvan stream of very translucent water, flowing through gently-sloping banks, covered with the richest verdure. Countless wild flowers perfumed the air, for it was now the end of May. In some places the banks were timbered with pines and other trees, but on the left bank it was mostly prairie. When they drew up their canoe at noon they could look from the high bank over a rolling sea of verdure interspersed with beautiful groves. What a lovely place for the hunter to live in. There was the grove to shelter his wigwam and furnish him with fuel; there was the green prairie for his little children to play on; there were the animals near by to furnish him with food; there was the river whence his wife could bring the gleaming fish; there was everything but an owner.

Once Good-Sounding-Sky rose early in the morning, about the rising of the sun, his two companions still lying motionless as the dead, and from the high bank where their camp was, surveyed the scene. There was the peaceful river flowing gently at his feet; there was the prairie bathed in dew, glistening in the morning

sun; there were the deer and elk feeding, unconscious of man's vicinity. The winds were hushed, some birds were calling from the river, and peace was upon all. There was neither sin nor sorrow there, but everything fresh and beautiful.

The wilderness supplied them liberally with food during the five days they were floating along. Game of all kinds they had in abundance, and adding the wild rice they had brought with them made delicious food. Once they heard a deer snorting (or whatever the sound may be called), and they saw him standing out plainly as they went round a point. Good-Sounding-Sky fired at him three times at close range, but he kept his ground, still defiantly snorting. That deer was a Manido, a god, something supernatural about him, for bullets had no power over him; so they passed by and left him triumphantly snorting there still. Had they persisted in trying to kill him against the manifest will of the spirits, some mischief would have befallen them.

For the first four days they took no precautions, having no fear of meeting enemies. But on the fifth day there was an under-current of watchfulness. When turning a bend of the river conversation ceased, and all eyes were directed to what that reach of the river would disclose. Where they slept the night before, the canoe was carried inland and hidden, and they made their fire some distance from the bank and extinguished it with water after they had cooked the evening meal, that no curling snake might disclose their presence.

The following day there was a feeling of anxiety, and when evening came Ogema, with the caution of an old warrior, took means to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. Yellow Thunder was sent ahead a little space from the camp to prepare the Pushquacumiginagun, "the-cleared-piece-of-ground," on which the Onzabunzichigun, "the-divining-instrument-whence-a-view-is-made," was to be. This he did by taking up the turf from a piece of ground in the form of a parallelogram, and then making the earth soft, like a flower-bed in a garden. He then fenced it about with brush that no one might step on it. There was suspended over the place of divination on a pole the offerings which they had brought to sacrifice, some pieces of bright red cloth, and other precious things, also all the "muzininig," or images of the dead, with which they had been entrusted. When he had reported it prepared, Ogema came and took his station upon it and commenced his divination, singing and praying to the Great Spirit that he would show him how to lead his men away from danger, and to a successful accomplishment of their enterprise. He was heard thus singing and praying during a great part of the night by his two companions in camp. Often they fell into a fitful slumber, and each time they awoke there was Ogema still singing and praying. They were anxious by this time, knowing that on the accuracy of Ogema's divination depended their lives, as they knew they were in the vicinity of enemies, yet knew not just where they were.

In the middle of the night they heard his voice loudly calling them to come, and they knew that

he had made a discovery of some sort. He had taken his seat at the beginning beside the part of the parallelogram farthest from the enemy, but facing them, and on the side of it farthest from him he had placed two round, smooth stones. These stones had now moved across to his side without his volition, he said, and under the influence of his medicine songs and prayers, leaving two deep tracks across the soft earth. And it was by the course of these tracks that the position of the enemy was to be ascertained. Good-Sounding-Sky and Yellow Thunder looked carefully at the tracks as desired, but were not clear as to just what they indicated. Then it was that Ogema announced the result. Said he:

"I see by this that to-morrow, if we keep on down the river, a little before noon we shall be in a reach of the river looking to the southeast, with oak timber on the right-hand side as we go, and prairie on the left, but with a piece of timber coming down to the river about the middle of the reach, through the midst of which timber a creek flows into this river. In the mouth of that creek we shall find a hunting party of Sioux in four large wooden canoes, and if we pass by it we shall all be killed."*

A consultation was then held about this alarming prediction, and it was determined to go cautiously down the river till near noon, then draw

* The above statement of Ogema predicting just where the enemy would be seen may seem strange to the reader, nevertheless it is true that the leader of a war party, called by them Ma-ya-o-say-win-in-i, or the-one-who-walks-in-front, after using the means above described, made some very wonderful predictions as to the hour of the day when they would sight the enemy, their numbers, the kind of place where it would be, as a grove, small prairie, etc., which predictions turned out to be most wonderfully correct.

out and hide the canoe, carefully obliterating all trace of its having been taken out; then stealthily go down among the woods on the opposite side from the creek, if creek there were, till opposite its mouth, and then see what was to be seen.

The next morning there was not much conversation in the canoe; a sense of danger producing alertness and silence. Before noon the head of a bend of the river, which seemed to answer to the description, was reached. The canoe was taken out and hidden, and the party proceeding cautiously onward through the thick timber, saw in the mouth of a creek on the opposite bank a large party of the dreaded Sioux cooking their noon-day meal. With fascinated eyes they watched them from among the thick leaves; saw them, on the conclusion of their meal, throw their utensils into their canoes and proceed up the river. It was an anxious moment when they passed the spot where the canoe had been taken out, lest any bended grass or disturbed twigs should betray the secret; but the marks had been too carefully obliterated, and loudly talking and laughing the Sioux passed on up the river. The canoe journey was now resumed, with extreme caution. They were near, what they called Kichi-kakabikang, At-the-Great-Fall, the Falls of St Anthony; and it was known that there was a large village of Sioux west of there, and not far off.

At last the vicinity of the Fall was reached, and there the canoe was taken from the water and hidden in the woods for good. Extreme caution was now necessary, for they might run

across enemies any moment. But Ogema, who had been there before, piloted them under the shadow of the deep woods, through dense underbrush at times, and partly by night, for a distance of ten miles, until they peered through the thick leaves at the teepees of Little Crow's Sioux village, on the bank of the Mississippi, where the city of St. Paul now stands. Ogema had led them to the very central village of their foes.

As they lay on their faces on the ground among the dense undergrowth, they watched with keenest interest the motions of their enemies. They were so near that they could hear them talking, could even distinguish their features, could see them go in and out and observe all they did. The little children were playing about with their bows and arrows, and the women were engaged in tanning hides, and in their various avocations.

There was a large village, situated on a high bluff, at the foot of which rolled the Mississippi, here almost doubled in size by the emptying into it of the Minnesota River (Green-leaf River, the Ojibways call it) five miles above. There was the path which ran down into the ravine, which they followed to the river for water, because the high bank on which their village was situated was so nearly perpendicular that no path lay that way. The Ojibways noticed that the village looked very different from theirs. Instead of wigwams of birch bark, these teepees were of buffalo hide. They noticed that the Sioux women's way of housekeeping was in many

ways different from theirs. The make of their clothes was also different. Their voices had an unfamiliar tone. There were a great many more ponies tied everywhere about. There were quantities of buffalo hides everywhere being tanned, the women working at dressing them. These were buffalo Indians.

It was strange to them to be thus in the presence of those in whose presence it was death to be, and to be watching their every movement. There was a strange fascination about it, and they did not for a long time even wish to bring the matter to a close by doing what they came for, so interested were they in all they saw.

When they had thus spent a great part of the day in observing, and considering the lay of the land, and how they could best get a favorable opportunity for securing the much-coveted scalps, they withdrew some distance into the thickest recesses of the woods, in a place where they were sure the Sioux never went, and discussed what they were to do. They agreed that it was hopeless to rush into the village and kill by daylight. There were plenty of men there, with guns all loaded, and they had no chance to do that and get out alive. They also agreed that to attack at daylight, the Indian's favorite time, would be equally certain to bring destruction. Their enemies would start from sleep at the first alarm, and overpower them before they could make their escape. Ogema, indeed, was inclined to try it. He told them that he had noticed in hunting that if he was camped in the open prairie among the animals, that just at

the spring of day all animals were unwilling to move, and seemed rather to prefer to be killed than to violently exert themselves to escape at that time, and that it was just so with human beings. That just at break of day there was the deepest sleep, and the greatest unwillingness to move; and that they might break in, kill, scalp, and get away before they got their senses gathered. But the others would not hear of it, as too dangerous, or rather certain death, as the village was so large. But there was one thing that they had observed. There was a path not far from where they had secreted themselves which led back into the country, and by which the Sioux undoubtedly brought in their wood. Some of them would soon go out for wood, for they noticed that it was all cut off directly around the village. That would be their chance.

Having very cautiously, in a hollow, cooked themselves some ducks and partridges which they had brought with them, and eating these and some wild rice, they lay down to sleep and to wait for the events of the morning.

The next day they resumed their watch of the Indian village, but found no good opportunity. A party did pass out by the path before spoken of, but they were hunters, well armed, and too strong for them. They had to content themselves, therefore, with lying all day long watching. The supply of food they had brought began to run low, and their spirits fell correspondingly, for there was no telling how many days they might have to wait before a favorable opportunity came. They were hungry, cold, and

uncomfortable, for they could not make much fire for fear of being discovered. Good-Sounding-Sky began to reflect on the advice his wife had given him, to be content with his glory as a medicine man, and thought it was not so bad after all.

But Ogema encouraged them, so they held fast. After their hasty evening meal that day, they thought they would go back and view the Indian village by night, and went to their accustomed place of observation and hiding. The Sioux had made large fires outside their teepees, which lit up everything as light as day. They were all out around them, talking, laughing and sporting. By and by the Ojibways heard a strange sound down the river. It seemed like a prolonged sighing, and recurred again and again, and drew nearer and nearer, and became louder. They noticed that the Sioux also observed it, for they turned toward it from their sporting around the fire. The Ojibways now heard with increased amazement, in addition to the heavy sighing, a beating motion; and the whole thing, whatever it was, drew ever nearer and nearer. Was it some dreadful spirit of the river, or what was it? Ever that prolonged sighing and that rapid beating in the dark. The tension on their nerves was great. Was it an unknown monster that was approaching? Was it a monster of the deep or a cannibal giant of the land? And now as it came nearer the terrors of sight were added to those of sound, for the monster came into actual sight. It was in the water, and was swiftly approaching against the

current. Its sides gleamed fire, and occasionally it vomited showers of sparks from the top. This terrific sight, added to the mysterious and alarming sound, coming in the darkness of the night, froze their very blood with terror. They would have fled, but there was no power to flee. They were in a strange land, a hostile country, and now this thing came at them.

There was just one thing upon which, up to this time, they had steadied themselves, and which had heretofore saved them from the extremity of panic, and that was, strange to say, the Sioux. In spite of their extreme terror, they noticed that the Sioux did not flee; that they did not even seem greatly afraid. That, and their inability to flee, had till now held them in their place. But now occurred the horrible catastrophe. When directly opposite them in the river, the thing, whatever it was, vomiting smoke and flame, showing fire from all its sides, and beating, beating in the water like a living thing, all of a sudden let out the most unearthly screech or croak, soul fearing and penetrating enough to rend soul and body asunder. Before they knew it the three warriors were up and madly fleeing, stumbling over fallen logs, stumps and roots; not knowing where they went; anywhere to get away from that soul-piercing shriek, that terrible monster. Their guns left behind, their blankets too; only their bodies they took with them.

They had kept together in their race by a blind instinct, and they now cowered together

for mutual protection. Ogema was the first to recover command of himself.

"See," he said, "look at those Sioux; they are there yet. Stop!" With that he seized his two panting, struggling companions, and forcibly held them. "Well, I never," he cried, beginning to recover from his panic; "I have been down and the Sioux over me, hacking at me with their tomahawks, and I never was scared, never till this night; but this time my very blood was chilled with fear."

"It seemed to me," said Yellow Thunder, "that the very bottom fell out of my stomach when that thing let out that roar. I was scared before, but that finished me."

"Well," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "I am trembling yet. I don't know how I got started, but I think if you had not taken hold of me, Ogema, I would have run on to Gull Lake!"

They now held a consultation as to what to do, and what it could have been, and finally they remembered that they had heard a rumor about some new kind of contrivance of the white people for bringing supplies up to the fort not far off, and concluded that that must be it. The Sioux, they knew, must have seen it when it came up before, and that was why they did not flee. They then considered how disgraceful it would be to them as warriors to leave their guns and blankets, so they picked up courage to go stealthily back and get them, after which they withdrew for the night to their temporary hiding-place in the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLOW FALLS.

The next morning dawned sweet and beautiful over the Sioux village and the lovely scenes of river, hill, and dale by which it was surrounded. But it brought with it the three Ojibways, and from their accustomed place of ambush their eyes were fastened upon the village. They had explored the trail or path before spoken of to see where it led to, and whether it would afford a favorable opportunity for their design. They found that it led, as they had supposed, to a place where the Sioux chopped wood; and that it ran along the bottom of a little plateau, on the top of which they were, running in a half circle round the base, so that they by running back a little ways could, by a shorter interior line, command any persons walking upon it, and themselves, hidden in the underbrush, have them in plain sight in the open at very short range. They all agreed that if any persons came out from the village by that wood-road they would be easy victims, and that *that* was the place for them to make their strike.

A Sioux man came out of one of the teepees that morning and stood some time admiring the scene. There was the broad river at his feet, sleeping calmly in the morning sun and breathless air. There on the other side were the

meadows, and farther back the line of bluffs, all clothed in the deepest green of May. There around him were the teepees of the Sioux, and back of them the dark woods. He did not think that out of them, unknown to him, the sinister eyes of death were already fastened upon him. Thoughts of many things passed through his mind, called up by the scene before him, and he soliloquized:

“I think,” said he, “that this is the fairest spot on earth where we have our village. I have seen many places, I have been up many days’ journey to the head of this Minnesota River, to the Yellow Medicine country where our relatives live, and I have been down this great river some distance, and I never saw a spot so fair as this. The two great rivers converge here, the Minnesota and this great river, and here is the centre of the earth. Those living off in other places, no matter how beautiful they may be, seem to me to be living in outlandish places. Here we have everything. That river is full of fish, and the little lakes back of us are full of them—we can get all we want. And not very far back from that line of bluffs across the river, on the green prairies, and among the groves are black masses of buffalo. We have to ride on our ponies but a little ways, and we are right among them. Is there anything better than the buffalo meat we have abundance of, and pemmican? We are never cold, for the skins of those buffaloes clothe us so warmly that no cold can penetrate to us. And we have soft couches of buffalo skins under us to lie on.”

Here he happened to raise his eyes to an island a few miles up the river, near where the Minnesota came in, and it aroused a train of reflections. "I remember when the first Frenchmen came here a few years ago they camped for the night on the bank of the river opposite that island, and in the middle of the night the buffaloes came trampling down there in such immense numbers that they were almost trampled to death, and only escaped by taking to their canoes and going over to that island. How we Sioux laughed about it! Their tent was trampled into the ground and most of their goods destroyed by the buffaloes. What a wonderful supply of food we have in them? And there are so many of them that I think they will last while the world lasts. We kill all we want, and there are just as many."

Then he lifted his eyes to a high point of land, the sharp angle in the junction between the Minnesota and the Mississippi Rivers, where there were some buildings visible, and a flag, and it started another train of reflections:

"Those people were cunning in choosing that commanding spot for their fort, just between the two rivers, at their junction, for it is impossible to scramble up those steep banks and attack it from any side except the rear. Some people think that those people will some day come to us, and that they will even take our lands from us and drive us away, but I do not think so. I do not think we shall ever have any more of them than we have now, just the few soldiers in the fort. And why I think so is, for one

reason, that I have been away down this river many days' journey, and did not see one of them the whole way. Only at the end of my journey, the River-with-the-bar-at-the-mouth, (the Wisconsin River), I saw a few, and they only soldiers in a fort, just as here. For many years now there have been just so many of them and no more. They don't get more numerous, so I think they will remain just as they are now. And then they could never get here. In winter the river is frozen over, and that might afford them a road to be sure; but there are so many open and weak places in the ice where the water runs swift, that they would certainly break through and be drowned. It is as much as we can do, who know every weak place, to keep out of them. And then if they left the river and tried to come by land there is no road; there is thick timber, and countless ravines, and deep rivers to cross, and they would never get here. To be sure, in summer some of them might come by that strange thing that came last night, the fire-canoe, but that has been coming here occasionally for some years, and it doesn't bring anything (but some supplies for the soldiers, and some recruits, so I think we shall never see anything more of those people than we do now.

"I remember how scared we were when the first fire-canoe came up. We all fled to the woods and hid, when it whistled." Here he laughed at the recollection of it. "It whistled last night when just opposite us, saluting us." Here he laughed again. He looked at the distant fort

once more, and a new train of thought arose in his mind:

“Their firing that morning and evening gun scares the buffalo and the other game away, so we have to go farther to find them. But then our drumming on our medicine drums scares them away, too, but not so far, for the sound doesn’t reach so far.

“And those officers hunting kill a good deal of our game.” Here a shade of anger crossed his face, but it passed off as he thought: “Well, there is enough for all of us, and no matter how much all of us kill, it makes no appreciable difference in their numbers. It amuses us to watch those people, their ways are so different from ours. We rather enjoy having them here just to watch them. By the by, the head man has just promulgated an order that none of our women are to be in that fort after dusk, but for all that they are seen coming out from there in the gray of the morning. And there are several white-headed babies now in our village. The officers are the most in that, for they have the most money to give our women things. And there is a curious thing, they think themselves far superior to us in every way, and yet those officers, when they are changed to some other fort, go away and leave their children here, and utterly abandon them—never do a single thing for them. We wouldn’t do that!” Here he became indignant. “Even a wolf on the prairie would not do that to its offspring! And yet they hold themselves as little gods compared with

us!" He laughed with scorn as he thought of it.

"There is one man in there who is different from the rest. Although he is employed by fighting men, he is always preaching of peace. I do not understand how that is." Here there was a puzzled expression on his face. "He told some of us that we should not kill the Ojibways; that we should love them! The strangest talk I ever heard in my life! Have we not always been killing them, and they us, whenever we could get a chance? And he says we ought to love them! Well, that beats me. Ha, ha, ha!" Here he laughed. "And he told us, too, not to gamble, and that we should not drink the fire-water which they bring us. It would be better for him to talk to his own people, for they make it. It seems to me he is trying to take all the joy out of our lives. And on one day in every seven he harangues them. I went in once to see what they did in there, and there he was, sure enough, dressed up with a big white robe all over his clothes, and a black band down the length of it on either side, and he read out of a book, and prayed, and they sang. I know what praying is, for we pray ourselves, and we sing, too, though it sounds very different from theirs. They had no drum. Then he talked and talked to them. I guess he was exhorting them to be good. When he had ended they nearly all left; but a few stayed, and I stayed, too, for I wanted to see all they did to the very end. And then he prayed again, and took something, I do not know what it was, and gave it to each of them.

I guess It was "WAKAN", (MYSTERIOUS-HOLY). First he put into the hands of each a piece of Bread, and then gave each a silver cup to take a sip out of. It was not fire-water that was in that cup, and It was not water. I do not know what It was. Perhaps the juice of grapes. There were not many of them received That besides him, and they were mostly women, the wives of officers. The men mostly rose and went out before That was administered. But the men who remained and took It were the men I like best of any in the garrison. I wonder what It was."

The flag flying over the fort, now attracted his attention for a moment. "I have seen English flags," he said. "There were English traders here not long ago till these people sent soldiers and drove them out. I hear the English used to rule over these people; that they had them for their slaves, but they turned on them and whipped them out of this country, and they ran to their ships, got in, and sailed away."

His eye now wandered up the river. "We do not any of us know where that river heads; none of us have ever been there. A good reason"—laughing—"why we don't go, for our enemies, the Dwellers-at-the-Falls* (the Ojibways), live there. But I would like to go, for all that, and explore that river, and see those countries, and may be I would bring back a scalp or two if I had good luck.

"There is one thing they have there that is

*This no doubt refers to the Sault Ste. Marie near the original home of the Ojibways.

superior to what we have, and that is wild rice. They say there are great fields of it up there, and here we have hardly a taste. I wish I had some to eat with the ducks I kill."

"And are we not fortunate," he thought as he looked toward the north and completed the circuit of his vision, "that we have villages of our people living between us and them, right close here at the Falls, to protect us from them. The mean wretches steal down on us in their canoes." (As he thought of this, anger again clouded his face), "and sneaking up, try to kill us; but they first come upon our friends at the Falls, and they have to take it, and we are sheltered behind them in safety. That is one reason why I think this place the most desirable in the world, because it is so safe. I have been up there at the villages about the Falls when they were trembling, not knowing but some of the mean wretches were stealing upon them; but here in the centre we are always safe. Come to think," he said, looking at the river, "it is some time since I have made an offering to the spirit under the river. I know some who were drowned there, and some who had their children drowned. I suppose they were pulled under by the river-god, who was angry because they did not make an offering. But no misfortune has ever befallen me, nor any of my children. They have been playing in the water, and none of them has ever been drowned, because I have been careful every once in a while to make an offering to the god. It is some time since I have done it, and I will go and do it now, and then I will go up to

the village near the Falls and see how the folks are getting along there, and on the way I will show my wife and her sister where to chop wood, and bring some of it here, for we burned a good deal last night."

With that he disappeared into his teepee, and soon coming out, followed the path to the river's brink, where he stood for a few minutes addressing the deity underneath, then cast in a piece of bright scarlet cloth, of considerable value, which at the cost of much exertion he had got from the traders in exchange for skins. He followed it with his eye as it went floating down the stream, a striking object, until it was out of sight.

His wife now appeared on the scene, a comely woman of about thirty-five, and behind her came her sister. She looked around a minute, then called loudly to her eldest daughter, Winona, to come out to her.

"Your aunt and I are going into the woods to chop; now see that you are a good little girl till I return, and take good care of your little brother there,"—here she pointed to the little toddler, who had followed his sister out of the teepee,—“and do not let him fall into the fire or into the river. Now mind that you take good care of him and be a good girl.” As she said these words she gave the little girl some good-natured slaps with her open hand on the part behind where correction is usually administered; not enough to hurt her, but enough to impress upon her the words which she had just spoken.

With that, taking her woman's ax, and her sister doing the same, they both started on the

trail toward the woods; her husband, who had by this time come up from the river's brink, preceding her.

The Ojibways saw the party starting from the village; saw the axes and knew just what they were going to do. They quickly started from their place of concealment, and with long, swift steps made for the knoll overlooking the path which they had selected. Soon the three came in sight, the man leading. All were unconscious of danger. Nearer, nearer they drew, till they were within easy range. They saw nothing of the Ojibways hidden behind the thick-screen of leaves. Ogema, as an old seasoned warrior, and the leader of the party, claimed the man; the others each selected a victim. Suddenly three shots reverberated among the hills and a deed of blood had been done. Some birds flew away, startled and screaming, but the sun shone on sweetly as before. The man was lying on the ground with his thigh broken, but defiant and angry. The younger woman was shot through the body, and seemed fainting. The older woman was uninjured, and wildly calling, "My children, my children!" started to run to the village. Ogema in an instant leaped upon his man, who, drawing his knife, bravely defended himself, and it required considerable effort on his part to reach him with his tomahawk and dispatch him. The woman on the ground was easily killed. While Ogema was fighting hand-to-hand with the wounded man, the one who had missed took after the screaming woman, and, catching her by her long braids of

hair, stabbed her repeatedly in the back with his tomahawk.

In the brief period that this event had consumed a change had come over the feelings of the warriors. Before it was the desire to accomplish what they came for, that their labor and pains should not be in vain. Now it was the desire to escape and get back safe. They knew that those shots would be heard at the Sioux village, and that although no one considered there was a possibility of any enemy being near, yet some would be sent to investigate, and that quick pursuit would be made. Therefore what they had yet to do must be done quickly. A knife was passed round each head of the dead; the scalp pulled off and fastened securely at the girdle of each. Next, Ogema tore open the breast of the dead man, and pulled out the reeking and yet almost palpitating heart, drank some of the blood that plentifully flowed from it, and smeared it all over his face. He gave the heart in turn to each of his two companions, and told them to drink of it.

"That was a brave man," he said. "He fought me to the last, and when he could no longer move he scowled and tried to spit at me. Here I drink his heart's blood that I may get his courage! If he had been a coward I would not touch it! And I will take a mouthful of his heart," he said, suiting the action to the word, "that his courage may more surely come into me." Here he offered it to his younger companions and told them to do the same quickly. "Oh, I wish I could take his whole head, and

carry it home, and not merely his scalp. It would be such a thing to show to the people!"

Here his companions remonstrated with him. "If you talk of such a foolish thing as trying to carry that head," said one, "we will go off alone and leave you to your fate. You know we shall have to run now for our lives. And do you think you can escape encumbered with that heavy thing?"

They now hastily performed the last rites for time was precious. Yellow Thunder brought out the lock of his child's hair and tenderly kissed it. "O my daughter, my daughter! Here is the last thing that your father can ever do for you, my daughter. I have done you the last honor I can, and now good-by." With this he put the lock into the mangled body among the warm bowels and turned away. The other memorials of deceased children and friends with which they had been entrusted by the parents were now hastily bestowed in the same way, or thrown away on the battle ground. The former they did for very particular and dear friends; the latter for those to whom they did not consider themselves so indebted. But many images and memorials which had been almost forced upon them they did not bring to the place at all.

Then, as the last thing, they hastily, with their large knives, dismembered the bodies so far as they could; cut off and cast the pieces of flesh around, not from any wanton cruelty, but to duly impress their enemies with the power and fury of the Ojibways. Last of all, they gave forth their clear Sa-sa-kwe, war-whoop of tri-

umph, victors upon the field, and fled from the scene.

The Dakotas, on hearing the shots, thought it was some of their friends from the villages back of the Falls coming to visit them, shooting at partridges, but yet sent out messengers to see. These at a distance saw the Ojibways dismembering their victims, and quickly announced it in the village. Then followed a wild commotion; children crying, women in alarm, warriors snatching guns and tomahawks and running to the spot. The Ojibways had immediately darted into the leafy underbrush, where it was impossible to see them, and where it was very difficult to track them. The Dakotas, burning with wrath, tried to head them off, to surround them. They, however, kept a steady course to strike the river some miles above the fort, and when they came to the brink they waded in it some distance, so as to make it impossible to track them; then carefully obliterating their tracks where they left it, buried themselves in the deepest recesses of the wood. Here they remained till night-fall, when they arose and pursued their way by the north star. In the morning they felt themselves safe; to find them in that vast leafy wilderness was impossible except by chance. But to make assurance doubly sure they again lay hid all day and traveled the following night.

CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPECTED GOOD FORTUNE.

Our hunters were now in high spirits as, well rested, they resumed their journey. They had accomplished that for which they set out, and that without the loss of a man or the touch of a bullet. They had passed through a trying experience successfully, and had surmounted danger. Their minds were now free from care, and their thoughts were of home and of the reception that awaited them. They talked of the people whose housekeeping they had secretly watched, and of the incidents of their trip. The scalps they treated with great respect. Every morning the hair was carefully combed. They offered them food before they partook themselves. The party now had plenty to eat and of the best, for the country was full of game. They traveled on foot, avoiding the river, knowing that there their enemies would be certain to look for them.

On the second day, as they were proceeding leisurely along, laughing and talking, all of a sudden something utterly unexpected occurred. They heard the faint sound of an ax! Stopping short, their hearts beating quickly, they looked at each other in amazement. "What is this?" they fearfully asked each other. They thought no human beings were nearer them than the villages of the Sioux near the Falls, which they

had left far behind, and their own villages in front at Gull Lake, over four days' journey away. The next moment they were stealthily but rapidly making their way in the direction of that sound, which grew ever clearer and clearer, till, peering through the leafy screen, there stood before them the buffalo skin of a Sioux teepee! There in front was the owner of the lodge, a stalwart Sioux, plying the ax. There was his wife skinning a deer which he had evidently lately killed. There was a young woman just grown up, evidently their daughter, and four younger children, the youngest not much more than a baby. Evidently a Sioux family who had come out there temporarily for a hunt. Away from the river, which was the great high-road, and deep in the recesses of the forest, they had no thought of seeing any one, least of all the Ojibways, whose nearest villages they knew were far, far away. In absolute safety, as they supposed, they were enjoying themselves there in the wilderness.

The Ojibways surveyed them at very close range for some time. They took in all the differences between their outfit and manner of living and their own; the skin lodge, the different kind of leggings the man wore, the strange sound of the Sioux language. When they had completed their survey they looked at each other and Ogema said significantly: "Ki shawendagosimin." The others nodded equally significantly, and reechoed his words: "Ki shawendagosimin." This is a common expression among Indians, when some piece of good fortune unex-

pectedly befalls them, and means, "We are blessed because we are worthy of blessing."

"Yes," answered Ogema, "we are holy; there is no evil to be seen among us."*

"My heart is filled with gratitude," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "for this grace, which is so far beyond what we could have expected."

"Yes," answered Yellow Thunder, "we had already received great blessing, got all that we could have desired, and now to think of this on top of all!"

"It is always so," returned Good-Sounding-Sky. "Every once in a while the Indian is blessed beyond what he could have expected. Sometimes when a family is starving a bear comes prowling about their lodge looking for something to eat, and, as it were, puts his body into their hands, and in an instant they have plenty."

"Yes," said Yellow Thunder, "it is like as with their wild rice; they neither sow it nor put a fence around it, nor take any care of it, and yet when the season comes round there it is ready at their hand to reap."

"The Indian is certainly watched over and provided for in a wonderful way," said Good-Sounding-Sky.

"Um-m-m," interposed Ogema. "That man, so unconcerned there, does not know that I

It may seem unnatural that people who had just done a deed such as they had should say "we are holy," and "there is no evil to be seen among us," but these are the very reflections that arose in their minds, and these are the very words they said. Their consciences did not reproach them in the least with what they had done. From their standpoint, and according to their ideas, their conduct had been free from blame, indeed positively meritorious and praiseworthy.

shall be wriggling my knife between his ribs before this time tomorrow."

"And those children who are playing so merrily do not know that their brains will be lying scattered under those trees before very long," answered Yellow Thunder.

"What had we better do?" asked Ogema. "Rush on them at once and finish it up right now? They are unarmed and have no suspicion of danger."

"No," said Yellow Thunder, "that is not the way. Although it seems so easy, yet if we attempt it now some of them will be sure to dart into the brush and escape us. Better make a sure thing of it. If any of them run in there it will be utterly impossible for us ever to find them. Just as impossible as it was for the Sioux to find us, though you may be sure they tried hard enough! They might die in there if they were young and could not find food, but we would never find them."

"Better for us," observed Ogema, "to keep to the wise old ways that our forefathers taught us. They always rushed upon those they killed at the first break of day. They will be buried in deepest sleep then."

"If we could only keep one of them alive," said Yellow Thunder, "and take him to our village, what a glorious exploit it would be."

"Yes," responded Good-Sounding-Sky, "we ought to think of our women, and of the little children. What a pleasure it would be to them to see a live Roaster; to put their hand on one

and still live! Although there is great joy over a scalp, yet it would be as nothing compared with the joy if we could deliver one of these people alive at Gull Lake."

"Although I have now no children of my own," said Yellow Thunder, a pang of grief shooting through his heart at the recollection of his dead child, "yet I think of the hundreds of little children at Gull Lake, and would dearly love to gratify them by placing a living Sioux in their village. How they would hide behind their mothers' skirts, hardly daring to take a look of fearful joy at the dreaded Roaster."

"Yes," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "ever since they can remember anything they can remember how their mothers stilled them when they cried, 'Be still! there comes the Sioux to take you.'"

"It can be done," said Ogema, "and if we succeed in delivering a Sioux alive at Gull Lake it will be one of the greatest exploits ever accomplished, and the doers of it will have reputations that will never be forgotten. We are now far from the Sioux and beyond all pursuit. A captive will encumber us, it is true, but we can take our time, and need not travel any faster than we wish. The joy will be unbounded when we get there. The question is whom shall we take? It will not do to try to take that man, for he would be constantly trying to escape, and might succeed in spite of all our vigilance; and even if he did not, he would be sure to be fighting angry, should have to kill him before we got him there. He would not be willing to go along, and we could not make him. And then there is the

woman. She would be so desperate over the loss of her children that we never would get her there alive if we attempted it. So it will not do to think of that. And then as for taking any of those half-grown children, they are too young and could not march, and we cannot carry them. Then we have deep rivers to cross, and it is out of the question to take any of them. So it seems to me that the one to take is that young woman. She is strong and can march as well as any of us. But the great point is, that she is young and soft-hearted, and will readily obey us, she will be so afraid. She will not be ugly nor desperate, as both her father and her mother would be."

"What on earth ever brought them out to this lonesome place," said Yellow Thunder. "What fools they were to leave the main body and come away out here."

"Oh," replied Ogema, "they knew they were away from the river and from every line of travel, and it was only one chance in ten thousand that we happened to hear that ax. It was a very rare chance, too, that any of us happened to come down this way and pass by just here. The beavers must be all killed off in the creeks near the Sioux villages, and this man no doubt thought that he would come up here, where they are plenty because nobody lives here, and replenish his stock. The trader would have given him scarlet cloth and beads for them, and a little nice fire-water on top of all, just to make him feel real happy. He didn't do a foolish thing, and didn't run any risk in coming out

here under ordinary circumstances. But now it looks as if we were to get those beaver-skins, or whatever he has, and not that Sioux trader."

"I wonder if his relatives will ever know what has become of him," said Good-Sounding-Sky.

"If he has let them know what place he was going to hunt, they will," said Ogema, "for after awhile, when they don't return home, scouts will be sent out here to look for them, and they will find their rotting carcasses lying around here and they will know what has happened. But if they did not happen to tell where they were going, or did not know themselves, their relatives will never find them and never know what has become of them."

Having thus decided upon what they would do, they withdrew to a place beyond all danger of being discovered, and where the smoke of their fire could not be seen, and prepared to be back before daylight on the morrow. They made themselves beds of branches of cedar and other evergreens, and reclining by the fire talked of all the experiences they had gone through since they left home, and of those that probably still awaited them before they would see Gull Lake.

The next morning, true to appointment, they were in waiting in the vicinity of the lodge before daylight, and with the first streak of dawn raised their blood-curdling yell and rushed in among the terrified inmates of the lodge. They had daylight enough to see whom to kill and whom to keep alive, and it required only a few minutes wielding of the tomahawk, and the deed

was done. What an hour before had been a happy home, was a reeking slaughter-house. The daughter of the family, stunned by the terrible and unexpected calamity, yielded in a dazed sort of way and made no resistance. She was securely bound to a tree and a watch kept over her. The scalps were then carefully taken and added to the store they already had. The stores of the family in the way of food, furs, and other things, were then inspected, and selections made of such things as were most valuable and which they could carry along. The usual dismemberment and mutilation of the bodies then took place. The last thing of all was to affix upon a tree a writing, a history of what had taken place. On a smooth piece of birch-bark they drew a figure of the teepee, the time being indicated by the sun just casting his first rays upon the earth; themselves designated by three rude figures of men, with the totem to which each belonged drawn beneath: a bear, a marten, and a catfish, for to these three they respectively belonged. The place from which they had come was shown by a line leading up from the south, terminating near a place where were many figures with hats, the sign of the white man, and guns in their hands, therefore a soldier's fort. The number of scalps they had taken there was indicated by the three which hung one at the belt of each, and the number they had taken at the teepee, five; shown by their holding them aloft in the hand. That they were freshly taken was shown by the drops of blood falling from them. The number of

captives taken, one, a woman, was indicated by her woman's clothes and driven before, bound with a rope. The direction in which they were going, the north, was shown by the line running upward parallel with the great river. Having affixed this record of their prowess to the nearest tree overlooking the scene, and made their other preparations, they departed, now only anxious to reach their village.

The poor captive girl was driven before them, a stout rope made of basswood bark tied around her waist. What her feelings were in this appalling calamity of the sudden destruction of her home, and of all she loved, or who had loved her, as well as of the dreadful uncertainty that hung over her future, may be imagined, but cannot be described.

CHAPTER X.

A DELIRIUM OF JOY.

We may pass over the incidents of the journey north; the days and nights spent in the wilderness; the rivers they forded, and the tangled underbrush through which they sometimes forced themselves. The girl was treated by her captors as kindly as they could, and sufficient food was given her. Until nearly the last of the journey they avoided the vicinity of the river, knowing that there of all places, their enemies would look for them, and that being in the open they could readily be seen. Their journey down the river had been a pleasure trip, but coming back on foot through the woods and underbrush, where there was no road, they found hard enough. At last they arrived in the vicinity of Gull Lake village, and when discovered by its inhabitants were received with a delirium of joy. At first they did not enter the village, but camped just outside it, in order to make a formal and imposing entry. In due time the preparations were made. Each scalp was stretched on a frame work, which was tied to the top of a tall pole, where with its long flowing hair it would be a conspicuous object that could be seen by all. There was thus first the long procession of scalps, preceded by those who had taken them, whooping and dancing. After the scalps march-

ed the captive, the object which attracted all eyes. Then came the entire population of the village; men, women, and children.

Arrived at the place of dancing, the drummers and chanters took their usual places in the centre around the big drums, which made the air throb with every beat, awakening a responsive throb in the hearers' hearts. Outside of the drummers was the usual cleared space for the dancing, then the men sitting, then, outside of all, the women and children. The scalps aloft on the poles were waving over the assembly. After a certain amount of drumming and singing the men, as usual, jumped up and danced with might and main, whooping and yelling and stamping, pointing their knives and tomahawks in the direction of the Sioux country, and killing and scalping many imaginary enemies. Then there was silence, and one of the heroes of the occasion got up and graphically described the killing. When he mentioned a death the drums gave a responsive tap as a life went out. When he ceased the whole assembly began once more to dance and the drums to sound, in a frenzy of delight. Then another member of the expedition was called on to relate what happened, then another dance, until all had given their experience. Then the judgment, the courage, and the endurance of the conquering heroes were lauded by all. Now the Sioux girl was led into the ring for all to see. The little children were encouraged by their mothers to touch her, which they sometimes, after many attempts, fearfully did, and then drew back to their mothers in a

sudden access of terror. Here was one of the Roasters, about whom they had heard all their lives; a live one, and they actually touched her and yet lived! A call was now made for her to dance; but with the scalps of her father and mother and all her family before her, she had no mind to dance. Oh how unutterably sad she looked! But dance she must, and slapping her across the face with her father's scalp she was told to dance. She understood it was dance or die. The love of life is strong, so she danced. Such were the scenes repeated day after day, while the village was in a tumult of joy. The news spread north to Leech Lake and to Mille Lacs, and crowds from those places came to see.

There still remained a very important question to be decided. What was to be done with the captive? It was evident that the present arrangement was only temporary. She was kindly treated, but was watched night and day to see that she did not escape. They were thinking about what was to be done with her, but only a council could decide it. It was a matter the responsibility for which rested upon all, for having become a captive she belonged to the whole band. A day was therefore named for the council. It was named some time ahead, because gravity and deliberateness characterize all their decisions of a public character, and giving time in advance allowed the matter to ripen in their own minds.

CHAPTER XI.

WILL IT BE LIFE OR DEATH?

When the appointed day came there was first the usual drumming and chanting, but there was along with it hard thinking. The drumming and dancing seem to arouse and stimulate their mental processes, for they invariably precede and accompany the discussion and decision of any important matter. First one old Chief addressed them:

“My friends, you know what we have assembled here for. We are indeed very blessed in having one of the Roasters a captive. Our boys have done nobly in going down there right into their village and killing a good many; and what is better, they have brought one alive. We are indeed blessed. Now do not be backward, but say what you think should be done with this Sioux woman.” Cries of assent followed from the spectators, then another burst of drumming and singing, followed by dancing. But no one rose to speak; all were thinking intently. The old man rose again. “You all seem backward about speaking, my friends, though no doubt you all think something about this matter. So I will name one to speak. We hear that Shay-shay-way-ge-zhik (Sky - that - keeps - rattling) has thought of marrying this young woman, so I call on him to tell us what he thinks.”

The young man named arose, and as he was a hunter and warrior, with no pretensions to being a speaker, briefly told his mind.

"Well," he said, "I thought it would be amusing to marry this girl, because she does not know a word of my language nor I of hers, and I thought it would be funny. It would be a new sensation: To court a girl who did not understand a word I said nor I a word she said. I suppose I could get an Ojibway girl if I wanted, but this would be something out of the usual course. Some think that she would soon run away, and perhaps take my child with her, but I do not think so. For one reason, her whole family has been killed, so she has no one to go to; but my principal reason is that I think I could soon make her like me so that she would not wish to go away. That is all I have to say."

Again there was the usual outburst of drumming, singing, and dancing, and when it ceased Sha-bosh-kunk got up to speak.

"Indeed, my friends," he said, "this is a very important thing we have met to consider. The Great Spirit it seems smiles upon us and has given this woman into our hands, and we are to decide what to do with her. Sky-that-keeps-rattling has told us what he thinks. Well, I am a generous man, and if it be your decision to dispose of her in that way I am willing to take her into my wigwam and marry her; and I know I am such a hunter that she would never lack anything with me." Here he stopped and looked around with a bland smile upon the audience,

first to reap the tribute of admiration he expected to see in their faces to his generosity in offering to provide for the poor orphan; as well as to his being such a good hunter; but principally to test the effect of this proposition upon them; but saw by their looks that it would not be favorably received. They knew he already had one wife, that his past matrimonial affairs had been mixed; and he read in their faces that if that method of disposing of her was adopted, Sky-that-keeps-rattling, who was a young man, and much more popular than he, would be given the preference. Seeing, therefore, that there was no hope of getting the girl for himself as he wished, he proceeded to develop the plan which suited him next best. "But my friends," he proceeded to say after this pause, "I am a very merciful man, and wish that all may share in this blessing that has come to us, and get some benefit from it. If Sky-that-keeps-rattling marries this girl, or if I do, then we get the benefit and you get nothing. Now I have a very kind feeling toward those who are weak among us, and not able to get things for themselves; toward the women and children. As for us men, we are brave and powerful and can go to war and get things for ourselves, but the women and children cannot. Now I have a very tender feeling toward the weak and the lowly, toward our women and children, and I propose that instead of one getting all of this captive and the rest getting nothing, that we all feel the benefit of her, and in what I say I plead particularly for the women and children as their

representative. I propose therefore that we do as our fathers did, and do as they have done to us—that we boil and eat this captive, and then we will all share in the benefit of her. Now, my friends, I say this out of my compassion for the women and children. We know our children do not all live to grow up. We know that although our Medicine-men try to keep them alive, yet that some of them die. And ought it not to be so, O, may it be so, that once at least in their lives before they pass out of life they may taste the flesh of our enemies, so that they will be able to say they have done so, even though it were but a bite! Now look at it in this way; there may be ever so much wealth, and if we merely look at wealth, what good does it do us? It does us no good at all, my friends; not the least. But if we take and use of some of the wealth, then it does us good, and not till then. So I say, my friends, and I speak particularly for the women and children, who otherwise will be deprived of all advantage—I say let us appoint a day, and let us have a big time; and let us put this captive in the pot and eat her, and then we shall all have the benefit of her.”

A roll of the drums and an outburst of singing followed this speech, precluding for the present the possibility of knowing just how it would be received. There were then some desultory remarks made by some old men, on both propositions, but nothing very decided was elicited, when something new and very unexpected occurred. A woman, Misquabunoque (Red-Sky-of-the-Morning), the daughter of the principal

chief, arose and asked that the captive be given to her. At this there was very general surprise expressed. The old men could not remember any such request ever having been made by a woman. It was without precedent, and therefore perhaps should be ignored. Still, curiosity impelled them to wish to know the grounds upon which such an unusual request was preferred, and as they had nothing else very pressing to do, and were willing to be amused, and were also desirous of having light from any quarter to help them to a proper decision, the majority thought it was better to hear from her the reasons which induced her to make such an unprecedented request. Having thus been given permission to state her reasons, she proceeded to address them:

“Since you give me permission, my chiefs, to tell you my reasons for asking that this captive be given to me, I shall do so. I ask, as a representative of all the women, that this captive, a woman, be given to me. Probably you think this very strange. But consider this: We women do a very great deal of hard work for you men, and if we make a small request, is it to be denied us? Is that then all that we are for in this world; hard drudging and to be beaten, and when we ask anything for it to be denied us? Now consider this: Last fall I was out at the rice-gathering lake with all of you, where we make the rice which is a considerable part of our living. What did I see there? I saw all our women in the canoes beating off the wild rice and working hard all day long. And did I see

any men helping them? No; the men were all lying on the grass on the bank of the lake engaged in gambling, so much absorbed in the game that they complained they were hungry. Although the ducks were flying thickly over their heads they could not tear themselves from the game long enough to rise and shoot them. Now I am not saying anything against gambling. There has always been gambling and I suppose there always will be. I suppose if it were not right that there should be gambling there would not be any. But I say this: 'Gambling does not put any clothes on the children's backs, nor does it provide the food we cannot live without. Who is it that made that wild rice that is in your wigwan and that you find very good? Women, every bit of it. And very likely there are some corn and potatoes in your wigwan. Who raised them? Women, all of them. Who ever saw a man hoeing corn or potatoes? I never did. And there is another thing that is a principal part of our living; fish. Who gets up in the morning and takes the paddle, gets into the canoe and draws the nets, no matter how stormy it is, and even though the water be ice cold, and brings back the food for the family? Did any one ever hear of a man having anything to do with nets? I never did. So it seems that the one who is looked down upon, and the one who is weak, and who is generally beaten and abused, is the one who makes the living, nearly all of it, for the men and for the children.

"I sometimes think that you men"—here she raised her voice, gaining confidence as she pro-

ceeded—"would starve if it were not for us women, as I am sure the children would. You have a good time, gambling much of the time, and singing and dancing, and going off and visiting other bands of Ojibways,—but I notice that the women are always at work. Always doing something to make a living for the family. The only thing that you men do toward making a living for the family, that I can see, is to take your guns sometimes and kill an animal, and then you do not carry it home; you walk home with your gun, and the woman has to be sent with her packing strap to pack that meat home a long distance, till her back is almost broken. So it appears that the poor woman is made a slave of from beginning to end. You think you do a great deal because you shoot the animals down. But I think that is play rather than work, and I am sure our women could do it just as well if they were given the opportunity. I know some of them can hunt ducks just as successfully as you men.

"And there you can see us women, every afternoon, going out into the woods and chopping wood, and packing it home on our backs, to keep you men warm, sitting cozy in there, doing nothing. And we have all the care of the children and the labor of the wigwam. If any of the children are sick in the night, who is it but the woman, who is broken of her rest, caring for it? And for all that she does, all her packing wood on her back, and all her hard work making maple sugar—carrying birch-bark sap buckets, wet up to her knees, night and day for weeks,

and hardly sleeping, while the men are off somewhere having a good time—her reward for all that, and for supporting the family as she does, is that when there is a dispute, take a stick of wood or the ax-helve and strike her over the skull and cut her to the bone, till the blood runs over her face. That is what the man generally does as you all know; and that is the reward she gets. And now when a woman makes a small request, as I do, that this captive girl be given to me, a woman, a representative of the women, we shall see what answer will be given and what thanks the woman gets.”

This speech created quite a sensation among the company, men as well as women. Some of the former it rather angered, while the latter it pleased as being a true presentation of their case. The men conferred among themselves a little while, then one of them arose and asked to be informed what Red-sky-of-the-morning intended to do with the captive if she should be granted to her. He said it would make a difference in their decision whether she intended to let her go or intended to do something else to her. To this Red-sky-of-the-morning replied that “She did not think it necessary to say what she would do with her; that she had stated the reasons for her request as well as she could, and had no promises to make. If the woman was given to her, she was given to her.”

There was now long consultation among the men as to which of the three things proposed should be done, or whether something different from all should be done. They all agreed

that to give her to the young brave would benefit him alone, and they did not feel like giving her to Sha-bosh-kunk for an additional wife, and they were not quite ready to put her into the pot. Red-sky-of-the-morning was the daughter of a chief, something must be conceded to that. Her proposal, though startling, had the charm of novelty. They felt that the women, who they realized did so much for them and received so little, had a claim. They resolved, therefore, to give the woman to Red-sky-of-the-morning and see what would come of it.

Red-sky-of-the-morning was formally called, the decision of the assembly announced to her, and the Sioux girl turned over to her. She thanked them briefly for what they had done, then led the trembling girl to her own lodge. There she prepared a good meal, set it before her, and told her to eat, observing to her that "it was probably the last time she would ever eat in this world."

After the meal was over she delayed for some little time, as if half reluctant to begin something, or as if she had not fully made up her mind. Then at last she took her by the hand and led her out into a lonely place in the forest.

There was quite a contrast in the personal appearance of these two. Red-sky-of-the-morning was tall and of a commanding and intellectual presence. Her long, black, straight hair was divided in the middle and hung down her back in two long braids nearly to her waist. Her eyes were large and black, her complexion sallow, and her face angular. Thought and intellect,

rather than beauty, were stamped there. Her figure also was angular and thin. The Sioux girl, on the contrary, was short in stature, and small, but symmetrical in her proportions and in all the lines of her face. She was comely rather than beautiful. Her complexion was a rich olive, with a tinge of red in the cheeks. Her abundant black hair came down somewhat near her eyebrows, displaying a low though wide forehead. Her face was short and oval, her nose straight and classical, and came down somewhat far—but not too far—over her short upper lip. Her cheeks full and rounded. Her eyes were neither large nor small. Her short face corresponded to her somewhat short but plump body, and its outlines were rounded and soft, as was her figure. She had the appearance of innocence, naturalness, and sweetness, rather than of intellectuality. She looked a fresh sweet prairie flower of nature; not like the woman who led her, of exceptional or striking powers. Meekness and submissiveness seemed natural to her. As she did not understand the language of her captors she did not know what had been decreed about her, and could only dimly guess from actions. However, she knew enough of the customs of the people to make out that her fate hovered between death and matrimony; death in one of many forms, or being led unasked to the wigwam of some hunter. She knew of roasting of prisoners; she knew of making them run the gauntlet; she knew of various ways of disposing of them. With apprehension, therefore, she followed, not knowing what was going to be done with her.

Her owner preceded her with a moody, unhappy expression upon her face, leading her along until they came to a deep recess of the wood, where a rock protruded from the soil. When they reached this point she stopped, looked at her captive for some time in silence, then taking out her large knife began whetting it upon the rock. It was a large, broad-bladed, single-edged knife, such as both men and women usually carried to aid them in their daily tasks, as for cutting down saplings, skinning animals, and performing many such acts. At the sight of that cruel knife and its contact with the rock, something like an electric shock passed through the frame of the poor captive girl. It seemed to start in the median line of her body and thence tingled to all her extremities. Her eyes seemed to see stars, and then for an instant she saw again her happy home, and saw distinctly her little brothers and sisters playing around; her mother and father, and the furnishing of the teepee, inside and outside—everything as it had been. It all rose before her in a flash, and it was a distinct and clear vision. Then it faded, and she was alone with the woman whetting her knife upon the rock. Before she had time to think, she had instinctively turned to her, and putting her hands upon her two arms and looking her eagerly in the eyes, said in an appalling tone, "My sister let me go!"

The words were in Dakota and so were not understood by the Ojibway, but there was no mistaking that appealing glance, that eager look toward the south where her happy home used to

be. It was perfectly understood by the woman, for that girl's eager soul seemed to pass into hers. It made her stop her whetting and look up; it made her think what she was going to do, or not to do; it brought matters to a crisis in her own mind for though before the captive was decreed to her she had not had a shade of doubt as to what to do, yet with the sole responsibility had come a doubt, a reluctance to begin, a half-shrinking from the deed. Her agitation surprised even herself, and partly to put the decision off a while, till her mind was clearer on the subject, and partly that she might make the right thing to be done more clear to herself by stating it in words, and by marshaling the reasons pro and con, on the one side and on the other, find out which scale weighed down, and consequently which ought to be done, she answered in words the appeal her sister had made to her.

“You ask me, you poor thing, to let you go back to your people. You point to the south where they live. Now why should I do that, and why should I not do what I led you out here for? I came out here, and brought you out, to use my right over you as mine, given to me; and now you ask me to let you go. You ask me to throw away the great privilege I have gained by my appeal to the chiefs. I, who am a chief's daughter, and to whom alone of all the women this great privilege has been given. To throw away and let escape from my hands the fruits of my effort, which I made with all the powers of my soul. I, who had the boldness to do that which is

very rarely done, which perhaps we have seldom heard of being done—a woman to stand up in council and demand of the men the most precious thing they had—a captive, gained, too, by men. The prize gained by their toil; their efforts; their long, weary marches; their putting their lives in jeopardy.

“And so you ask me to let you go. Well, supposing I do, what then? You could find your way back, I suppose, to where your wigwam stood, although there is no road, no path—just through the dense forest. But I know you could find your way there, the very way you came, because you are an Indian, and an Indian never forgets the way he has been over once. We have heard of our French traders doing that and getting lost, but never of an Indian, nor would you. It is a great many days’ travel there, as you know, and you all alone. Poor little thing, how lonesome you would be, making your camp all alone every night and traveling alone all day. And then you know the thorny brush you would have to force your way through—you found that out coming here. And your clothes would all be torn off you, as they were when you came here; and your skin would be torn and bloody. You know we had to give you clothes when you came here, because you were nearly naked; but who will give you clothes where you are going? You will not meet a soul for ever so many days, not till you get to your people. Oh, you poor girl, I feel sorry for you whichever destiny is yours, for I see you are going to have such a hard time! That is a part of our father’s

instructions or preaching to us. I don't know if you Sioux have the same thing, but in the instructions they give to all young people, before entering in earnest on life they say, of this life, 'Sassagang kid ija gaye kawin-ki dawimashkanzin.' 'You are going into the thick thorny brush, and you cannot get around it.' You poor little thing; you are going into the thick thorny brush, whichever way you take; whether I let you go as you ask, or whether I kill you here! You had almost better die anyway, than go through all that is before you if I let you go."

"And then how would you find food? The men fed you when you were coming here, for they had guns and shot game; but you have none. So you would be starving. You would be trying to find the pods of last year's roses on the rose bushes, for that is what the Indians try to keep themselves alive with when they are starving. But you would find them becoming clogged on your stomach and you would be greatly distressed just when you would have to walk the very best to get to those Sioux! Perhaps, being young and inexperienced, you would not be able to find those rose-pods, or not enough of them, and would starve to death, or you would be so distressed with your stomach that you would sicken and die alone there in the woods, and your body never be found! You would just rot away there on the moss where you had lain down, or the wolves would come and eat you!

"Oh you poor, unhappy young girl, what a position you are in! Then how many rivers do

you have to cross and get into the cold water, still cold from the ice, and swim to the other side, then start on and walk, wringing wet all over. Then, unless I should give you a flint and steel, you would not have any fire, night or day, till you got there. Think of your sleeping in your wet clothes without a fire!

“Now, first of all you would come to your own wigwam, where the men found you, and what a sight! There lie the bodies of your father and mother, all gashed and cut to pieces as the men left them; half-rotten and decaying by this time, if the wolves have not eaten them. Perhaps you would see only bones gnawed clean. Oh, your brain would reel, and you would become a wild, mad woman of the woods in the dreadful lonesomeness of that place and the sights you would see there! And there are your little brothers and sisters, whom you used to play with a few days ago—their brains are lying scattered about under the trees! I heard Ogema telling that he took them by the feet and swung them around his head, and dashed out their brains against the trees! Alas, you poor girl! You have no father nor mother to weep over you nor lament for you. I must be your mother, and weep over you whether you live or die.”

Here Red-Sky-of-the-Morning enfolded her young sister in her arms and kissed her again and again, covering her with kisses; then lifted up her voice and wept over her, still holding her in her arms; weeping over her loudly and bitterly. Her tears really fell in streams upon the

Sioux girl's head, and ran down over her cheeks. In feeling, she had indeed entered into the place of the poor girl's mother, and that mother could not have had a more vivid realization of her daughter's sad condition than she had. It was a custom with the Sioux in the early days to weep loudly and bitterly over captives, and bemoan them, entering in thought and feeling into their unhappy situation.

Red-Sky-of-the-Morning kept this up for some time, until she had performed this pious duty, and lightened the grief of her own heart by this copious effusion; and the receptacles within were less strained when they had overflowed in this vent of tears. Then she resumed her meditation, exploring by her words the course of events if either way were taken.

"Supposing then," she said, "that you should at last surmount all these dangers and live through the lonesomeness of the great forest, and the sights you must see, and arrive at the Indians of your village. What then? No home for you to go to, for you have a home no longer on earth! There will be but one thing then for you to do; some man will take you into his wigwam, for you have no father nor mother. Perhaps he has one wife already, perhaps two. What then will your life be? Oh, I know the ways of those Sioux; their ways are all hard and cruel! Our Ojibway men have cruel ways, but yours are more so. I know it, for our men have watched and seen just how they do, when they have been lying in wait at some Sioux village waiting to kill some of them;

and they have seen their housekeeping and all their ways, and have come back here and told us all about it. You will be sent out to pack meat that the men have killed but which they will not carry home; and there you will be with a packing-strap around your forehead and a weight of meat upon your back enough to crush you. And when you sink under the weight exhausted, the man who calls himself your husband will come up and grievously beat you, and tell you to get up and go on. And he will not think it any harm to beat you and even to kill you, because you are only a woman, and you belong to him. And you won't have any one to take your part, for you are only a poor orphan. Only some poor woman as badly off as yourself will sympathize with you, and what can she do to help you, because she is as badly off herself. And very likely the women into whose wigwam you go will hate you, and abuse you, and look on you as an intruder who has come to take from them their husband. Oh, when that day comes you will wish your life had been ended here!

“And there comes in the thing that I can not bear to think of, and that is that if that course is taken I have lost you for time and for eternity. You will be no more to me then nor I to you than any other Sioux woman, in this world or in the next. I had you once and I let you go out of my hand, and I have no further claim on you. But if I kill you here, as I came out to do, then you belong to no one else, but are mine throughout eternity. Is not that what our men go to war for, among other things, and endure every hard-

ship—starvation, fatigue, cold; marching for days and weeks with sometimes hardly anything to eat, and oftentimes lay down their lives, and what for? Because they believe that the souls of those they slay in battle, or take captive in war and put to death at home, will be their slaves in the next life, to wait on them and do everything for them. So, I love you so my sister that I cannot bear the thought of an eternal separation, and that in the next world you should be nothing to me! That I should look at you, the second or third wife of some Sioux man, but nothing to me! Once I had you, but I lost you! Lost you by my own default.

“I feel two souls struggling within me, one of which says let her go home to her people; but when I feel inclined to do that, then comes the other thought. Do you not love her and wish to be with her in the next life? And if you let her go you have nothing more to do with her here or hereafter. Oh, I love you too well for that; so hear what I think had best be done. I shall kill you that I may not lose you; but while I do it, I love you. I shall not haggle your pretty cheeks, I shall not mangle you as the Indians do, for I love you. I love your beauty, your softness, your rounded form and face, and I shall not mar them. This is what I shall do. I shall cut in over your heart, but gently, gently. I shall not gash you, but gently press the edge in, in one line parallel with another. I shall see your beating heart, and shall watch your fading eye, but will love you as a sister. It will only be a

short separation, and then we shall be together forever. Shall we not, darling?"

Here she enfolded the girl once more in her arms, and affectionately kissed her again and again. "We shall love each other. I shall not treat you as my slave, but as my dear sister. You will be glad then that you do not belong to some cruel Sioux man, but to me. I am not one of those shilly-shallying women, soft and weak, who keep changing their minds, who think one thing to-day and another to-morrow. When I have come to a determination about a thing, I owe it to myself not to change. It is necessary to my self-respect not to change. Before I asked you of the chiefs I made up my mind that if they granted you to me you would be mine, and I cannot change. I will not change. When I feel inclined to change, the thought comes into my heart, you have already settled that and you must not change!

"I know very well in my inmost heart that notwithstanding all the mingled motives that have weight with me, sometimes inclining me to let you go; and although I fully appreciate your situation and put myself in your place, and feel pity for you, yet I know that in the end I shall kill you, for although I might relent and let you go for the moment out of pity for you, yet the next instant I would be seized with regret that I had let the prize escape out of my hands. You would not have gone three steps, till I would be running after you to seize you! I would be filled with regret, once I had let my great privilege go. I would say to myself, 'why have you

been so foolish?' The highest privilege a person can have to put to death a captive! Our men do it, and think it the greatest thing! And it was in my hands and I let you go! Therefore I know that I might as well stop talking about it and kill you, for it will come to that in the end.

"Therefore hear, my sister, some directions that I shall give you. When your soul can no longer remain in the body because of the opening made in it, you will hover some time over your body, unwilling to launch away, wishing to come back again into your house. But do not do so, for it is no longer a place for you. Your house will have been broken into, and you can no longer inhabit it. Your road will lie westward for three days, and mostly over a prairie country, to the Villages of the Dead. Although it is prairie, you will find wood enough to make fire in the evening, and you can gather it. I will see that your packing-strap is buried with you; your woman's ax, your fire-steel, and your woman's awl, so you shall lack nothing. And when evening comes I and my sisters will make a fire for you, so you can have a fire every evening for three evenings; and we will sit there and talk of you. Do not feel lonesome, for we shall be watching with you. When you get near the Abodes of the Dead you will see the big strawberry by the side of the road, as big as a rock; and you will see a spoon by it for you to dig out all you want of it. Eat and refresh yourself, for it has been placed there that you may do so. At the end of the third day you will come in sight of the Villages of the Dead, on

the other side of a rapid river crossed by a single log—the gog-gog-azh-o-gun, the dreadful ‘rolling and sinking bridge’ that the Indians are so afraid of. And you will be much dismayed by the big dog, as big as a buffalo, and fierce, placed there to guard it and prevent you from going on it. But do not be dismayed at him; go right on to the log, for he cannot hurt you, but tries to frighten you away. And do not be afraid of ‘the rolling and sinking bridge.’ Venture fearlessly on it and you will surely get across. It will dip in the water and roll under your feet; but never mind; you are good and will get across. When you have gotten over, and look back, you will see it writhing and twisting behind you like a great serpent. Below you, down the river you will see the water dashing at lightning speed over the rapids among the rocks and stones, and the souls of those who are very wicked fall off the gog-gog-azh-o-gun, and are carried down among those rocks, and beaten and destroyed there, and they never get across. Their souls are lost, but you who are good and innocent will surely get over. All the Indians expect to get over safely, though many of them are wicked; much more than will you.

“When you have gotten across you will find your father and mother and all your little brothers and sisters there, and wait there for me. They say the Villages of the Dead are very nice. Many of our people have been there, and have come back and told us all about it, and about those they saw there. They have told us also about the dreadful river and the swinging log.

They fell into a sort of a trance in their wigwam. Their bodies lay there, but their souls had left them temporarily. Their souls were in the Abodes of the Dead then, but by and by they came back and entered into their bodies, and then they told us all about it. They are always feasting there, and have plenty to eat. It is a beautiful prairie country, interspersed with clear running rivers fringed with timber, and filled with all kinds of game; deer, moose, and elk; which they pursue incessantly, and easily overcome. And even on this earth we can all see them dancing. We don't need to fall into a trance and have our souls leave our bodies and go there to see that. On cold evenings in winter we see the rays of mysterious light shooting up from the north into the sky,—silently, beautifully, delicately; and we say Che-bai-yug-ni-mi-i-di-wug—the ghosts are dancing with each other. When I see one of those rays, the most beautiful and delicate of them all, I shall think to myself that it is my Sioux girl!

“And do not think that we will forget you on earth. We shall put your body up on a scaffold, where no animals can molest it, nor any worms of earth defile it; and we shall wrap it in many folds of birch-bark, so that neither the rain can wet it nor any birds attack it. And there, on summer evenings, the little children will dance around it and bewail the Sioux girl. For long, long, your grave will be pointed out as that of the poor Sioux girl.”

Here again she affectionately kissed her, and then proceeded to do according to her resolu-

tion. She brought out a great roll of the inner bark of the basswood tree, which the Indians use for rope, and tied the unresisting girl to a tree. Then she wept over her for the last time, and kissed her. Then she brought out her knife, —and over the beating heart, as she had said; she proceeded to incise. Slowly, gently, but deeper went the edge, in toward the fluttering heart, pressed there by her steady hand. At last the edge had gone too deep for the soul further to inhabit that body. They both knew now that whatever they might think or determine, there was but one end. Red-sky-of-the-morning might repent now and change her mind, but it was too late. She looked in the eyes of the dying girl when she knew the dividing line had been passed, and with her eyes inquiringly asked, "Shall I go deeper?" and the poor girl nodded to her, yes, to go deeper. She felt that things had gone so far that death was now the only end, and she was anxious to have it come. Strange to say, also, she rather relied on the only one of humankind who was with her, even though she was the one who killed her. She sought human sympathy, and she found it in that woman's look and face, though her hand that guided the cruel knife told a different tale. At the last it was easier for the poor Sioux girl to die there, with her slayer, than had she been all alone in the wilderness.

Red-Sky-of-the-Morning came away and again took her place in life. Again she moved in and out of her wigwam, again plied her housewifely tasks, again moved about among her neighbors of the village.

CHAPTER XII.

A THIRST FOR GLORY SEIZES GULL LAKE VILLAGE.

The expedition of Ogema and his companions to the Sioux country had been so successful, accomplished as it was without the loss of a man, and even without the touch of a bullet; they had brought home so many scalps, and a live captive, and had achieved such a reputation for successful daring, for wisdom and for courage, that it naturally set the other men to thinking if they, too, could not win such laurels.

In their assemblies and in the dances the three who had gone were now marked men. They were accorded higher honors than the others, and when they spoke their words had a peculiar weight, as coming from men who had dared and gained such things. And they had the coveted distinction of wearing in their head-dress one eagle's feather for each victim they had killed. Their distinction was thus visibly proclaimed wherever they went. Those who had no right to wear such a feather naturally felt themselves inferior. It was natural, therefore, that there should be many searchings of heart among the young braves to see if they could not achieve what others had. And while they were gaining personal distinction they were, as they thought, defending their country and reducing the number of their enemies.

There was a young man in the village, a half-Sioux, who, like all the others, was thinking of these things; and it gradually came to him that from peculiar circumstances he was in a position to do a good stroke of work and to become a famous man. He revolved it some time in his mind, and the plan gradually became clear. His mother had been taken captive in one of the raids of the Sioux upon the Ojibways, and being carried to the Sioux country was married, without her consent, to a Sioux brave. Her son was therefore half Sioux and half Ojibway. There she and the boy lived for some years, but the love of her own land and people was strong upon her, and finding an opportunity to escape, she fled, taking her son with her, and succeeded in reaching her native village. There the boy grew up, and became a thorough Ojibway in feeling, espousing their quarrel against the Sioux, as he was of a very tender age when he came among them. He grew up tall and strong, with even more of energy, ambition, and strength in his nature than the Ojibways around him, derived probably from the mixture of the two bloods, which so often seems to produce that effect. He was a good hunter, and was strong and determined in everything he undertook. Although brought where he never heard a word of Sioux except when talking it with his mother, who had learned considerable of it during her enforced stay, he yet retained some knowledge of the language, the echoes of what had been his tongue in infancy remaining with him. He was

called by the Indians, Bwan (the Sioux or Roaster), from his Sioux blood.

Bwan now resolved to start for his native village and as no one had the peculiar facilities for success which he had, to go alone. As he did not have to ask for any companions, and as he knew that permission for himself would readily be granted, he did not think necessary to ask any formal permission of the band, and being of a hold and independent disposition, he did not feel like doing so in any case. He knew that success would justify him if he came back, and if he never came back it was all the same whether he had asked permission or not. He therefore kissed his babies, bade good-by to his Ojibway wife and his old mother, and taking his gun, his tomahawk, his food bag, and his knife, started alone. His point of destination was an entirely different one from that of the last party, who had gone south. His was the Sioux village called Chief Mountain, in the present state of South Dakota. His road therefore lay southwestwardly across the now state of Minnesota. The distance was about eight sleeps (180 miles).

For the first two days his spirits were high, because in front of him, at the distance of about 2 days' march (60 miles) was the Otter-tail band of Ojibways, his own people, many of them personally known to him. It was pleasant to look forward to seeing them, and to spending a few days in their lodges, and that for the present shut out the view of what was beyond. He sang loud and clear as he walked along through the woods all day, and camped all alone at night.

It did not seem lonesome, making his bed all by himself in the depths of the great forest, for the next evening would find him with the Ojibways. Nor did it seem lonesome the next day, when the forest gradually thinned out and allowed more extensive views, for every step was bringing him nearer to friends. In the evening he reached the Ojibway lodges, and was warmly received. These Otter-Tail Indians were a sort of outpost of the Ojibways against the Sioux, being thrust out on the prairie the farthest toward them. There he learned all the news of that band, and in return gave them all that had happened at Gull Lake and the news of the world generally.

After having sufficiently rested he left them, and resumed his lonely way over the prairies toward the southwest. Here the gravity of his position first became borne in upon him. He had left the human race behind when he parted from the last of the Otter-Tail Ojibways; and was going, a lonely man, across a vast expanse of prairie, seeing no human being, to discover a new race, and what a reception awaited him there he could only dimly discern. But he felt that the risk was terrible, and that he was perhaps deliberately walking into the jaws of death. The solitude of the great prairies, the absence of human companionship day after day, oppressed him. He felt that the expedition of Ojibway and his companions was a pleasure-trip compared to what he had undertaken, for they had companionship. Danger faced in company was nothing; it roused, it stimulated, there was even a pleasing ex-

citement about it; but danger faced all alone, in cold blood, was a hard undertaking. To be sure the country through which he passed was most beautiful, and it was at the most beautiful time of the year. The prairies were clothed with the deepest green, gently undulating in long swells of land, and interspersed with beautiful groves, where birds of many different kinds sang. There were many rivers and streams, fringed with timber, winding their way through the lovely landscape, and there were countless prairie lakes, wherever he went; some of them only a few acres in extent, some miles in circumference; but all, like so many mirrors, reflecting heaven in their depths. Sometimes, when the sun was about setting, it lit them all up at once, and standing on some eminence he could see them flashing in apparently endless succession far, far away, as far as the eye could reach. A great rain had fallen and collected in countless pools amidst the verdure, and remained there. Everything was fresh and beautiful, and sweet and cool, and freshly washed with plentiful rain from the sky. The whole earth was singing and rejoicing. When he arose in the morning from sleep the air was filled with a chorus from birds of all kinds. Some calling out from little lakes, some singing in the groves, some from the prairie grass. One mingled hymn of praise went up from all nature, each creature striving in a different, but blended, harmonious way to express the common joy. The storms and the cold of winter were forgotten in the loveliness, the abundance, and the deep joy of the present.

"The Sioux" felt the charm; the spell, and he felt also that the mission on which he was going was out of harmony with it all. He was a lonely man, who had left home and wife and child far behind him, and before him was what? Homesickness, loneliness, a certainty of impending danger, all oppressed him. His thoughts continually reverted to his wigwam, to his little children playing around it. He could see them all, and oh! what would he not have given to be with them! But pride, determination not to turn back from what he had once resolved on, was strong. It was, however, a continual struggle with himself not to give up.

There was no trail of any kind, but he had often heard the Indians who had gone on large war parties of two or three hundred against that Sioux village describe the landmarks one after the other, and as he came to one the next opened to his view. Perhaps also there lurked dimly in his brain some idea of the route he had passed over when his mother fled with him. And it is also true that some Indians can, by some sense unknown to the white man, go directly toward any spot where they have ever been in the course of their lives, from whatever place they happen then to be.

So day after day he walked, and night after night he made his lonely camp. His trusty gun brought him all the game he needed, and with some wild rice which he carried with him it made him most excellent food. Every evening he kindled his fire, put on his little pot and cooked his game, mixed the wild rice with it,

drank the hot broth and had a good meal. Then he sat and thought and smoked till bedtime; then, wrapping himself in his blanket, he slept. In the morning he again made his fire and cooked his meal. For many days and nights he had seen no human being. The world seemed to be empty, and he the only man in it.

And here a new experience came to him; something he had never felt in his life before. As he went on day after day he gradually became aware of a Presence; and it grew more and more clear to him that it was the Presence of God. He had not felt it while going out and in among the groves and prairies about Gull Lake, for he was then among the haunts of men, and though he was alone during the day, the evening brought him to human beings. There was not time enough then for the impression to be borne in upon him. But now, not hearing a human voice, nor seeing a trace of man's existence for so many days, all impediments that otherwise occupied the avenues to his soul were removed; and that soul was laid bare in an extraordinarily sensitive state to receive impressions. So this consciousness of a Presence deepened as the days wore on. It grew more haunting, for it was the only thing with him. It was a Presence which he could not see; nor hear, nor detect by any of his senses; but it was something that was felt, and which he could not deny. He would not have been very much surprised if It had spoken to him by name. In the state of mind in which he was it was a Presence which filled him with distrust and with fear. He longed to escape

from It. He was glad when the time came to sleep; to be rid of It; but when he awoke in the morning and turned his thought to It, there It was still. The singing of the birds; the sweet shining of the sun, the deep repose and joy that filled all things were all in harmony with It; he only, he felt, was a dissonant note. It made him angry, and he longed to be once more with the distractions of human beings, even with foes, to be rid of It.

And now at last he arrived at the tents of the Sioux, far spread, for it was a large village; and the critical moment was come. Behind him were wife and children, and he was still undiscovered and could go back if he wished, and live and enjoy all that life had to give. But if he discovered himself he was no longer his own master, his fate was taken out of his own hands and put into the hands of others. He felt the seriousness of it.

At this time he was lying hidden in the willow bushes by the bank of the stream which flowed along by their village, and from which they got their supply of water. Their skin lodges were widespread before him, and hundreds of smokes were rising. Ponies were tied about everywhere. The little children raised their shrill voices in play, and the women came down to the stream for water. His heart was now beating wildly. Once more he went all over it, and had to decide anew what he thought he had long ago decided. He remembered that he had not told anyone what he had intended to do, so that if he now gave it up and went home his reputation

would not suffer. No one would know where he had been nor what he had gone for. He could lie in those willows till dark perfectly secure, then, unseen and his presence unsuspected, go home. Life is sweet. The simple joy of living in his Gull Lake village never seemed to him so great as now. There was something pulling at his heart strongly tempting him to give it up. The thought of giving himself into the hands of those swarming multitudes, unable to defend himself, unable to do anything to help himself, was well-nigh insupportable. He found that he had almost to exert violence upon himself to do it. It would have been easy to rush upon them and die fighting; but to have to suffer passively, to be unable to take his mind from his sufferings by action, that was hard. To be in the midst of angry, encircling faces a helpless captive, perhaps to be pulled to pieces, perhaps to be roasted! He could not bear to think of it. And all for what? For fame, for glory. And could he not live without the fame and the glory? All these thoughts passed through his mind and almost unnerved him. Then he remembered that he had once made up his mind, and his pride would not allow him to change. Though it were manifest destruction, he could not bear to give up what he had once entered on. So the hour of weakness passed. He rose up, stood out in the open and hailed them.

Instantly there was a commotion in the village. Something about his dress or appearance told them he was a strange Indian. A hush fell upon the camp; the cries of the children at play

ceased. The men grasped bows and arrows, guns and tomahawks, and ran to him. The women seized their children and hurried into their teepees. He was soon the center of a circle, with guns pointed at him, and bows full drawn upon him from every side, while angry faces were bent upon him. None of them had ever seen him before. Had he dropped from the clouds? It did not seem possible that one of their enemies, the Ojibways, had dared to come against them all alone. Should they kill him at once, or would they wait and see where he came from and what he wanted?

He now furnished the key out of this perplexity by calling out loudly in Sioux the names of his uncles, which he knew, for his mother had told him. He called them again and again, and they knew he wanted to see them. It would not do to kill him when he was calling out in Sioux that Mazakootemane and such and such men were his uncles. Besides, they could kill him at leisure any time after they knew what this sudden apparition meant. So they held him captive, while runners were despatched for the uncles whom he named, and who lived off at a little distance from the village. These soon came running, and he quickly satisfied them by the few words of Sioux he could speak, and by showing them some trinkets of theirs which his mother and he had borne away with them when they fled, and by the family likeness, which they quickly recognized, that he was indeed their long-lost nephew. They received him with affection, and installed him in one of their lodges.

He had successfully passed the crisis; his life was preserved.

It is painful to have to relate what followed. For the honor of human nature it would be well if it could be covered; but we are telling of life as it then was among the Sioux and Ojibways. The poet long ago sang of the accursed thirst for gold, and what it forced mortal hearts to do; there has been an accursed thirst for fame as well. His uncles made a great feast for their new-found relative. They assembled in the lodge of one of them, and ate, sang and danced for joy. When at last, wearied with their exertions and their feasting, they were all buried in profound slumber, he, sleepless, arose and drove his knife through the breasts of every one of them and killed all that were in the lodge. It would not do to shoot; the report would raise the Sioux, who were off a little ways; but the deadly knife did the work without noise. Then the scalps were taken from each, preparations made for a hasty departure, and out into the night went "The Sioux." By morning's light he was far away, on the road toward his own country, and lying hidden in a grove, he watched his enemies scouring the prairie on their ponies for him. When darkness fell he again started, traveling by the stars; and after a few nights was beyond all pursuit.

When he arrived at his own village the people were again delirious with joy over so many scalps. They danced over them for days and weeks, and "The Sioux's" name was on every lip. Ogema, Yellow Thunder, and their com-

panion had done well, had done wonders; but was there ever such a thing heard of as that which "The Sioux" had done? To go in openly into a numerous camp of enemies and give himself up to them and come out again alive, and with such a rich lading! "The Sioux" in subtlety, in daring, in courage, in results had surpassed them all. Never had a braver nor a more successful deed been done in the history of the Ojibways. Henceforth "The Sioux" was one whom the people turned to look after when he passed.

Having got a taste of such things, this was not the end. He was out with his wife and two young men hunting near the debatable ground between the Sioux and Ojibways. This was a border region, midway between their respective villages, which all but the boldest hunters avoided, for though game was more plentiful there than anywhere else, owing to the region not being so much hunted over, yet on account of the great danger that attended it, people preferred to be content with lesser gains elsewhere, and safety.

While out there "The Sioux" discovered that a Sioux family was also hunting there. This party consisted of an old man, his daughter and children, her husband, and another young man. Again "The Sioux" made use of what he knew of his old language. He opened negotiations with the old man, established peace, and proposed to pass the night with the family in their teepee as their guests. The old man was perhaps a little afraid, but considered it less danger

to run the risk of entertaining such guests than by refusal to invite instant battle. All the party was therefore taken in and hospitably entertained. After supper, while "The Sioux" was conversing with the old man, he told his wife, who was sitting behind him, to cock his gun and place it behind him ready to his hand, speaking to her in a low tone in Ojibway, and so not understood by his hosts. She did so without making any clicking. Then while yet conversing with the old man he put his hand behind him, and still looking him calmly in the eye poured the contents into his breast.

That shot immediately startled every one in the lodge into wildest activity. The husband of the woman, and the other Sioux young man, immediately dived under the bottom of the skin lodge, out into the darkness, and into the underbrush and escaped. The young woman might perhaps have done so, but mother-love was too strong for her, for she stopped to pick up her two children, snatching one with each arm, before she ran. That gave the two Ojibway young men time to seize their tomahawks, which they did the moment the shot made known to them the altered condition of affairs, and they quickly despatched her and the babes. Again a harvest of scalps was reaped, and again "The Sioux" demonstrated his ability to overcome the dreaded Sioux under all circumstances. Once more there was great rejoicing in the Ojibway village, and "The Sioux" was acclaimed the man above all others.

CHATER XIII.

THE THIRST FOR GLORY STILL WORKS.

The work was now going bravely on. Many reputations had been gained, great glory had been won. The name of Ojibway had become more renowned than ever through the late exploits of the Ogema and Yellow Thunder party, and "The Sioux." And all had been accomplished without the loss of a man. It was fun to one side and death only to the other. The Chippewas* danced and sang, and only the Sioux wailed and lamented. There were no empty wigwams, and no empty places in Ojibway households. This uniform success stimulated many. Some had made great reputations, why might not others?

An Ojibway named Ga-nunda-winzo (The-Berry-Picker) was out hunting in winter with his nephew, using a train of dogs and a sled. Coming to a large Sioux village near the termination of his hunt, he proposed to his nephew to go to it with offers of peace. They did so, were accepted, and entertained, being assigned to a certain family living in the outskirts of the village a little ways off from the others. The Sioux had no suspicion that they would attempt anything among such overpowering numbers.

It may seem strange, in view of what has been

*Chippewa is our English corruption of Ojibway.

said about the relations of the Sioux and Ojibway, that any offers of peace could have been made or accepted; but it arose from the fact that the commanding officer of the fort before spoken of near what is now the city of St. Paul, had before this brought Sioux and Chippewas together in a conference, with a view of making a permanent peace; and that the chaplain before mentioned had been exerting himself to the same end. These peace ideas were now working in the minds of the Sioux and made the reception of The-Berry-Picker and his nephew, with their white flag, possible. The Sioux saw plainly enough from how many miseries peace with the Ojibways would deliver them.

The evening meal is over, and the moccasins of the guests hung up to dry, a pledge of their inability to move. At last the camp is buried in sleep. All but the two Ojibway braves; no sleep for them. They are holding a whispered conference under the blanket which envelops them, head and all, as they lie. Now the fatal moment has come. Assent has been given on both sides to try it, desperate though it be. The words "I am ready" have been passed, and as the nephew says "haw," which means "ready, now is the time," both spring upon the sleeping members of the lodge, with the fury of tigers, their knives ready drawn in their hands. There is knifing of one to the heart, and then another. Murder is holding a revel. But a young woman of the family springs out of her sleep, and clutches with each of her hands a wrist of The-Berry-Picker, raises his hands high above

his head, seeking to avoid from herself the reeking and dripping knife; and with desperate strength and seemingly superhuman energy bears him backward and downward. She is tall and strong, and infuriated. "A woman overcomes me," he despairingly cries, giving himself up for lost under the overbearing assault of the enraged and desperate woman, when he hears the ponderous thud of his nephew's hatchet crushing her skull. She sinks down, a limp mass, upon the floor, and the silence of death succeeds the late wild commotion in the lodge.

But now the Sioux camp begins to awake from its sleep. This thing had been intended to be done secretly, but nevertheless sounds of murder have reached the main Sioux camp, which was at a little distance. The Sioux are hastily putting on moccasins, they reach for arms, they will soon be here. Hasty preparations therefore for flight; get the dogs out, get them fastened to the sled, jump on it and be off! Now for life! The Sioux are just coming.

There were an endless number of paths leading from the village, all diverging from one main road. Some led to where wood was chopped, some to where their ponies were, some to watering-holes chopped in the ice, some to other Sioux villages. Paths, paths branching off everywhere, to the right hand and to the left; and only one path that leads away and to safety. The men know not which it is, the dogs must choose. Will they find it? It is one chance in a thousand, or in ten thousand, if they do.

The Sioux are pressing, yelling close behind. If they choose any one but the right one it will quickly come to an end at some wood-chopping place or at some watering-hole, or it will come to nothing on the prairie, and the enemy will be upon them. Will the dogs find it? In the darkness of the night, amidst such a multiplicity of trails, man's acuteness, even the acuteness of the Indian, is of no avail. Will the dogs, on the keen run in the dark, know the only path amidst a hundred others, which leads to the village where they have been reared? No time for them to stop and deliberate, for The-Berry-Picker and his nephew are lashing them, and exciting them with yells to their utmost speed. In their ears are the Sioux yells, and in the gloom behind their forms can be dimly seen, more cruel, more pitiless than a pack of pursuing wolves.

Yes, wonderful to relate, the dogs have taken the only right path, the sled bounds along on it, made hard by the tramping of so many moccasined feet, as if it were on ice. The pursuers are left far behind, and the heroes of the exploit remark to each other that they are "going to live." The clamor behind dies down: they are borne far away, and to safety.

The fame attained by The-Berry-Picker by this exploit was great. He had taken most desperate chances, and yet lived. No one could have thought that he would go into the midst of a Sioux camp and bring out scalps, and still live; yet he had done it.

As may be imagined, this did not end his career. The desire to kill but grew with what

he had done. Continual, almost innumerable, bloody deeds followed, from all of which he came out alive and unharmed. He now thought only on how he could add to his already towering fame. All his other deeds we may pass over and relate only one, the last. In the course of his ranging about everywhere for hundreds of miles on the Sioux frontier, he learned that at the Hudson Bay Company's post, then called Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, there were two half-breed Sioux old women, the daughters of former employes of the Company, who had separated themselves from the Indians and lived after the manner of the whites, making a hard living by washing the floors of the Company's stores and the dwellings of their clerks. Thither therefore he hied; in the night attacked them as they were asleep in their little shanty, not dreaming of danger, and, bursting in upon them, killed them without resistance, and scalped them. In the morning the factors of the English Company and their white employes assembled where he and his men were, burning with indignation that he should invade their country and murder two aged women who were harmless, living as do the whites, half white, and under their protection. Their looks were threatening, and it was doubtful if he would escape them. He endeavored to explain to his angry interlocutors that those women had Sioux blood, and so were his enemies. The plea was rejected, and more wrathful looks bent upon him. Then, as he expressed it, "he felt his manhood rise." Taking his gun, he faced his encircling enemies,

pointing it at the feet of each in succession, the hammer raised and his finger on the trigger. They hopped up from the ground one after the other, each man lifting the foot at which that gun pointed, each trying to escape the threatened bullet. Thus he swept them, and having cowed them turned and strode away. He had two daughters at home, his only children, and the Indians remarked that soon after the killing of those two old women, the girls faded away and died. There seemed to be nothing the matter with them, but somehow they just faded away and he was left childless.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUMMER HAPPINESS.

It was by this time high summer at Gull Lake, and the Indians were fairly reveling in beauty and in plenty. There were thousands of rose bushes everywhere, all in full bloom, and filling the air with the most delicious perfume. The prairies and openings were carpeted with countless flowers of infinite variety and every beautiful hue. The sky was of a deep steel blue; and thunderstorms, mostly at night, and heavy summer plumps, kept the air sweet and fresh, and everything on the earth washed with abundant rain fresh from the sky. The lake lay like a gem in its beautiful setting of pine-clad hills and little prairies, and on its flashing bosom crept the birch-bark canoes of the Indians, as graceful and beautiful and as much in keeping with the scene as though nature herself had made them. The blueberries, thought by them to be the most delicious of all fruits, were now in the greatest abundance; in some spots the ground was black with them; and in these, as well as in an abundance of venison, moose-meat, bear-meat, and fish, they revelled. There was no sickness anywhere, and amidst such happy surroundings, such beautiful scenes, and such an abundance of everything that was good and

desirable in the earth they fairly gave themselves to universal joy.

Their expeditions against the Sioux had been uniformly successful and they had not lost a single man. They had acquired great additional glory and reputation to their village, and had gained a large number of scalps, which were to them an unfailing source of joy. Is it any wonder then that the soul-stirring drum was so often beating, calling to the entrancing delirium of dancing round those scalps? Any wonder that the exulting war-whoops of the men were so often heard, and the shrill voices of the women, carrying the chants? Any one to have looked in on them and watched them day by day would have said that they were the happiest people; that their sky was clear blue, without a speck of cloud in it; and that if there were beings living a life of unclouded happiness any where here on earth, these were they.

Love-making went on, and the sound of the young men's flutes was heard in some part of their village every night, and congenial souls experienced the rapture of finding each other. There was not one jarring note, not one cry of sickness or of sorrow in the whole village. Their life in the open air night and day, as well as abundance and the greatest variety of the finest food, kept them in the best physical condition, which the champagne quality of the air, the pure water, and the close contact with mother-earth, upon which they lay by day and slept by night, at the very season when she was putting forth her loveliest effects in flower and

fruit and perfume, added to. The physical universe at that season and in that place reveled in an exuberance of joy, and their hearts and spirits, and even their bodily frames felt the influence of it and were attuned to the same note.

They no longer took their daily repasts inside their wigwams, but outside where they could enjoy the wealth of summer around them. A fire was usually kindled in front of each wigwam, and there the cooking was done; and the savory steam of meat, mingling with the curling smoke, contended for supremacy with the delicate perfume of roses which every breath blew in upon them as they lay upon the green sward. When at the morning meal they raised their eyes their magnificent dining-hall was carpeted with the greenest grass and dotted with innumerable clumps of rose bushes, the greenness of which was almost obscured by the wealth of roses covering each like a closely-fitting crown; all overlaid with innumerable drops of dew, which sparkled like so many diamonds in the rays of the morning sun. The delicious strawberries and blueberries of their morning repast still had the fresh dews upon them.

In a banqueting hall most lovely, which Nature had put forth her best efforts to make beautiful and delicate and entrancing, she served them with the choicest and most delicate fruits, which she had upheaved from her bosom in her secret alchemy of beauty, and which in shape, coloring, and perfume she had exhausted her utmost efforts to make the perfection of daintiness. She seemed to be laboring to so nourish

the children who reclined all day and all night on her bosom that they would be refined from all things carnal and gross; and be as delicate, pure, and dainty as the dew-washed strawberries, midst dew-washed rose-bushes on which she fed them. Her own dear children, literally in closest touch with her, reclining ever upon her bosom, and drinking in by contact her sweet secret spirit, drawing from her breast in fruit and flower the very essence of her life—surely they would be of her own sweet, delicate nature and spirit, as much as her tender flowers or her stainless dew.

One evening, about this time, two middle-aged women happened to meet in the village, and began to talk. One, Sebiskogunun (Tough Bones), Sha-bosh-kunk's mother-in-law, was very large and heavy, as Indian women of that age are apt to be. She was without any semblance of a waist, or any pretension to beauty. The other, Debusigizhick, or Low Sky (Sky-close-to-her), was shorter in stature and smaller every way. Although they called each other sister, there was a latent hostility between them that made it very easy for a quarrel to arise. Besides, they were both well fed; there was plenty of flesh of all kinds, as well as of wild rice, in the village, not to speak of strawberries, blueberries, and all delicious summer fruits; and living of the best, were in fine fettle. When they met in the path they stopped, and Tough Bones said to the other: "Indeed, my sister, I did not think that of you. I hear that you have been talking about me in one of the wigwams."

"Talking about you, have I?" replied Low Sky. "Indeed, I have been doing nothing of the sort. I hope I shall have something better to talk about than *you*, when I do talk. I had my fishing nets to attend to and I think that is more profitable than talking about you."

"Well, my sister," answered Tough Bones, with rising internal wrath, but forcibly keeping down her voice to low tones, "you have been talking about me, for Shaking-flame-of-fire-woman heard you, and she told me. My sister, you ought not to do such a thing and then deny it. You should own it, and say you feel sorry for it."

"Sorry for it?" said Low Sky, also with rising wrath; "what should I be sorry about what any one said about a big mass of flesh like you?"

"My sister," said Tough Bones, her voice now trembling with passion, "you did talk about me, for you now confess it, though you denied it at first. You should not lie, my sister. And I heard besides that the other day when you went out to draw your net, and I was not there, that because you did not find as many fish in your net as you expected you secretly drew mine, and took some fish out of it and put them in your basket, and then put my net back into the water again. So it appears that you are not only a liar, but a thief, my sister!"

"It is not so," said Low Sky. "I am not such a good-for-nothing one that I have to go stealing fish from any one; I can get all the fish I want for myself."

"Yes, you know you did, my sister," replied Tough Bones. Kichi-ique (Great Woman) saw you and told me about it. She was behind a bush coming down to draw her net, and you did not see her. You looked all about, it seems, before you stole, to see if anybody was watching; and then when you thought nobody was there you did it. I always knew you were a thief, but you ought to make more sure that nobody is watching you when you do it, my sister."

"It is a lie!" shouted Low Sky, "and don't you sister me. Now I'll tell you what the people all say about you. They say they are afraid to have you come into their wigwam and make a visit, for there is sure to be something missing when you go out."

"They never said such a thing, and you are making it up yourself," replied Tough Bones.

"Well, I will tell you the very words they said," replied Low Sky, "and then you will see that they *did* say it, for I could not make it up of myself. They say you are such a great hulk of flesh that when you flop down when you come in you cover half the side of the wigwam, and whatever little thing is under you goes with you when you go out. That that is the way you take—you gather up things in your clothes and hide them till you go out. A good many have lost a good deal by you, and they are afraid to see you come in. I will tell you just what they say; they say, 'I wish that old mountain of flesh would keep out of here.'"

"It is no such thing," said Tough Bones; "you are making that up."

"Well, I am not telling you what *I* say, it is what all the people in the village say about you."

"Well, I would rather be big," returned Tough Bones, "and be good for something. than be a good-for-nothing body like you. Now I will tell you what the people say about you."

"What do they say?" inquired Low Sky, her curiosity to know what was thought of her getting the better of her.

"They point at you when you are passing, through the town, and say there is the good-for-nothing woman who can hardly keep herself and her husband from starving. When all the other women in the town gathered at least ten sacks of rice apiece you had hardly two, and it is just so in everything; so that now you have become a sort of proverb in the town, and if any one is only able to make a little taste of something they say to them, you are almost as good-for-nothing as Low Sky."

"It is a lie," said Low Sky. "I was sick at rice-making time; that is why I made only two sacks; but I am one of the best women in this town."

"'One of the best women in this town,' " scornfully laughed Tough Bones; "just hear her. The good-for-nothing one says 'I'm one of the best women in this town.' Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, and I am, too," said Low Sky, "even if I am not such a big mountain of flesh as you."

"Well, now, I will tell you something you do not know," said Tough Bones; "but you ought to know it, and I will tell you it because

I feel sorry for you. The people do not usually call you Low Sky; but when they see you passing they say, 'there goes the good-for-nothing one.'"

"You lie!" said Low Sky; "they do not call me any such thing."

"Yes they do," said the other, "only some of them call you the 'two-sack-of-rice woman.' When they see you passing along the road they nudge each other and one says to the other secretly, 'here comes the two-sack-of-rice woman.' But I call you the-woman-that-stole-my-fish. They are all laughing at you, my sister, in the town."

"It is no such thing," shouted the other; "you are making that all up yourself."

"Well, see those men standing over there laughing and looking this way? It is you they are laughing at, so you can see for yourself that what I tell you is true. They are laughing at the good-for-nothing woman; the two-sack-of-rice woman; but I call you the-woman-that-stole-my-fish. When I go somewhere and want to find you I ask the people, 'have you seen the-woman-who-stole-my-fish?'"

"Well, now, I'll tell you what they say about you," retorted Low Sky, "and you may ask those men who are laughing over there if it is not so."

"And what is it they said?" said Tough Bones, her anxiety to know what was said of her excited in turn.

"They say you are so ugly that you can not get anybody to live with you," said Low Sky,

"and that is why you do not have any husband now. They say the way that lower lip of yours turns over and hangs down makes you too ugly."

"There is nothing of what you say!" roared Tough Bones; "they all know I am a splendid woman."

"'Splendid woman!'" laughed Low Sky; "that is good. 'Splendid woman!' Ha, ha, ha! You can see for yourself that what I say is true, for all the other women in this town have husbands. You are the only woman who has not, because you are too ugly."

"It is not so!" screamed Tough Bones, shaking with anger. "I had my first husband as soon as I was grown, and I have never lacked a husband since, for they are all anxious to get me if there is a vacancy, because they know I am a first-class woman."

"'First-class woman;' ha, ha, ha!" laughed Low Sky, "and that lip!"

This repeated exasperating allusion to her personal defects was too much for Tough Bones to endure any longer, and at this stage the matter reached its inevitable conclusion, for unable any longer to contain herself she rushed upon Low Sky, and the two came together with a violent shock. Each seized the other with one arm round the neck, while the disengaged hand was buried in the other's hair. By the hair the head of each was pulled back, almost to breaking off at the neck, as it seemed; and plentiful handfuls of it were torn out and scattered in the wind. Their embrace of each other's neck was

close and choking, so that they almost shut off each other's breath. They turned round and round, and trampled the rose-clumps in the midst of which they fought, until they made a smooth and even ring, crushing the delicate roses under their spurning and stamping feet, ejaculating "eigh-gh!" so far as their wind was not shut off. Their eyes were starting from their heads, and every muscle and nerve was strained to its utmost tension.

In the meantime the people had all gathered outside their wigwams, and were standing laughing at what was a sort of entertainment. The men were calling out, "The little one is going to win;" "The big one is going to beat;" "Heigh, there was a big handful of hair pulled out;" "See that! what a yank she gave her that time." Others again brought out small articles of portable property which they offered to bet that the little or the big one would win.

Finally these volcanic fires of action burned themselves out, and the two combatants, panting and exhausted, and unable to move any more, stood off from each other a little ways, and with their breath and their eyes gave a few parting shots at each other; though their breath came in such gasps that what they said was indistinguishable. At last, with mien black and threatening like two thunder clouds, and very disheveled, and very battered and torn, they drew farther and farther apart, still facing each other, until they disappeared in their respective wigwams. But there was no malice left rankling; they had both been spoiling for a fight and they

had had it. When they met after a day or two there was no hatred on either part, but rather increased respect for each other's powers, if not increased affection.

When they had finally disappeared, the men who had been spectators began to talk about it.

"That was a heavy fight," observed Ogema; "the biggest I have seen for some days."

"I don't think so," answered Good-Sounding-Sky. "I think the fight evening before last was better. One pulled out most of the other woman's hair."

"We have plenty of fun now," said Wabijesh (The Marten). "We have such an entertainment as this nearly every night."

"It does keep us amused," replied Yellow Thunder. "Something to make us laugh; it helps to pass the time away very pleasantly."

"Oh there's no harm in it," said Ogema; "they will be just as friendly with each other the next time they meet. It is only because they are so full of moose-meat and venison and high living that they have to work off their surplus energy in that way. They each wanted a fight badly and they got it."

"It is something like a colt," said Wabijesh. "When he is full of the nice fresh grass in June he is bound to run and kick and bite because he feels so well."

"It has been a good thing for us, any way," remarked Ogema in conclusion, "for that was a right lively exhibition they gave us just now." And with this they dispersed to their homes.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE SUMMER HAPPINESS.

While dew-besprinkled strawberries, served amidst dew-besprinkled roses, had the effect related in the last chapter, they seemed to excite different sensations elsewhere. There sat in a wigwam one summer's afternoon about this time a young man who, judging from his words and actions, had an attack of the tender passion, and had it very severely. He was Nigani-gizhick (The-First-Heavens; that is a number of heavens following each other in procession one after the other—he was the first heavens of all). He was a fine, manly young hunter, handsome and gallant looking. Dressed in his deerskin hunting shirt, breechcloth, and moccasins, he sat on his mat with his feet tucked in under him, singing, and accompanying himself with the beating of his drum. His face was turned upward with an ecstatic expression upon it; his mouth, partly open, gave vent to the sweet sounds, while his body shook in little rises and falls as his song proceeded. Evidently his song pleased him very much. He had called in, besides, the divine art of drawing to give expression to his feelings, for on a piece of birch-bark he had drawn a rude figure (himself) with two arms, much longer than the body, reaching to another figure lying down at a considerable distance from him.

The words he exultingly sang explained the picture: "Wasawekumig nebagwen, whe ah; whe he ah agaming nebagwen"—"Though she sleeps a great distance off, whe-ah, whe-he-ah; though she sleeps on the other side of the lake."

This was boasting of his success with the fair sex, that even if his lady-love slept ever so far off, even though she slept on the other side of a lake, his arm was long enough to reach her, and even there she would hear his voice. The recumbent figure was his lady-love. His voice was represented in the picture by a quavering line coming out of his mouth and reaching to her; his arms, by two straight lines starting from his shoulders and also reaching to her. This chant he sang over and over again with great exultation, his face still directed upwards, and a joyous expression upon it. He evidently was under the influence of a violent attack of love. After a long time thus spent in reiterating for the thousandth time that though she slept ever so far away, or even on the other side of the lake, his arm could reach her, bringing in between the two stanzas his whe-ah, whe-he-ah, which syllables do not have any meaning but were simply an exulting burst of confidence, he changed both the tune and words, and took another, still more expressive of his power over the affections of females and his anticipated success. This new chant was: "Minising ebigwen ni giwanadjia che bimadagad minising ebigwen"—"Even though she were on an island I make her crazy to swim over to me; even though she were on an

island." This chant seemed to delight him even more than the other, and he sang it a thousand times, recurring to it with ever-increasing exultation. His mother was in the wigwam, busy with her household duties, also his sister, just younger than himself and other little brothers and sisters ranging down. These last were very much impressed with the music, for they stopped their play and listened intently, as in a high tenor voice, which could be heard a long distance, he thus proceeded to reiterate his power over the inclinations of the fair sex. But his mother remained entirely cold and unsympathetic.

"Just listen to the crazy man," she broke in, still going unconcernedly about her work; "just listen to him saying he can make her crazy enough to jump into the water to swim over to him. She would be crazy indeed to swim over to such a poor stick. It would be one crazy person going to another crazy person." His little brothers and sisters now broke out into a te-he-he at this sally, elevating their little dirty faces upwards, and opening their mouths, full of pearly white teeth. They thought it was great fun. His grown sister looked at him and smiled. He scorned to notice this interruption, though he heard it, and answered by a fresh outburst of vehement assertion in song that he could make her crazy to swim over to him.

"To swim to a worthless coot who hasn't got a meal of meat to give her—she would be crazy indeed," resumed the mother, still busy with her work. Again a chorus of te-he-he's from

the little ones, following in succession down from the biggest, who set the example, to the smallest, who did not understand what he was laughing at.

"Every poor fellow now-a-days," persisted the mother, "who can not do so much as get himself a meal of victuals, but has to be fed by his parents like a child with a spoon, has got it into his fool head that he can make the girls crazy after him. It would be better," she went on, raising her voice, "if you would go out and hoe a while in that potato patch, instead of your fool singing here about girls crazy after you." Again the interruption was calmly ignored, and there was a renewed burst about swimming over from the island.

"You will be coming to me next winter, when you are starving," said the mother, "asking me for a cold potato; and then all this fool nonsense will be out of you. It is only because you are filled with mose-meat and deer-meat now that you have such fool thoughts about girls crazy after you. By and by, when that stuffing gets out of you, you will be as limp as a rag." Still the music went on in lofty disdain.

"And it was your father hunted it for you," she persisted, "for you are too lazy to hunt for yourself. In the pot is the only place where you hunt. The lazier a fellow is the more certain he is to have fool thoughts come into his head about making girls crazy." Here came in another titter from the children.

"I think I will tell your father not to feed you any more, but just let you hunt for yourself,

and then you will not have time to deafen me with your singing. If he continues to feed you as high as he does it is I that will be crazy listening to you, and not the girls.”

Thus the running fire on the one hand and the chanting on the other went on. The young hunter felt the shots, but appeared to answer them only by a calm disdain. When his mother had said her mind out, there was silence on her part, and he, as if to show that he had not been wounded, still kept on with his song. At last, however, when evening approached, he laid aside his drum, and, getting a small looking glass, about as large as one's hand—something that was very precious in those days—proceeded to inspect himself. Then he got out some paint and proceeded to paint his face very carefully. There was evidently something on his mind.

When night fell he went out, taking with him a rustic flute, made by himself, and directed his steps toward a certain wigwam in the other part of the village; that of Ogema. In that there dwelt a comely young woman, with her father, and younger brothers and sisters. Soon, from a distance, there came into the wigwam the sound of a flute; a few low but pleasing notes. The young woman seemed to know from whom those notes came, for she looked interested. Then the music ceased, but by and by sprang up from another quarter. There seemed to be some one hovering around that wigwam playing on the flute. At first the music was far off, but it kept drawing nearer, though in circles. The circles

LOVE SONG.—Ojibway.

Very slow and free.

Transcribed and harmonised
by EDWIN S. TRACY.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Very slow and free'. The lyrics are: 'I to - night.... will come, sis - ter, to - night;', 'I to - night will come, sweetheart, to - night. What will my', 'sis - ter think of me? My sister think of me? I will come to - night,', and 'While it yet is light, I will see my sweetheart to - night.' The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

I to - night.... will come, sis - ter, to - night;

I to - night will come, sweetheart, to - night. What will my

sis - ter think of me? My sister think of me? I will come to - night,

While it yet is light, I will see my sweetheart to - night.

were converging toward that wigwam. There was not only music, but at intervals a song. The words were these:

"Nin ga bi-dagnishin oshki tibikuk; nin ga-gagnedjima nindangue oshki tibikuk; nin ga bi dagnishin nongom che oshki tibikuk; namundj win ged-inendumogwen nindangue; ni wi wabuma ninimoshe nongom che oshki tibikuding."

"I shall come in the early night; I shall ask my sister a question in the early light; I shall come to-day in the beginning of the night; I wonder what my sister will think about it; I intend to see my sweetheart this day in the early part of her night."

The father occasionally talked with some of the younger children, and so did not hear all of it, for he was not paying much attention. Still it came to the notice of all in the wigwam that there was a song somewhere, and a singer. Finally the skin covering of the wigwam entrance was pulled aside, and a stalwart young hunter appeared.

Had Ogema been very glad to see him he would have said when the hunter appeared in the door, "Nind ubimin nind ubimin" ("We are at home, we are at home"), a welcome equivalent to "Come in, come in," but he said nothing. However, as very frequently nothing is said when a guest comes in, who yet is welcome, the hunter, taking no notice of the silence on the father's part, took a hasty glance around the wigwam, then stepped quickly in and went and reclined on the mat by the side of his lady-love.

There was now a period of perfect silence. The father looked musingly in the fire. By and by the younger children went to sleep one by one, covering up their heads in their blankets,

and lying stretched out with their feet towards the heat like so many little mummies. The young hunter and the girl were also perfectly silent, awaiting the time when the father also should have covered himself in his blanket, head and all, and gone to sleep. The fire was by this time burning very low, creating a darkness in the wigwam which was very favorable and desirable, and all that was needed was that the father should lie down and become oblivious. To the disgust of both, however, just as they thought he was about to do so he seized a fresh stick of dry wood and thrust it into the fire. Immediately the flame leaped up, making everything in that wigwam as light as day, and rendering utterly impossible the tender love passes which ought then to have been exchanged between the hunter and his dear one. The young man thought, "This is certainly bad enough, that that old fellow should make it so light in the wigwam just when everything else is favorable; but this is a small stick and will soon burn out, and then surely he will lie down." So he waited very patiently, and the old man did indeed lay back, and he thought that everything was going to go well at last.

When, however, the stick had burned out, and it was once more becoming dark, the old man raised himself to a sitting posture, and taking a fresh stick gave it a wicked thrust into the fire. As a shower of sparks rose and a blaze flooded the wigwam with light, he gave a vicious look at his visitor, as much as to say, "What do you think of that?" This was discouraging

to an ardent lover, to be sure; one just on the threshold of golden opportunity. But he was resolved not to be balked. He was resolved that his patience should gain the victory. Therefore he remained in enforced silence, waiting for the fire once more to die down and the old man to go to sleep. He was just listening for some gentle snores, or some deep breathings that would tell him that now at last all was well, and was congratulating himself that it was getting sufficiently dark, when suddenly once more sat up that wretched old man, and once more thrust a stick into the fire, and once again the wigwam was as light as day. No chance for any courting in such a light as that. And the look the old man once more gave him, as he thrust in the stick and the light streamed up, plainly said again, "Now, what do you think of that?" Was there ever a young man so vilely used!

With a look of unutterable disgust on his face he lay there thinking of what to do. The young woman was evidently very responsive. He had spent much time painting himself, and had spent the whole day thinking about this meeting, hence he was very loath to give it up. In fact it seemed to him he could not bear to rise and go away, and nothing pass between him and his beloved. He felt mad enough to rise and murder that old man who spoiled everything. He lay there, one minute looking at the girl, then at the pile of wood, to see how many sticks were left, and how long it could hold out; then at the author of his woes. Then suddenly starting up at last with a bound, as he realized by a hasty mental calcu-

lation that there were enough sticks of wood there to keep that wigwam light till morning, and that the old man was mean enough to sit up all night to do it, he flounced out of the place, and as he went out with a bound like a tiger, the word "Akiwenzish!"—"miserable, wretched old man!"—was hissed from between his set teeth. He told his young companions afterwards that he had got everything perfectly favorable, but that he had been ruined by excess of light!

About this time there arrived in the village an object of great interest in the shape of a boy of twelve years. He came from the village of Leech Lake, distant two days' journey. Thoughts of triumph swelled his little breast as he came. As he traveled the lonely path through the great pines he kept thinking what a sensation he would make; and when he was resting in his little camp at night, after the day's travel, his thoughts were still of the same. Indeed, he had undertaken that long journey just on purpose to reap a triumph. Nor was he disappointed. In every wigwam he entered he was hailed with a shout of mingled curiosity and approval as soon as he was seen, and every eye, from the father's and mother's to the smallest toddler, was instantly directed to him. They crowded around him to see and to touch with their hands the object of their admiration; and many a commendation was bestowed on him as the wearer of it. "Is not that splendid?" said the mother, stroking it lovingly with her hands; "and is not he a splendid little man?" "Who

made it for you?" was the next question; and the object of all this admiration proudly answered that it was his mother. "Oh, you are already greater than a chief," said the father to the proud little man, whose breast was just swelling; "none of them have such a thing. You are almost equal to a white man, for they wear such things."

Here the little naked children, by this time growing bolder, came forward to stroke the coveted article with their chubby fingers, and some of them to give it a gentle pluck. When the boy had reaped the full chorus of admiration in that wigwam he went into the next, from which, at his entrance, the same shout of delight would arise. No modern belle, in her beautifully-made clothes, reaped such a harvest of admiration, or excited so much admiring interest.

It was a shirt that he wore. There he was, in his moccasins, his bare legs and thighs and his bare head, but wearing a shirt of white calico, the first that any Indian child had been seen to wear. His mother had got the material from a trader and made him a shirt. He felt so proud of it that after exhausting the admiration of the children and grown-up people in his own village, he sighed for new worlds to conquer; and voluntarily undertook the long journey, all by himself, to distant Gull Lake, to be a conquering hero there. He did not need to proclaim his dignity—to show himself anywhere was enough.

One of the men asked him, "And what is your father's name, little boy?" He proudly ans-

wered that Kichi-nodin (Big Wind), of Leech Lake, was his father. He went home fairly filled with praise and admiration. He had made an appearance such as no child had since the beginning of the world. Other children at the most had the blanket or a shirt of tanned deer-skin; but a real calico shirt till now, never!

CHAPTER XVI.

COMING HOME TO ROOST.

One day, in the height of all this, a young girl burst hastily into Ogema's wigwam, suddenly removing the leather flap.

"Look, now," said she in a tone of alarm, "what I have found," holding up something, which on examination appeared to be only a piece of an old worn-out moccasin. "I was going down to the water to fill my jar, and, looking under a bush a little ways off I saw this. Now what is it?" Instantly Ogema and all in the wigwam dropped their several employments and scrutinized that old moccasin with the utmost intensity of every faculty.

"No Ojibway ever made that beadwork on the top of that moccasin," said an old woman, the first to speak. "I have made thousands of them, and I ought to know." Then, as the full truth flashed upon her, "That is a Sioux moccasin!" she screamed "Mamiqueg"—Sioux women—"certainly made that moccasin. Look," she said, "that turn to the beadwork is different from ours; and there again that kind of ornamentation," pointing to that on the flap that went round the ankle—"we never make. Roasters!" she screamed again; "there are Roasters about! alas, alas!"

Here the elder women darted out of the wig-

wam as if they were possessed, and rushed into those of their nearest relatives to tell them the fearful news. "Bebamash"—The-one-who-sails-all-around—"was going down to the lake for water this morning," they screamed, "and she found a Sioux moccasin on the edge of our village, and we have all examined it and we are sure it is Sioux. They are certainly around us and spying us out, and there is no telling when they will make an attack."

Almost instantly the chill of death fell upon that village. The drums ceased, the people ran hurriedly together, mothers darted out into the edge of the village and caught up their children who were playing there, and shudderingly pressing them to their bosoms ran to their homes. There they seated themselves by the fire, pondering it with an expression of deep anxiety upon their faces, "Now see that you do not leave this wigwam," they said to the older children. "There are Sioux about, and you will certainly be scalped; see that you keep within; now mind what I have told you." It required no second warning, for the terror of death had fallen even upon the children. Even those who were too young, as it seemed, to comprehend, hushed their wailing, and with their little hands clung convulsively to their mother's breasts, as if in some way the contagion of terror had made itself manifest to them. Over the whole village, but a moment before so careless and happy, terror hung like a pall.

By this time the elders, the men especially, instinctively crowded together in the centre of

their village to consult over this alarming news and to consider what was to be done. They had no fear of instant attack, knowing that their enemies were too prudent to choose the broad daylight for that; but it was more appalling to think that it must fall in the darkness and terror of the night, or at day-break.

“The finding of the Sioux moccasin just confirms a thing that I saw,” said a young hunter. “I was out looking for deer yesterday at a certain place, when I saw, some distance off, an Indian. I looked at him a while, and it seemed to me I did not know him. So I halloed to him, and he turned and looked at me, but instead of coming toward me or returning my halloo, he dodged into the brush. I thought it strange at the time, but now it appears he was one of those Sioux.”

“Yes,” said Yellow Thunder, “when I was walking through the woods half a day’s journey from here a few days ago—I knew that I was in a place where none of our people had been lately, for I knew all the parties who had gone hunting, and none of them had gone in that direction—to my surprise I came on a blackened spot of earth where a fire had been made within a few days. There were some of the ends of the sticks lying there unburnt. I wondered then who could have been there, but now it is plain. And the ground around the fire looked as if men had slept there, for the tall weeds and grass were still somewhat flattened.”

While they were still in consultation, a hunter who had been gone over night arrived and

joined them. "Be on your guard," he said, "there are Sioux about. This morning I had forded the stream over there, pointing in a southerly direction, and was sitting in the long grass drying my feet and putting on my moccasins, when looking up I saw eight men crossing the stream some distance down below. I looked at them some time, and thought to myself, 'who on earth can these be?' for I did not think any hunters were out in that direction, when suddenly it came over me that they were Sioux. I instantly threw my body flat on my legs as I sat, and they never saw me, for I was hidden by the grass. If they had, I would not be here now to tell it. I lay perfectly still till they took up their march in single file through the meadow by the side of the river, where they disappeared into the woods. So be sure, men, that you will have a visit from those fellows before long."

They now consulted together as to what was to be done. What they wished to do was to go and find them and meet them openly, man to man. But this they knew was the very thing that their enemies would not allow them to do. They knew they had come to take them at a disadvantage; to strike a sudden blow in an unprotected quarter; to choose their own time and place; to kill as many of them as possible by a sudden rush, and then withdraw before the Ojibways had time to assemble to repel them, suffering no loss themselves. In a word, they had come to practice against the Ojibways the very same tactics which the Ojibways had so lately successfully employed against them.

They could hover round the village; appear now on this side, now on that; while they themselves, hidden by the leafy screen of the woods, could not even be seen. And even if momentarily seen by the Ojibways, they could instantly dive into the thick underbrush and become invisible. Thus they held over the heads of the helpless Ojibways a sword suspended as long as they pleased; to fall whenever they desired.

The Ojibways were sensible that they were thus placed at the mercy of their enemies; helpless, unable to ward off the impending blow; and it aroused reflections in their minds. It gave Shabosh-kunk an opportunity to exult himself, and to depress Yellow Thunder, upon whom he looked with no friendly eyes.

"My friends," he said, "you ought to have listened to me when I told you that Yellow Thunder's expedition would bring a return visit of the Sioux. Here we are now, afraid, and in a bad fix. We can not find these Sioux, for no one can find them in the leafy underbrush where they hide. They can strike us whenever they please, and not till they please; and we can not prepare to meet it, for we do not know where they will strike. We can not go hunting, for the hunters may suddenly come on those fellows and be killed; and besides, we want to stay at home and defend our families. So we shall soon be hungry. The flesh we have got in this village will not last very long. And the scalps of some of our children will be dangling at those fellows' girdles, it seems likely, before they reach home, for they are not the sort of men to come up all

this distance and go back for nothing. So it seems to me we are in a bad fix—about to suffer and yet placed in such a position that we cannot avert it, and it all grows out of Yellow Thunder's war-party. If you had listened to me, men, we would still be as joyful as we were an hour ago. And our children would be safe, instead of being, as they now are, at the mercy of those devils."

Here Yellow Thunder interposed. "You need not blame me, men, for this, and there is nothing in what Sha-bosh-kunk has now said to you. I am not the only one who has been killing Sioux this summer. 'The Sioux' has been killing them, and The-Berry-Picker and others. Even if I had not gone, would not these war parties have drawn them on us just the same? I went to perform the last rites of honor to my dead child, and it was a good motive; and would not any of you have done just the same? Any of you that are *men* would. Why does Sha-bosh-kunk single me out as the cause of the fix we are in now? My friends, have not we always been killing Sioux, as far back as any of us can remember; and farther than any of our fathers even can remember? And for my part I believe that if no Ojibway had killed a Sioux this year the Sioux would come against us just the same; for it has become an ingrained habit with them to go looking for us in summer, and to take our scalps if they can, just as it is an ingrained habit in us to go looking for them, and take their scalps. Therefore I do not think it is right for

a man to hold me up to odium for this thing, as has been done.”

Runners were now hastily sent to warn stray hunters who might be out, and to bring into the village individual families who had pitched their lodges at some distance. Guns were cleaned and put in order, and knives sharpened. The children were warned to play in the centre of the village, and by no means to go beyond its verge. So everything that prudence could dictate was done, to get ready for the impending blow.

A feeling of deep anxiety and dread now took possession of the village. Joy was banished. The singing of the women, the shouts of the children at play, were no more to be heard. It seemed as if the sun no longer shone as it did before, and that even the very birds had ceased to sing. Nature herself seemed to be affected with the dumb terror which possessed them, and to be waiting for the dreadful war-whoop to burst forth. When the women went to the lake shore for water, they cast uneasy, nervous glances all around; prepared to run screaming any instant. But night was the worst. They did not know but their enemies might be peeping into their wigwams from the darkness outside. They did not know when the bullets might rain in where they sat. Every man sat with his gun in his hand, and when nature overcame him, and he snatched fitful sleep, it was with his gun still enfolded in his arms. The children were for the most part put far out in the lake in canoes to sleep, that if their parents fell a sacrifice they at least might be out of reach.

But at daybreak, and just before, was the time when the suspense was the most terrible. Every morning before that time they were all awake and expecting the attack. Then when the sun got high it was a relief to know that the danger was over for that time, though not removed, and the tired warriors dropped off to sleep.

So the days dragged on; but the long-continued suspense was wearing and terrible. Often they said, "Oh, I wish they would rush in upon us and do whatever they are going to do and be done with it! I would rather they would kill half of us and be off, and have it over, than have it hanging over our heads in this way. Anything rather than this dreadful suspense."

During the daytime scouting parties of armed men were sent around the village into the woods to see if they could discover anything of them. To add to their sufferings, hunger now invaded them, as the supply of meat began to be exhausted. The rude scaffolds in front of each door, which had hung so thick with strips of meat of all kinds drying in the air, were bare. The little children could be heard crying from hunger in nearly every wigwam. The hunters were afraid to go in search of meat,—for they knew that if they went their enemies were watching every movement and would very likely cut them off. The abundance of Summer ceased, even though they were in the midst of abundance, and men and women began to have a hungry and pinched look. The little children were so puny that they no longer had spirit to play. The community was now reduced to fish alone,

and when the women went to draw and set their nets in the lake, an armed guard of men had to go with them.

Thus the dreadful days passed, till at last, when they were wearied out with the long-continued watching, at daybreak one morning the blow fell. The war-whoop resounded through their village, the sound of guns reverberated among the hills in the still morning air, and the birds flew away scared. A rain of bullets fell among the nodding inmates of one wigwam, and almost as soon as the bullets, there were the fierce Sioux warriors, knife and tomahawk in hand, among them, stabbing, killing, scalping. Quickly the reeking scalps were torn off, and before the warriors from the other parts of the village could grasp their arms and hurry to the spot, they were back in the bush and had escaped. They were sought, of course, but in vain, for lying under the thick canopy of leaves by day and traveling by the stars by night, they were soon out of danger in the boundless forest.

CHAPTER XVII.

A STROKE OF GENIUS.

After this startling episode in its history, the village of Gull Lake gradually settled down to its normal life, and things went on very much as they had done before. The hunters again went wherever they wished, without fear; the women and children went berrying—the shade was lifted and security returned. The scalped dead were buried, their relatives wailed for them for a time, then they were forgotten. There was a feeling of hot anger and resentment against the Sioux. But was it not a most blessed thing to be rid of them? To have that accursed nightmare of their presence, which had hung over them so long, removed? To be able to lie down and sleep in sweet security when night came, with no apprehension of beings with the energy of demons bursting in on them at the dawn? To have no necessity of sleeping with arms, the weapon always ready to grasp? To have no constant necessity of watchfulness whenever they took a step abroad? To have their little children peacefully sleeping with them, instead of moored out in the lake in canoes? Oh this change was unspeakably blessed! Even as one of themselves, who had been long racked with pain and been sick nigh unto death, felt the calm bliss of returning health, and enjoyed a rapture

that he who had never been sick could not know, so it was with them. The song of the fearless hunter was once more heard from afar, as with firm step he went in and out among the green openings.

About this time the first lucifer matches that had ever been seen were brought to their village from a distant French trader, and were an occasion of unbounded wonderment to them. Matches were high in those days, a small box costing in that place fifty cents. They could not therefore be very reckless in the expenditure of them. Occasionally one would be scratched among a group, especially in the dark, and held forth for a marvel. Until that time they had, like the whites, made fire by the flint and steel; or by their own older method of friction by rapidly rubbing two sticks together.

Among others who saw this wonderful phenomenon of fire spontaneously—as it seemed—produced was Sha-bosh-kunk. It created in him, as in all the others, first astonishment, almost incredulity that such a thing could be, despite the evidence of his senses. Then, as he long pondered it, he seemed to have caught a great idea. What that was he did not tell, but it was evidently something that pleased him mightily. He became hilarious, and sometimes he would burst out in a joyous, high-pitched chant, as if the pleasantness of the idea within needed a vent in that way. Even at night, when turning over on his mat, he would let out war-whoops. Something evidently tickled him immensely, and he occasionally even talked about it to himself

in an incoherent way. "Oh these are dull clods," he would say, surveying his fellow-Indians; "they know nothing, and they have no genius. They seem to have minds and souls, but in reality they have not any. They are able to walk about, it is true, pretending that they are alive, but really there is no life in them. There is no spark of genius such as I feel in myself, and they never would conceive nor carry out what my genius readily enables me to do. They are to be pitied, for they are poor, and will always remain poor.* They are groveling; nothing soaring, *mounting*, in them, such as I feel stirring in me. They are dull clay, but I feel the touch of the spirit.

Having finished this soliloquy, and let out a war-whoop to close it up; he went in search of two young men of his band, The First Heavens and Wedjanimigijigweshkunk (He-who-hurrying - and-with-the-putting - forth-of-his - utmost-powers-travels-the-sky), for he was a minor chief, and of certain large and stout old women whom he knew to be good packers, able each of them to pack two hundred pounds for miles and miles. He told them to get ready to go with him on the morrow to the next Indian village to the north, Leech Lake, and to prepare plenty of empty canoes—for the journey was to be made partly over the lakes—to bring back what he would load them with. Each man and woman was to be provided with a strong packing strap, to pack their very best, for their endurance would be put to the test by the loads he would

*To apply the epithet "poor" in this way to anyone is a term of great reproach.

provide for them. He also instructed some of them to lead some ponies around the lakes, and have them ready on the portages between, to assist in packing the stuff, which would be too great for unaided human strength.

These orders excited much astonishment among his young men. "Why, here is a wonderful thing," they said to him, "you are evidently preparing to bring back quantities of stuff from Leech Lake, for you are providing empty canoes to load it in, and packers and packing-straps, and, men and women, and even horses, and yet you have nothing prepared to barter with those Indians.

"I see no bead-work, no guns, cloth, or anything; no whisky, brandy; or even food; and we who know your circumstances well know that you have none of these things. How then do you expect to get anything from them? The Indian is not a fool, he is a keen trader; and for you to expect to get something, or a great deal, from them for nothing, appears to us as if you were mad. Many times we have been employed by the French traders on trading expeditions, but then we had the brandy and whiskey and the cloths with us, and then it was plain what we were to do; but this going empty-handed seems as if you had taken leave of your senses."

To these remonstrances of his young men Shabosh-kunk replied: "Do you see those canoes? —empty, now, as you say. Well, I will go to those Indians and I shall take no goods nor anything in my hand, yet I shall bring those canoes back loaded with the goods of those Indians.

Such is the force of my genius. I grant that you poor clods could not do it, but I can and shall. You yourselves will see poor widows coming out of their wigwams and begging me to take their last and only pair of blankets, which they ought to sleep in next winter to keep them from freezing to death, and begging me to put them in my packs and carry them away. And you will see them bringing out the last birch-bark box of maple sugar they have, which they made with pain and difficulty last Spring, and begging me to take it away. And yet I go to them, as you see, with nothing."

Leaving his young men in this state of amazement, gazing after him, doubting if he were not really mad, Sha-bosh-kunk went into the underbrush and dug up a quantity of common roots of various kinds, such as the Indians use to make medicine of by decoctions; roots of herbs and roots of plants; and then cut off in lengths pieces from many different shrubs and trees. They were all of common, well-known trees and herbs, which grew everywhere, with whose simple medicinal properties, or supposed medicinal properties, when made into decoctions by boiling, the Indians were well acquainted from constant use. These pieces were cut of the same length, about six inches, and were afterwards neatly tied in small bundles with pieces of string made of the tough inner bark of a tree. Altogether there was quite a large pile when it was finished. But before thus robbing her of her bounties, Sha-bosh-kunk, with characteristic piety, was careful to make an offering to Miza-

kumig-aki — The-Great-All-Mother-Earth — by putting some tobacco into the hole out of which he had dug something, and carefully covering it up again with earth. This was done that he might not displease The-Great-All-Mother-Earth by despoiling her of her treasures without compensation. These medicinal herbs and plants had been granted as a great favor by the Great Spirit to Wenabozho, a demi-god, who made this world; the universal nephew of the Indians, who in turn had committed them to the care of Mizakumig-aki — The-Great-Everywhere-Earth — for the benefit of his uncles and aunts, the Ojibways, to cure them of sickness, to make their bodies strong, and to prolong their lives to extreme old age. Sha-bosh-kunk felt that he was a very pious man, and had fulfilled all obligations when he made this offering of tobacco to “The-All-Mother-Earth” in return for her treasures which he had taken, and he piously breathed a prayer to her.

The remainder of that day was spent in arranging his bundles of cuttings and roots and in getting ready, and on the next they commenced the journey. On the third day, arrived at Leech Lake, the inhabitants were very anxious to see the new-comer, and to hear what tidings he brought; and especially to know the object of the visit of himself and party. Many were their speculations as to what that could be—some thought that he came to raise a war party; others that he had come to invite them to Gull Lake to a dance; others that he was the bearer of

a proposition from the Gull Lake Indians about their political affairs. Sha-bosh-kunk, however, put them off, which only whetted their curiosity the more, and finally told them that at dusk he would meet them all assembled in their Council-House.

When evening came almost the whole village was there, the men squatting in circles round the central cleared space, in which Sha-bosh-kunk was seated, and where he was to declare the object of his visit. The men were mostly smoking, being engaged in hard thinking.

Sha-bosh-kunk then rose and made them a little speech. He said, smiling blandly upon them:

“My friends, I and my young men have come a long distance to see you. You may be sure we have not come for nothing. I have something very important to tell you. My friends, I am endowed with very great, with supernatural powers. I shall show you, my friends, what powers the spirits have given me—such powers as neither you nor your fathers’ fathers ever saw. I shall demonstrate that power to you here in your presence; and being a medicine-man of such power as I shall show you I am, you know that my medicine, any medicine that I shall give, must have unlimited power for life. It must be powerful to heal all sickness, for it will partake of my power which I shall show you. It will surely prolong life to extremest old age, or make the user immortal.” Here his mind took a vast leap to the full conception of his greatness. “My friends, I think that I am God and I

shall now give you a demonstration of it, and with it, of the power of my medicine. My friends, you see I have nothing in my hand,"—here he held up his open palm for their inspection,—“now see this!” With that he made a rapid sweep of his hand behind his back upon his breech-cloth, which was made of an old blanket; then holding up his hand in front of them, there, wonder of wonders, burned between his fingers a bright blaze of fire!

The breath of the audience seemed to stop while this amazing exhibition was given. Every eye was concentrated upon that flame, seen more distinctly in the gathering dusk.

The functions of life were suspended while that thing was burning. People forgot to breathe. Their whole soul was in their gaze, and it was not till the flame went out that a deep sigh went over the assembly as they once more took breath.

“My friends,” continued Sha-bosh-kunk, “I have not only done it once, I shall do it again. I can do it as often as I wish.” Here he again made the same rapid sweep behind with his hand, upon his breech-cloth, and once more the flaming marvel stood forth. At last the pent-up astonishment of the audience burst forth, and they turned one to another, saying: “The like has never been seen since the world began. Neither we nor our fathers have ever heard of such a thing; Sha-bosh-kunk has taken fire out of his body. Did you see him reach his hand behind him and draw it out? Sha-bosh-kunk

has fire in his body. He is indeed God, as he said."

The next step was that he had medicine, which he would part with, and which he said partook of the same supernatural strength as his own body, out of which he had taken fire.* He made them a little speech, standing up in the midst of them and surveying them with one of his open smiles: "My relatives,"—he called them by that endearing name,—“I am not selfish.” This he said with an engaging tone of voice. “I love all people, and the wish of my heart is that all people should be blessed even as I myself am blessed. If I have a good thing I do not wish to hide it and keep it to myself selfishly to enjoy; to enjoy it myself while some poor fellow-Indian may be suffering—yes, perhaps dying—for the want of that very thing. No! I am not that sort of a man. It would be torture to me to have my fellow-being suffering for that which I might have imparted to him, and yet did not. My relatives, you have seen what I took out of my body and you may guess what is the strength of my medicine. I think I am immortal. I think I shall never die. It may be that when I am extremely old and the Birds of Thunder fly over some time that I shall rise and fly away with them,—for I am a god,—it may be that that will be the case; but my own opinion

*This was in strict accordance with the ideas of the Indians, who believed that the power and virtue of any medicine were in exact proportion to the power and virtue of the person from whom the medicine came. If he gave them cuttings of twigs or roots, and they boiled them and made decoctions of them,—as they were in the habit of doing,—then the decoction would have all his supernatural powers imparted to it, and through it to the users.

is that I shall live forever on this earth! My medicine will enable me to do so. Not even with the Birds of Thunder shall I fly away. Now, my relatives, the same virtue that I have imparted to myself by my medicine, I can impart to you also by my medicine. It will make your bodies strong and sound, and, as I believe, immortal. I wish you to live long and be happy on this earth, even as I wish myself to live long and be happy on it. I have the medicine here at hand, for I wish you to share in the benefit of it." Here he produced the bundles of cuttings of branches and twigs, and of roots and herbs, which he had placed conveniently at hand.

He now addressed them further: "My friends, we are not all equally rich in this life. It has been so destined that some of us have a wealth of goods—blankets, and maple sugar, and wild rice, and otter skins, and beaver and mink. Some of us are strong and vigorous and able to get all things for ourselves; some again are weak, and have to content themselves with very little. Now I have a very tender feeling toward those who are lowly; toward those who have not been strong enough to seize their full share of the goods of this life. I do not wish them to suffer because they are poor, nor to be deprived of blessing. No, those are the very ones that I have most regard for, the humble—those who are down. I think to myself, 'Oh that they may share in the blessings of this medicine even as I myself!' I do not much concern myself with the strong—with the vigorous hunters, who are able to go out on the prairie and overcome

the animals and make themselves packs of all kinds of furs, as much as they wish. No, I do not think upon them; for they are able to take care of themselves. But I think upon the poor; the widows, those of small means. If, therefore, they have not packs of furs,—as they are not able to go out and hunt for them,—no matter; they shall not be left without blessing. I shall not allow them to mourn, seeing the rich and the strong carry off the medicine. Let them give me whatever little they have, even though it be far inferior in value to what I give them in return—let them give me a blanket, or a little maple sugar, or a tanned skin, or whatever they have; and I, rather than see them go away in grief, rather than see them mourning while the rich are rejoicing, will accept it. My heart is such that I do not wish to go away and leave any one mourning in this village. To leave any one with the feeling that he or she had been passed over because they had the misfortune to be poor.”

A strong impulse now swept over the assembly, and no one was willing to have Sha-bosh-kunk, possessed of such miraculous powers, go away without having obtained some of the precious medicine from him. Blankets, food, furs, if given away, could be replaced from some other quarter—there was a possibility of it. But if this wonderful man and his medicine got away,—and he was going in the morning,—where could any more of it be got? And would it not be better to freeze through the winter without blankets, than have them and not have the

medicine, which was life itself? So when one, eager to get the medicine, came bringing furs for it, that excited his neighbor lest he should be left out. And when another was begging Sha-bosh-kunk to take a pack of beaver skins and give *him* the medicine before he attended to the request of the others, all this spread the competition and the mania. And so it came to pass even as Sha-bosh-kunk had predicted, that old, crippled widows came hobbling out of their wigwams and begged him to take their little all, yes their last garment, but in any case to let them have some of the precious medicine.

"See here," cried one, "how poor I am; have pity on me because I am poor, and give me some of the medicine. Do not go away and leave me the only person in the village who has not got any of it, as if I was a webinigung"—something rejected, a rejected person. "See, in return I have brought you all I have."

So a lively traffic was kept red-hot, while the roots and cuttings were being exchanged for the goods of all kinds which were brought. Sha-bosh-kunk personally conducted the trade, and fanned the excitement by pretended repression of it. He kept talking as he kept giving out the medicine and taking in the goods.

"No," he said, straightening up for a moment in the midst of his task, "do not ask me to give you any more medicine than you need for yourself. I really cannot give it. I wish to give only what you will need for yourself for there will not be enough for all. Now do not ask me for any more." The man had not asked him, but

this pretended reluctance to give, and anticipated scarcity, had its intended effect on the eager buyers, and made them still more eager. "No, really I cannot. Now do not ask me for more." Such were the words which he kept repeating again and again as he turned first to one and then another, taking in the goods. He allowed no quiet time, but kept their attention fixed by his continual talking; always of scarcity and refusal.

At last, after a long time, there was quiet. The roots and cuttings were all gone; so were the buyers. Now was the time for Sha-bosh-kunk and his aids to be busy, making the goods into packs and loading them on the ponies and packers. As soon as that was finished, though it was dark, Sha-bosh-kunk hurried them off, and they took the road for Gull Lake. By the morning light neither Sha-bosh-kunk nor the goods were there.

He knew that it was very possible, indeed quite probable, for the morning light to bring a Leech Lake villager to his camp eager to re-exchange a few cuttings of twigs, which did not look very valuable in the sober light of morning, for the pack of beaver skins or the blankets which he had paid for them; and if one started that kind of business there would be plenty that would follow. He had selected Leech Lake as the scene of his operations because it was two days' journey farther in the wilderness than where he lived and he was sure that no lucifer matches had found their way there. Laden with plunder, he arrived at his own village, having by one stroke become a very rich man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNEXPECTED RESULTS OF A NEW WAR PARTY.

The beautiful summer was now passing its height, and its maturing suns brought an increase of blessings to the Indian village and a greater variety to its bill of fare. First there were delicious strawberries in great abundance — acres of them. In these they reveled. Then there were the blueberries, thousands of bushels, the fruit of all others most adapted to the Indian's palate. Quantities of these the women dried in the sun for winter use, a reminder in stern winter of the beautiful summer, and a pledge that it would come again. Then there were luscious raspberries, acres and acres of them, more than they could consume. The earth was rich with her bounty, and yielded them the choicest fruits in great abundance. Nor did she forget to grace her banquet with the choicest flowers. They reposed amidst millions of roses which made the air sweet with perfume, and when they walked abroad it was on beds of flowers. Everything sweet and lovely bloomed there, and in the utmost profusion. Nature was prodigal in her efforts to put forth beauty. There were the most graceful shapes, the most delicate colors, the most exquisite perfumes. Not only what was most gratifying to the palate did she provide, but she garnished it with most

delicate fruits and served it amidst beds of flowers. Every want of the bodily man and of the esthetic sense was fully gratified. If human beings could be, surely they were in an earthly paradise.

So the long summer days passed, each one a joy. Yet there was not a monotony—it was a changing loveliness. The flowers of one day were not those of the next; the sky and the clouds of yesterday were not those of to-day. Nature had an infinite variety in her moods, but every one of them lovely, always changing, but always wooing the admiration of the beholder by the loveliness of each change. She first evolved from her bosom flowers of one kind, and then, as if eager to show that her resources of beauty were inexhaustible, she replaced them by another; then she brought forth another and still another. Always smiling, always gently laboring in birth of some new thing. If sometimes a frown gathered across her face and for a moment she scowled, while the black clouds wracked across her, it was only to smile again more sweetly when she looked out laughing after her tears. “The clear shining after rain,” when all her flowers and plants were freshly washed from the sky, was the most beautiful mood of all.

Soon after this, when the first days of September began to promise a richer tint of autumnal glories, the village moved a little ways to their wild rice lake to commence their annual gathering of that important part of their living. Here not earth only, but even the water, seemed laboring of its own accord to supply the wants of the

children, for from its dark depths, by some mysterious power, was put forth the nutritious grain that they needed. They had ducks, they had flesh of all kinds, but besides all this they needed another food of a different kind, a cereal, the complement of all the rest,—that which was needed to make all the rest really wholesome to human kind,—and lo! the water asked the privilege of furnishing it! Nor had Nature to be tickled with the plough, or tempted by previous seeds thrown in, or guarded from danger by a fence thrown around; but laboring shyly in secret, her efforts were all unknown till the ripened grain hung temptingly over the darkling flood. All the elements, even those thought to be the most insensate—the earth, the sky, even the dark water—conspired to produce each its quota for these children of the Great Spirit.

Soon the wigwams were erected on the bank of the lake. The merry shouts of children filled the air, the women were pushing the light and graceful birch-bark canoes amongst the enveloping wild-rice stalks, and encircling an armful of them with one arm were holding them over the canoe, while with the other they deftly scutched off the grain with a paddle; then bending over to the other side, performed a similar operation there; then gently shoving the canoe forward a paddle's length they repeated the process; so it went on till the canoe was filled. Everywhere could be heard the scutch, scutch of the paddle as it fell upon the rice. The watery meadow—for such it seemed to be, the luxuriantly-growing plant almost hiding the liquid

from view—appeared to be alive with invisible beings, for the tall and thick rice stalks gathered over the canoes and enclosed them from sight. Then a call from one of the canoes would reveal where the workers were, or perhaps a canoe, already filled with rice, would be pushed to the shore to be unloaded; then having been emptied would once more be pushed back into the enveloping rice. So the work went merrily on, day after day. The women engaged in it as in a frolic, for it was left to them to do. The men were lying on the bank watching them, gossiping, or most likely gambling; once in a while rising from the game when ducks flew over, disturbed by the rice-gathering canoes in the lake, to pick up their guns—then the loud report, and the mallard falling tumbling at their feet, later to be cleaned and dressed by the women, and together with the wild rice to form a most delicious meal. Sometimes, however, the men complained that they were really hungry; for although the ducks flew over them thickly disturbed by the canoes, they were so much absorbed in the game, that they could not tear themselves away from it long enough to rise and shoot.

In the still mornings it was an interesting sight; so many smokes going straight up to the sky, as outside the door of the wigwam, around the fire built there, each family sat preparing breakfast before beginning the day's rice-gathering.

After sufficient rice had been gathered by each family, came the parching, the threshing to separate the grain from the husk, then the winnow-

ing and putting in sacks of their own making, to be kept for use during the coming year. More nutritious and sustaining, as well as of a more delicate flavor than white rice, it was the very element the Indian needed to make perfectly wholesome his otherwise too-exclusively flesh and fish diet.

When this rice gathering was nearly over, and when the days began to be a little cold, Sha-bosh-kunk began to meditate what he ought to do. Others in the village had gained great reputations since the summer began; he had done nothing. Other's stars had risen; his had at least remained stationary. Others had gone against the Sioux and displayed the highest courage, endurance, sagacity, and every manly and precious quality; he had nothing to show except his expedition to Leech Lake. Yellow Thunder and his companions had taken their lives in their hands, gone right into the midst of the Sioux village, and thence brought out scalps, and still lived. "The Sioux" had done more—he had given himself up to them, gone right in among them, yet he also lived; *he* could show nothing of the sort. The others had so many eagle's feathers when they danced, they bore the record of their prowess upon their own persons; but he had to prop up his rather tottering reputation by fair speeches. The others did not find it necessary to speak; their acts spoke for themselves. He, if he did not speak and in that way keep himself in the public eye, would sink into insignificance. He, he felt, was founded on speech; they on their deeds. When they passed

along men looked after them and spoke of them; there was nothing about him of which they could speak.

He considered all this, and found that it was necessary for him, if he would maintain his position, to do something. Therefore he spoke to his young men, and with them went hunting and killed a quantity of meat. Then he sent round some tobacco—the Indian's letter—and called them to a feast. On the day appointed they came, each with his dish and wooden spoon, and the feast was served out. When repletion came, there was the sound of the drum, and their spirits were revived by the dance.

After there had been considerable drumming and dancing, and the spirits of the assembly had been sufficiently roused, the time had come for him to disclose the object of the meeting. Accordingly, in the lull that followed the dance, he rose, and, holding his blanket in graceful folds around his body, something like a Roman toga, and delicately fanning himself with a goose's wing held in the other hand, he addressed them:

“My friends, it is true that I formerly opposed parties going against the Sioux, as you heard me. I spoke against Yollow Thunder and his party going, as you remember. I said I feared it would draw upon us return war parties of the Sioux. It is true I did think so at that time, but the late attack of those people on our village has made me angry. Those Sioux have provoked me by coming against us here and killing us, when we were living quietly

and doing no harm to any one. If they had killed some of a war party that we had sent against them, I would not have thought anything of it, for that is the fortune of war, that some who go to fight will be killed. But to come sneaking up here against quiet and peaceable people who only asked to live in quiet, that is too bad, and I say here that those Sioux have provoked me beyond endurance."

He used the "me" here to enhance his own importance, making himself out to be the representative of the whole village, as if all the village was centred in his person. He thus succeeded in making himself very prominent.

"My friends, I do indeed love my people; you know that I do. Yes, I put my breast between them and the bullets of our enemies"—here he pressed his extended palm upon his breast—"for those bullets to bury themselves in my breast, and leave them unharmed. I have the profoundest pity for the helpless women and children, and I offer my life for them that they may live in safety. It does not matter if I am killed. I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I gave my life for my people. I can die in no better cause than standing as a rampart between the helpless women and the innocent little children and those who are rushing to slay them. Is there anything sweeter in life than our innocent, prattling, little babes? Who would stand tamely by and see our enemies' knives lodged in their throats? Who could bear to see their innocent life-blood flowing? Not I, my friends. Therefore, I offer my

body as a sacrifice for them. It is true I am a very long-suffering man; and hard to provoke to the boiling point. I suffer, and suffer, and suffer; and people think that injuries do not sink into me: that I am tame—but, my friends, when my wrath does explode it is terrible! Those Sioux killed some of my people and I said nothing. They killed yet others and still I held my peace. But last summer they came against me, right here in my village, and killed some of my people before my eyes; and although I said nothing at the time, yet the ferment has been working in my breast; and to-day I say that I shall be avenged! To-day I say that I raise the hatchet; I, who am naturally a kind and peaceable man, with a kind feeling for every living thing, even though it were as insignificant as a worm; to-day I raise the hatchet, and I shall not lay it down till I have avenged in their blood the blood that they have shed here in my village; and till I have caused it that there be a good many less of those vipers left living upon the earth to come again and molest us here.

“And I expect to strike such terror into them by the manner of my attack, by the ferocity with which I shall rush upon them, that they will give up for good and all, coming here to provoke me any more; that their dread of me will be so great that they will henceforth stay away from where I am, and leave our little children to grow up in peace. And so I wish to offer myself, my friends, as a sacrifice for you all, and for your women and children. If I fall, and never return here again, that is nothing; all I ask of you is

to remember that Sha-bosh-kunk loved you, and voluntarily offered his life as a sacrifice for you and for your little ones. So that is why, my friends, I commanded my young men to go out and kill the choicest elk and deer, and make this feast, a parting meal—and then for you to send me and my young men forth, with your permission, against those who would destroy you.”

This speech was followed by shouts of approval from every side, haw-haw-haw; and then, as the natural expression of their exultant and jubilant feelings, they all jumped up, and every one joined fast and furiously in the dance, their drawn knives and their bent looks directed toward the Sioux country, and their fervid war-whoops showing the intensity of their feelings.

When this excitement had calmed down and all were again seated quietly on the ground, one of the old chiefs rose and commended the good purpose of the one who had called them to the feast; gave him their permission to go, and their best wishes for a successful issue of the undertaking. After an interval of dancing he was followed by many others, who one and all spoke in commendation of the good purpose of Sha-bosh-kunk and his men; and with many a charge to them to “take the greatest care,” to “bend up every nerve,” to “do their very best,” and to bring home their numbers undiminished, gave them their very best wishes for their undertaking.

The best part of the day had been spent in considering this important matter, and now toward evening the assembly broke up, and

every one, well satisfied, went to his own place.

Sha-bosh-kunk saw that he had had a splendid send-off. He was going forth with a great flourish of trumpets. For the time being every one was talking about him and the eyes of all were directed toward him. He was going forth as the champion of the village—their defender, their savior. It was his own statement that he was going to throw away his life for their sakes, and they accepted it and looked on him with the feelings which such sacrifice for them should arouse.

The next morning he and his two young men, one of whom was First-Heavens, the unsuccessful lover, and the other, Traveling-the-Heavens,—two was all he deemed it wise to take, as a small party could more easily escape observation than a large one,—marched out of the village, their faces toward their enemies. The entire village was assembled, men, women and children, to see them off; and cries of encouragement, and good wishes resounded from all sides. Over all other cries the one that reached them oftenest was what the Indians always say to a person going on a dangerous errand, “Ay-ang-wam-i-zi-yuk” —“take the greatest care; put forth your utmost effort.” Until they were out of sight these cries of encouragement from loving friends followed them, and the last look they took backwards, before a turn of the road finally hid the village from their sight, there was the entire population with arms stretched out towards them, and

loving gestures encouraging them. Never had a party gone forth in a greater blaze of glory.

They decided not to take the river route, but to go all the way on foot; for though it was easy to float down in their canoes it was dangerous, the water affording an unobstructed view of them to their enemies, themselves hidden in the forest. There had been a Sioux war party during the summer, and they knew that on the river they were liable to run into them at any time. Therefore they wisely chose the hardships of land travel, and aimed for a new village about six days' march (150 miles) distant.

At first their spirits were high; the earth and sky were beautiful, the sun shining brightly, and the woods were all aflame with the many varied hues of the turning leaves. Therefore, it was with a feeling of exhilaration that they strode along, and every once in a while some one of the young men made the woods resound with his burst of song. As for Sha-bosh-kunk, age had sobered him and he walked along quietly. They were young and happy, and filled with the joy of living. It was a joy to live in such beautiful surroundings; to breathe that exhilarating air, and to feel the flush of health in ever limb. Simply to exist and breathe was a joy. Danger was far away, and danger only added a spice of interest. When they halted at noon and made a fire and cooked their meals, they ate it with the relish that only the child of the wilderness knows.

Dinner over, they renewed their march with bounding spirits. The sun now began to decline,

and the day with it became overcast. Toward night all the signs indicated that a storm was coming, and they must prepare to spend an uncomfortable night. It was, therefore, with no little satisfaction that amidst the falling rain and now roaring wind they came on the hospitable wigwam of an Ojibway hunter. He had come out there with his family, his wife, and three children, two of them grown up—several days' march from his village, allured by the greater plentiness of game. He was not of their village, but belonged to Leech Lake; but they knew him well. As he had avoided the vicinity of the river, which was the great highway of both Sioux and Chippewas and kept a considerable distance inland in the forest, he was not in any danger from enemies. He was hidden in the forest, and was not anywhere near the border debatable land where both parties sometimes went to hunt.

It was, therefore, with feelings of great satisfaction that the dripping warriors drew aside the skin door of his lodge, and with the tinkling bells around their ankles stepped in beside the comforting fire. This was a good deal better than lying down in the rain. Here was warmth, and dryness, and companionship, and a welcome. The owner of the wigwam, whose name was O-kun-di-kun—The Buoy, was equally glad to see them, for it relieved the tedium of the wilderness to have visitors come to his lodge, and besides they brought him all the latest news of all the Indians he knew, and about all things in which he was interested.

“So you are going on a war party,” he said cheerily, when he had learned their business. “Well, you are doing a good thing.” And then came the “Ay-ang-wam-i-zi-yuk — Take the greatest care.” “Look out that those Sioux do not kill you. They are dreadful fellows, those Sioux; and do not let them have your scalps dangling at their belts.”

Whereupon all laughed, and Sha-bosh-kunk and his young men laughingly protested that they did not intend that any Sioux should take their scalps; but that if they had good luck they intended to be back that way pretty soon, and a good many Sioux scalps with them.

The owner of the wigwam now began to question Sha-bosh-kunk about the Indians he knew — what each one was doing; what particular place each one was hunting; what projects of war or of their own politics were on foot; what particular ones were striving for preeminence and how they were succeeding. The opposition to the several schemes afoot was discussed, and what counter-schemes those otherwise minded were endeavoring to raise.*

The owner of the wigwam was most interested to learn the latest developments in this never-ending struggle, and he and his visitor discussed the principal actors and their subordinates, their motives and characters, from every point of view. What a happy chance, that had

*In every Indian community there is a party in power, and there is another party in opposition seeking to wrest the power from them. The struggle between the two factions never ceases, although not always the same in point of intensity; and the minds of the people are kept constantly on the alert, siding now with one, now with the other.

brought him (Sha-bosh-kunk) and party, with their fund of the very latest information and new developments!

As he was sojourning in a country abounding in game, there was no difficulty in supplying his visitors with food. While he was gossiping and smoking his long-stemmed pipe, his comely wife was busy over certain steaming pots and kettles; and by and by they were regaled with an excellent repast of hot broth, venison, and wild rice.

Oh! it was so pleasant to sit there by the bright fire, dry and warm, while the rising wind and the driving rain were beating against the birch-bark sides of the wigwam in the black and cheerless night outside.

So the night wore on in jollity and comfort till midnight sealed up their eyes, and they were stretched side by side, each wrapped in his blanket. The fire died down, leaving only a heap of ashes in the centre, and silence reigned except for the deep breathing of the sleepers and the rain pattering on the wigwam.

The prospect the next morning was dark and cheerless outside, and the sky was lowering and still weeping. The ground was soaked with rain, and every step must be made in a puddle. It was altogether an uninviting day to commence a six days' tramp through the wilderness. Sha-bosh-kunk and his men looked out at it dubiously through the open door. It was so dismal outside and so inviting where they were. They therefore gladly accepted the invitation of their generous host to stay with him that day also, he

assuring them that he had plenty of flesh and wild rice; that to-morrow the storm would probably have cleared away, and that then they could resume their journey.

With lightened spirits, therefore, they proceeded to make themselves comfortable that day also, getting thoroughly rested, lying on the mats by the genial fire. As before, the day was spent in gossip, laughter, and jokes about their acquaintance, and about various things that were going on. Though O-kun-di-kun lived at Leech Lake, he kept a mental register about every Indian of Gull Lake, though it was so far from his home. He knew not only the history of each man, but also his doings; where he was hunting just then; how many packs of furs he had accumulated, and so on. His world was the three Ojibway villages of Leech Lake, Gull Lake, and Mille Lacs—in that world he knew every person. Outside was a fringe of foreign Sioux, who sometimes made a dash within his world and then were lost to sight—as a comet sometimes comes in sight of this out of unknown regions of space. The world to him was a comparatively small region, and all the people in it were numbered by only a few hundreds. A human being then was a far more important quantity with him than with us, for there were only a few hundred human beings in the whole world.

The next day, to the disgust of the warriors, again dawned cheerless and dismal. It was evident Sha-bosh-kunk had made a mistake—he had started too late; the fall rains had set in.

However, it would not mend the matter to remain in that wigwam. It was evidently not going to clear up for some time, and they must go on unless they were going to give it up altogether. With some sinking of spirits, therefore, after the morning meal was over they prepared for the march, and with their moccasined feet, which were instantly wet through, took the first step in the soaked earth that extended between them and the village of their foes.

The owner of the lodge stood in the door of his wigwam and gave them a cheery parting "ang-wam-i-zi-yuk" as they filed away, while his wife and the young people looked out at them from under his extended arm.

On they tramped, mile after mile, in moist earth at each step. The trees showered down water on them as they passed; their clothes became saturated; they were wet to the skin. Everything was sticky, clammy, and disagreeable, and the worst of it was, there was no prospect of any end of it, for the sun resolutely refused to peep forth, and the rain persistently showered down. They had evidently fallen on an evil time. Then they came to rivers. They tried to make rafts to cross them, but the rafts upset and they were thrown in. When evening came they were a thoroughly uncomfortable and a very much discouraged company.

However, they made themselves somewhat comfortable by a camp fire, if they could be said to be comfortable while the rain was still wetting them from above; and with rather dismal feelings revolved their prospects. Their horizon

had become very much darkened compared with what it was on the joyous sunny day in which they had started from their village. Then they were full of joy and enthusiasm; and nature, in her loveliest mood, seemed to sympathize with them. Now the world was dark, drear, and dismal. Before them was an undiscovered country; but certain danger, terrible foes, and perhaps death. And there was exhaustion and suffering up to the dread moment of the trial of arms; and exhaustion and suffering they well knew after it, if they lived. It was, therefore, no wonder that that night they lay ruminating in silence by the fire, whose fitful flashes disclosed only the dripping trunks of the trees as for a moment it lit up the gloomy recesses of the forest. Nor is it to be wondered at that they wished themselves safe back in the light and warmth of their village, and that Sha-bosh-kunk had never called them on such a disagreeable enterprise.

Their leader sat by the fire, silent like the others; and like them he was deeply ruminating on the situation. His eyes were bent upon the flame, watching the sputtering rain falling upon it, making a brief hissing as it was consumed. Only occasionally did he cast a glance upward when a gust stronger than usual shook the limb of the tree above him, and for a moment it showered upon him its overcharged moisture. At last, after long looking at the fire in moody silence, only occasionally exchanging monosyllables, and once in a while glancing into the blackness of the forest if any unusual sound

there attracted their attention, they all stretched themselves out to obtain such sleep as water-soaked men might.

When morning came they pulled the blankets from off their faces, and, seeing that it was day, one got up and tried to light a fire. This was no easy task when everything was soaking wet; but finally the fire-maker succeeded, and the cheerful fire leaped up. More wood was piled upon it, and soon there was a roaring blaze, around which they stood drying their clothes. The steam came out of them as they turned first one side and then the other to the blaze. As before, only monosyllables were interchanged as the cooking proceeded. Those who were drying themselves took a far look out into the waste. Their meal was now over, and they were smoking after it; and soon a start somewhere must be made.

"Well, boys," said Sha-bosh-kunk, "what do you think of this?"

There was silence for some time, then The-First-Heavens answered:

"This is pretty hard, and it is going to be so. It seems that we are in for it."

"Yes," said Traveling-the-Heavens, "we have had a long dry spell, and now that the fall rains have set in they are likely to last a considerable time."

"Yes, this is tough," observed Sha-bosh-kunk. "The ground is soaked with water, and will be till we get back. It is like mire. And our feet will be wet all the time, and the trees will shower water upon us as we pass, and the underbrush

will wet us wherever we touch it. So we shall be wet all the time, night and day.”

To this there was no reply, for none was needed, all being unanimous in thinking that they were in a bad fix.

A long pause now ensued, when Sha-bosh-kunk said, “What do you think had best be done?” Again there was a long silence, and finally they gravely answered that they did not know. Again a silence, when The-First-Heavens remarked, “What do *you* think we ought to do? You are the leader, and the one who brought us here, and it lies upon you to say what we ought to do.”

“Well,” replied Sha-bosh-kunk, “since you put it upon me I will tell you how it seems to me. It will not do for us to go back empty-handed to where we came from. You know the Indians would laugh at us. We would never hear the end of it as long as we lived. We made a great feast and invited them to it, and we danced and made speeches. And there was a great ado when they all started us off from the village three days ago and gave us a great send-off, and then to turn back because there was a little rain—why, they would laugh at us so we could not live there. So you see we can not go back.”

To this there was no reply on their part—their heads hung down. And while it was plain that to go back was the very thing they wanted to do, the ridicule they must encounter barred the way.* It was one thing to go killing Sioux when everybody was shouting to them and en-

*Ridicule is the one thing an Indian cannot endure.

couraging them on; when the drum was beating and the dance in full blast, and all knives pointing to the Sioux country, and making motions as if wriggling in a Sioux throat—and a very different thing to undertake it in cold blood in the discouraging circumstances in which they found themselves.

“Then,” continued Sha-bosh-kunk, “since to return is barred, let us see what outlet there is in other directions. Suppose we go to the Sioux, according to our original intention; let us see how that will work. We shall have at least five or six days’ journey through mire like this, wet night and day, and tired to death; and we have deep rivers to cross, swollen with these rains; and we shall have to make rafts or swim them, and very likely get our powder all wet, and so shall not be able to kill anything to eat; and we shall almost starve to death. In that case we shall have to live on the wild potato or wild turnip which we shall dig on the prairies, if we cannot find any wild rose pods, and either of them will be very hard living. Pretty food for men to live on going to fight Sioux, or trying to run away from them, just when they need to be strongest! Then, even if we do live to get to those cursed Sioux, very likely we shall not find them; they will have moved their camp to some other place, as often happens, and all we shall see will be their lodge poles, and we shall have had all this frightful exposure for nothing, and go back empty-handed as we came—probably not be a bit better off after we have endured

everything but death in going there, than we are this minute.

“Then if we do find them there, you know that the chances are that after we have made our attack they will surround and capture us, for it is on the prairie they live—there is no forest to hide us; and very likely they will roast us, like the Roasters they are. And in any case, if we do succeed in eluding them, we have this frightful march home over the prairie and through this dripping forest, this bog, that this cursed rain, coming on just at this time, has made. So that to sum it all up, the prospect for us to go against those Sioux—a hundred times as numerous as we are—seems to me to be either death at their hands or by the hardships of the journey, and it looks like anything but a cheerful prospect to me.”

The faces were indeed solemn and serious that at the conclusion of this address of the leader glanced instinctively for a moment upon the opening in the forest which led in the direction of the Sioux

There now ensued a long silence and deep meditation. Then Traveling-the-Heavens looked up and inquired: “Well, if you think it is impossible to return on account of the way they will laugh at us, and impossible to go against the Sioux on account of the hardness and desperateness of it (and we all see that it must be hard in the extreme) what else is there to do? I do not see anything else to be done, but either to give it up or go through with it. But perhaps you know something else; you are the leader.”

“Yes, I am the leader,” said Sha-bosh-kunk; “I am the chief, and it is my part to say what shall be done, and yours to obey. I have been thinking during the past night, while you were sleeping, how to extricate you out of this fix. Yes, and to extricate myself; for I have talked so much to the people about coming on this trip, and made it so public, and the people expect so much from me on account of what I have said, that it would never do for me to go back, without doing something. I have found a way, then, and it is the only way, to save our reputations; to make it so that the Indians will not laugh at us, and I will tell you right out what it is.”

Here he stopped for a time and looked at them, taking his eyes from the forest, where they had mostly been while he was revolving the chances of their expedition. He was now approaching the perilous edge, and he wanted to see how the proposition he had to make would be received.

“I will come right to the point, and as I said, will tell you right out what it is. It is to go and kill O-kun-di-kun and his family and take their scalps with us to Gull Lake, as if they were Sioux scalps; and nobody will ever know the difference.”

Silence and astonishment fell on the listeners as these words were pronounced. They first looked on the speaker in blank amazement, and then looked down in profound thought. Only their eyelids, winking as they thought intently, kept one from thinking that they were statues.

At last the silence was broken. “I for my

part," said Traveling-the-Heavens, "have never killed any of my fellow-Indians in my life, and I think it a very hard thing to do. I am ready enough to kill a Sioux, for they kill us; but to kill one of my fellow Ojibways is a different matter. And then that man entertained us kindly; took us into his lodge, and I think it hard to kill him."

"It is he that will kill himself," answered Sha-bosh-kunk, "and not you or I. What is he doing but killing himself, coming away here, far from the main body of his people? Does he not know that there are Sioux prowling around here, and that he is almost certain to be killed by them? Is he not, as it were, presenting his body to them to be killed? He has forfeited his life by coming away off here in such a rash manner, and it is all the same whether he is killed by the Sioux or by us. And if we should go away and leave him here the chances all are that he would be killed by the Sioux before the season is over. So he may just as well give his scalps to us, who have use for them, as to the Sioux."

"There is one thing about it," said the other brave, The-First-Heavens, "that I do not like to do. I have pity on those young people that we saw, and I think it hard that I should kill any of them. The old folks, as our chief says, are, as it were, giving up their bodies to the Sioux by coming away off out here by themselves in this exposed position; but those young people, it is hard to kill them. They are innocent, and not to blame."

"Their father is the one who is to blame for their losing their lives," said Sha-bosh-kunk, "and not we. He had no business bringing them out here; and he is responsible for their deaths. He has put them in a position where they can hardly escape being killed by the Sioux, and if they die he is the cause of it."

"But," said Traveling-the-Heavens, after a long silence, "if we kill these people and go home with their scalps we shall be found out. Our people will know that we have not been out a long enough time to go to the Sioux country and back; and learning, as they will, that this family has been killed, why it will be plain that we have been the killers of them, for we shall have been gone just about the proper time to reach them, and we came in this direction. So it will be perfectly plain what we have been doing."

"I have thought over all of that and arranged it all," answered Sha-bosh-kunk. "If we went back now it would indeed be plain what we have done; but I am not such a fool as that. We shall camp here a certain number of days afterward, and occupy their wigwam, where we shall be dry and comfortable. It is all made, ready to our hand. And then when there has been time enough for us to have gone to the Sioux country and back, we shall go quietly to Gull Lake village. No one will ever know anything about it but ourselves—we shall be perfectly safe. We need not have any fear that any persons will accidentally come out here from Gull Lake and find us in that wigwam and those bodies lying

around. No one of our people has any business out this way, unless they are going to war, and we know that none of them are thinking of going to war now. We are the only ones, it seems, who are foolish enough to go to war at such a cursed time as this. No; only their relatives at Leech Lake will come down here to look for them, after a long time, when they do not make their appearance, but not now. Did you not hear O-kun-di-kun tell that he expected to stay out a month? It is true that after the expiration of the month their relatives will come down here to look for them and will find their mangled bodies; will see that they were scalped, and will conclude, as is natural, that Sioux have done it. Their war parties are always prowling about, liable to come any time except in winter, and it will be the most natural thing in the world to lay it to them. Besides, I have got the very thing that will clinch that supposition and make it a certainty—here is a piece of Sioux bead-work that I have had a long time. I thought it might be useful to me at some time in some way. I shall leave that lying near the bodies, and when the relatives find it, as they immediately will, why, there is the proof positive of the presence of the Sioux, and that the deed was done by them. And when they carry that bead-work home to Leech Lake every one will immediately recognize that no Ojibway made it.

“I have thought this thing all out,” he continued, and raising his voice, “while you fellows were sleeping, as I said, for I know I am responsible for you, having brought you here, and I

must save you, I have guarded the matter at every point that by no possibility can suspicion ever be directed to us, but that the knowledge of this will remain with ourselves alone. I know that I have more sense than you. I ought to have, being older, while you are but young and foolish; and it lies upon me as your chief to lead you safely out of this scrape without harm and without disgrace. Now I have told you the way and I expect you to fall in with it. We shall gain credit by bringing home these scalps—credit for our endurance in having made such a journey there and back in such frightful weather as this, and credit for our courage in rushing right in upon them in their skin lodges and scalping them, and bringing home the scalps. Hereafter, when they dance, you young men shall not have to hang back as if you were ashamed of yourselves because you have nothing to put in your hair, while other young fellows not half as good as you press joyfully to the front, their eagles' feathers waving and nodding as they dance. From this time on you will be just as good as the best of them, for you will have proved your manhood."

Here another thought came into his mind, derived from his past observation of the young men, and of what he knew them to be thinking about. So he proceeded to use it.

"And the girls—you know how they give the preference to those whose manhood has been proved. You have often suffered from that cause in the past. I know you have, for I have seen you. I have seen the girls go off with others

that were not as good looking, nor as good hunters, nor as manly as you; have seen them leave you standing sheepishly alone. But it shall be so no longer—now is the opportunity to put yourselves on an equality with the best of them. Hereafter the best girls and the handsomest will think themselves honored by going with you.”

All this opened a flattering prospect to the meditative young men, and an easy exit out of what was a very disagreeable predicament. All other sides of the question seemed to be walled in by impossibilities; here only opened a natural aperture of escape—escape without loss of credit and with great positive gain; acquisition of the very things they wanted, and for which they came.

All these things had their force with them. But suddenly something occurred to The-First-Heavens, and he spoke up: “But perhaps,” said he, “the people will recognize that those are not Sioux heads that we shall have brought home; they have all seen O-kun-di-kun and his family, and perhaps they may recognize that the heads are theirs!” There was a rising tone of alarm in his voice as this thought came over him.

“I have thought over all of that,” said Shabosh-kunk, “for indeed there is nothing relating to it that I have not thought over, and we have no reason to fear on that account. We shall not take the features, of course, but only the hair; and it is all the same—it is hair, whether it be Ojibway hair or Sioux hair, and there is no difference. We can all of us tell a Sioux moccasin

from an Ojibway, and we can all tell a piece of Sioux bead-work from Ojibway, or any part of their garments from ours; but who ever heard of being able to tell Ojibway hair from Sioux? No one can tell it, for there is no difference. Perhaps we have now discussed this matter long enough," he said, raising his voice. "I am the leader and I will take all the responsibility, and all you have to do is to obey me. I bear the blame, if blame there be, for I command you, my young men, to do it, and it is your duty as men and soldiers to obey your chief. If any one ever says anything to you, just refer them to me—I ordered it. And it seems to me," he went on, meditatively, "that this man was destined to die at this very time and in this very place. I do not believe he could get around it, for I do not think any man can get around the day and the place when he is to die. Let him try ever so hard to live, yet in spite of himself he will come to the very spot and to the very circumstances and to the very means by which he is to die. Whether it be by the upsetting of his canoe, or by the accidental discharge of his gun, or by a sickness he has taken, or by the hand of his enemy, I believe he was destined to be killed by that very man, and at that very time, and that try as hard as he may he could not avoid going there to meet the death that was waiting for him. I believe that that was destined for him, at that very time and place.

"See here now, this man—we did not send for him to come from Leech Lake here, to leave all his own people and come four long days' travel

into the wilderness, and bring his family with him; we had no idea of finding him here when we started out; and we had no idea that we were destined to kill him when we slept with him in his wigwam. We passed on and left him, bade good-by to him, and went away for good as we thought. But no! Circumstances stronger than we, and that we had no hand in ordering; that we did not even think of,—this prolonged rain-storm, shutting us off from going where we wanted, notwithstanding our utmost striving to go there,—these circumstances, not of our ordering, but ordered by some one stronger than we, who governs us, have forced us right up against this man, and have, as it were, said to us in an audible voice, ‘The time has come for this man to die, and the place; and you are the destined instruments of his death,—now fulfill it!’

“It seems to me,” he said, with a concluding flourish, “that it is the will of God that this man should die, and he has come out here to meet it because he could not avoid it, and because it was to be.”

The two young men meditated in silence for a considerable time on what they had heard. They were standing with their backs to the fire, warming themselves, their faces looking out to the water-sodden forest around. At last The-First-Heavens spoke: “Well,” said he, “I do not like this business; it is something I never did before in my life. I have never done any harm to any of my fellow-Ojibways. But if I am ordered to do it by my chief, that alters the case—he tells me to do it; the responsibility is

upon him; and all I have to do is to obey. Now you see that you bear the responsibility of this thing," he said, turning to the chief. "I tell you that I do not like to do it; but if you order me to do it, it is my duty to obey, and I shall."

Hereupon, Sha-bosh-kunk reiterated that he took the full responsibility upon himself, and discharged them of all share in it—only to obey. The first having thus fallen into line, the other took his place by him, saying that he did not wish to do it, only he was ordered to do it by one having lawful authority over him, so it was his business, and he alone would have to answer for it; they had nothing to do with it, only to obey.

This matter having been settled it was an agreeable change not to have to start out tramping all day in the mud and water toward the Sioux country, but to sit by the fire for awhile and warm themselves, in indifference to the drizzling rain that still descended. Having decided that the deed should be done, they discussed the best manner of doing it. Sha-bosh-kunk was for going back to the wigwam and sharing its owner's hospitality, and then, at a certain time previously agreed upon, execute their deed. But this did not find favor with the young men who now asserted their own individuality.

Said Traveling-the-Heavens: "I don't like to go and lie down in peace and friendship with that man, and then rise up and kill him—it seems to me like deceit and treachery, and I am not treacherous. Whatever I do, good or bad,

I do openly and above-board. No, if we are going to play Sioux, let us be Sioux—let us go and camp near him tonight, and at break of day, the time the Sioux always select, let us rush in upon him with the Sioux yell; but let us not be deceivers.”

This met with the fervent and somewhat demonstrative approval of the other, which he evinced very plainly, several times while *Traveling-the-Heavens* was speaking, by calling out “*mi-gwa-yuk*”—“that is it,” “that is correct.” And so *Sha-bosh-kunk* had to consent to be overruled on that point by his young men, the instruments of his execution being unanimously of a contrary mind to him. It eased the consciences of the young men very much to thus temporarily transform themselves into Sioux—to assume a character, act up to it, then, having done so, once more transform themselves into their proper selves, throwing off with the character they had assumed, the actions that went with it.

Everything having been thus apparently arranged they again took up their march, but this time with their faces toward home, and at first boldly; but when they came near the goal, stealthily they marched through the forest.

The young men, however, were far from satisfied—in reality, they were very uneasy in their minds. They often looked at each other as they went along, and unknown to their chief made it known to each other that they wished a private conference between themselves. They purposely lagged behind, though afraid to excite his sus-

picion; and when they were out of earshot began to speak.

"What do you think of this?" asked The-First-Heavens.

"This seems a doubtful matter to me," dubiously answered his companion.

"It seems a *very* doubtful matter to me," said The-First-Heavens, decidedly.

"We are in a most terrible predicament; and my mind is very uneasy," returned his companion.

"Are you satisfied to go on and do what is proposed to us?" queried The-First-Heavens.

"I am far from satisfied. If there was any other thing we could possibly do, I would be overjoyed."

"And I. It hangs like a terrible nightmare over me since we assented to it."

"This comes from our association with this man," said Traveling-the-Heavens. "We went to Leech Lake with him, and saw him get those goods from those people for nothing; and now again from being with him we are in this fix, that we must either kill these people or be ruined."

"We did not help in any way what he did at Leech Lake," returned The-First-Heavens. "We were simply employed by him, and did what he told us."

"Yes, and that has got us into this by keeping on with him," said Traveling-the-Heavens.

"If we had not been employed by him at Leech Lake, some others would, and it would have

turned out just the same," his companion replied.

"Yes, but we have heard the old people, say, and it was a part of their preaching to us, 'kego inagaaken au kidj-anishinabe'—'do not inflict injury on your fellow-beings'; and we stood there and saw old widows robbed of their goods, and said nothing, although we knew they were being robbed. We made up the packs and helped to carry them off. We knew all about that lucifer match, for we had seen it at Gull Lake. I would not care so much about the braves, for they are strong and able to look out for themselves, but the poor old widows! Now this has come upon us."

"We had better have said something, or we had better have gone away and left them when we saw what was going to be done," returned The-First-Heavens. "But we did not. We were taken by surprise."

"And we helped to pack up and carry off those goods," said Traveling-the-Heavens. "So we in a manner joined in it. Yet we only obeyed our chief. But there is no use talking about it," said he, raising his voice; "that is past. The question is, 'What are you going to do about this thing that is before us?'"

"My mind is not clear what to do," said The-First-Heavens. "We cannot go to the Sioux, and we cannot go to our village. So we are forced right up against this thing, and yet my mind is not clear to do it. So I do not know what to do. I feel most miserable."

"It is true our chief tells us to do it," ob-

served Traveling-the-Heavens, "and I suppose that ought to be warrant enough for us. That was another part of the "preaching" of the old Indians to us. 'Obey your chief. Submit yourself to him. He is responsible.' "

"Yes, that ought to cover our case," said The-First-Heavens, "and that was what really made us assent when we just now gave our consent to Sha-bosh-kunk. And yet I feel very uneasy. Notwithstanding that precept, I can not bear to do it. There is something wrong."

"Then what are you going to do about it?" asked his companion.

"I must think over it more," said he. "My mind is just on the balance. Sometimes I see it quite clear that I ought to obey my chief, and then my mind swings into the other groove, and I see that I ought not to do this thing."

"And when will you have time to think and decide?" asked Traveling-the-Heavens.

"While I am walking along here," replied The-First-Heavens. "I will have time to make up my mind one way or the other before we get to camp. My mind will clear itself, and I shall be sure."

"I have noticed," said his companion, "when I have been traveling above a rapids or a water-fall in my canoe, that when I am some ways above it I can get out and not go over, though the water runs swift; but that if I put off too long, and go too near the verge I am bound to go over the fall, let me struggle as I will against it. You say you are thinking about what you ought to do, but you keep going nearer and

nearer to that man and his family; and it seems to me that in the end you will do it whether you like it or not, because you will have to. You are just like me in my canoe above the rapids."

"But what can I do? I have not yet made up my mind one way or the other, and I must think about it. I cannot stop here and think. I must go on with Sha-bosh-kunk to where we will camp, and think there. I hope I can make up my mind there. Now what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I am very much like you," answered Traveling-the-Heavens. "I do not know what to think, nor how to get out of this. I am just drifting along as circumstances carry me. What will be the end I am sure I do not know. I wish I did."

"If there was any other village we could go to and live," said The-First-Heavens, "while the Indians are laughing at us about turning back, and then come back to our homes after it had died out, but there is not. Even if we abandoned our homes and our village forever, and went to Mille Lacs or Leech Lake to live, or Otter Tail, it would be just as bad there. They will hear of it there just as soon as at Gull Lake, and they will laugh at us just as much.

"They will make fun of us wherever we go," said Traveling-the-Heavens despairingly.

"Yes, we seem to be shut out from the whole world," returned The-First-Heavens. "There is no other place in the whole world where we can go and not be known unless we go to the

Sioux, and they, of course, would kill us at sight."

"It seems to me we shall either have to be killed by them or kill ourselves to avoid this disgrace," said Traveling-the-Heavens.

"It is not so bad as that yet," said The-First-Heavens. "Let us think over it a while, and we shall find some way out."

"Yes, you think, and think, and think," interrupted his companion, "but you keep going toward O-kun-di-kun. You may think all your life, and you will not find any safe way out of it."

"I hate very much to abandon our village and our home forever, even if it were possible to do that and be unknown," resumed The-First-Heavens pensively. "It is like breaking off our whole life. It is dreadful to think of."

"And have you any particular reason, more than I, to dread it?" asked his companion.

"Yes, I have," said The-First-Heavens. "You know the girl there that I like, old Ogema's daughter. Oh, she is the finest girl in Gull Lake village! She always puts me in mind of a deer, the way she carries herself, with her chest out and her head up, and such perfect command of herself. She looks as if she might jump like a deer any minute. And when she has on a well-tanned coat of deer-skin, trimmed with blue and red ribbons, and deer-skin leggings, is not she a pretty girl! And she has the richest blush of red on her cheek! And she is not one of that kind of girls that go with everybody, either," he said, with increasing

interest. "That may be said about other girls in our town, but it cannot be said about her. No one can say but that she has always been and is a perfectly straight girl. Well, she has showed me, although she has never said so in words, that she looks with favor on me. I can tell it sometimes by the way she looks at me. And I would think myself the proudest man in Gull Lake if I had her, for she is the finest girl there. But she has given me to understand, though she has never said that either, but by her manner some way she has made me to know that she expects me to distinguish myself in some way before she marries me. That she expects the one whom she will marry to prove his manhood; to show in some way that he is worthy of her, and not a common stay-at-home lout. She knows her own value perfectly well, and she wishes the man whom she will choose for her husband to be somewhat worthy of her."

"And it was to please her, partly, that you joined this war-party?" asked Traveling-the-Heavens.

"That was what most influenced me," said The-First-Heavens; "and on her account I think it very hard to forever abandon our village as we have been talking about doing. I would see her no more, and I might as well take leave of life itself as that. And I cannot bear to go back to our village and see the look that she would give me if I turned back on account of a little rain!"

Here their colloquy was interrupted by Shabosh-kunk. He did not think it safe to leave

them too much alone by themselves, so he had purposely waited for them. He knew that notwithstanding their assent given, they were in a most irresolute and shaky condition of mind, and that his stronger will could alone keep them steady to the point.

"Keep up, keep up," he said, "do not lag behind. We were late of starting and we have a long distance to go. We shall hardly get there before dark." He noticed that they had been talking together as they came up, and he stuck to them closely all the rest of the way till they got to the place where they were to camp.

Sha-bosh-kunk chose a place as near to the wigwam of their quondam entertainer as he deemed prudent—near enough to be easily reached, but not near enough for their presence to be detected; and there they made their camp. While there they could hear the sound of O-kundi-kun's wife's ax as she chopped wood for the evening fire, and the barking of his dog.

Before they lay down to sleep the two young men managed to slip off together to a quiet place at one side of the camp, under pretence of gathering some wood for the fire, and have a brief conference.

"What do you think now you are going to do?" asked Traveling-the-Heavens of his companion.

"I have not been able to decide yet," despondingly answered The-First-Heavens. "My mind is not yet clear as to what is right to do. Sometimes I think one way, and sometimes I think the other. The fact is, that with Sha-bosh-

kunk talking to us as we came along, I could not concentrate my mind upon it so as to decide just what we ought to do. But I mean, when we have lain down, and when everything is quiet, to think it all over, and decide what is to be done and do it. When we have lain down will be the most favorable opportunity. I haven't really had a good opportunity yet."

"You may think, and think, and think about it till you die, and you will never know any more about it, nor be any nearer deciding than you are now," answered his companion.

"Yes, I will," said he. "When everything is perfectly quiet and I can reflect I shall see clearly what to do. And what do you think of doing?" he inquired.

"Oh, I am just drifting along," answered Traveling-the-Heavens. "I can think of no way out, nor anything to do. Circumstances too strong for me bear me along where they will, and I do not know what will become of me. I only know that I am most miserable."

"You are not half so wretched as I," rejoined The-First-Heavens. "If one grain of the misery I feel this moment were mixed among all the people of the world, they would die; for it would make their bodies so bitter they could not live!"

"And I think if one drop of the blood in my body were cast into Gull Lake, all the fish in it would die, it would be so bitter," said his companion. "I have been a happy man all my life till now. I have danced and sung through life from very happiness. But I feel that I shall never again know happiness. No matter how

this thing turns out, I feel that since Sha-bosh-kunk proposed this thing to us, my peace is forever gone. I shall be a sad man all my life.”

Here again their conference was cut short by Sha-bosh-kunk, who quickly missed them, and suspecting that something was passing between them, called them as loudly as he dared without making his voice heard at Okun-di-kun's camp, and sought them.

“Come, come,” he said, “it is time to lie down. Break off those cedar boughs quick and spread them by the fire and make yourselves a bed. Now don't waste any time about it, but hurry.”

There being no chance for any further conference, they mechanically complied—made their bed of boughs, and wrapping themselves in their blankets lay down. Sha-bosh-kunk sat up to tend the fire.

The-First-Heavens did indeed think long and earnestly about it while lying there as he had said; but he could come to no certain conclusion. Sometimes he thought that the command of his chief absolved him from all responsibility in the matter, and then again he thought not. He was most anxious to come out right, and not lose the approval of his lady-love, and yet although he so earnestly desired that, he was not willing to do anything that was wrong. In the most painful state of uncertainty he lay there revolving the matter. He looked up at the blackness above him; at the trunks of the trees dimly appearing in the light; at the fire, and at Sha-bosh-kunk sitting there. He could come to no certain

conclusion what to do, and only knew that he was unspeakably wretched. Finally it occurred to him to put off the time of decision still longer. He said to himself, "My brain is all in a whirl now; I have thought over this thing, trying to see what is right to do, till I am almost crazy; and I am not in a fit state to come to any decision. The best thing I can do is to go to sleep, and sleep will clear my mind; and in the morning when I wake my mind will be clear, and I shall see clearly then what I ought to do. The first view that I have of the subject in the morning will be the right one, and that I will take." With that he composed himself and tried to sleep. It gave a temporary relief to his mind thus to put off a little farther the evil day of decision, and he slept. There is a sleep produced by very wretchedness—the sleep that the condemned criminal has the night before his execution. Such sleep was his as he lay there on his bed of cedar boughs. His companion did not worry so much. He had abandoned himself in a kind of stony despair to what he thought was the inevitable. Finding no way of escape from the entanglement in which he was, he had ceased to struggle. He did not delude himself as did The-First-Heavens, by thinking that before the time came he would be able to see clearly what was right, and do it. He expected nothing better than what he was then, nor to see anything more clearly than he did that minute. Finally, after long lying there, the sleep of the wretched came to him also, and for the time he was freed from his misery.

Sha-bosh-kunk kept watch to rouse them at the first peep of day. Thus the long night wore away—the solitary watcher sitting looking at the fire, the sleepers beside him looking like dead men. At last there was an almost imperceptible lightening of the sky. Sha-bosh-kunk cast his face upward once or twice to make sure that it was really the dawn, then roused his companions. There was a hurried flinging aside of blankets from their faces and the young men sat up. They had slept with their ordinary clothes on, except their moccasins and these, in obedience to the suggestion of Sha-bosh-kunk, they now began tying on.

Their spirits were depressed by the cold, gray, cheerless morning, and by being untimely roused from their sleep, which had been short, because revolving the matter they had lain awake late into the night. The consciousness of what they were expected to do now came full upon them, and it looked even uglier to them than it had done before. They were more than ever reluctant to undertake it. They had moral strength enough to ineffectually struggle against their leader, but not enough to break away from him.

“Oh, I do most mortally hate this thing!” said The-First-Heavens as he was tying the thongs. “I have never done such a thing before, and I abominate it. Mind you hear me say,” he remarked to his companion, “that I do not wish to do it and that I only do it because I am driven to it.”

“And I,” returned Traveling-the-Heavens,

“do not like it any more than you do, and even now if there were any way out I would gladly take it. You hear me say that, and you hear me say that I only do it because I am ordered by my chief to do it.”

“I wish I was dead, rather than feel so badly as I do this minute!” said The-First-Heavens.

“I go farther than you,” rejoined Traveling-the-Heavens; “I wish I had never been born rather than have come to this day.”

“I now see clearly that this is wrong,” said The-First-Heavens, “and yet I am going to do it because I have come so far that there is no avoiding it. But oh, how I wish that there was some way out of it! I would gladly turn back, even now, if it were possible. Isn’t there some way of doing something else?”

“It is now too late to think or to talk anything about it,” replied Sha-bosh-kunk. “We settled all of that yesterday, settled that it was to be done, and that it was the only thing to do. It is too late to unsettle it now. Hurry up. Tie on your mocasins quickly. Don’t you see the dawn spreading? If we delay any longer, talking folly, O-kun-di-kun, and his family will have waked, and we shall be too late. Hurry, take your weapons at once and come.”

With that the young men, sighing, and with evident signs of deep distress and reluctance, took their weapons and started after their leader.

After they left there was silence for a while, more profound, if possible, than the silence of the night. Then there uprose, all at once, a hor-

rible clamor—dreadful yells, the firing of guns, the barking of a dog, agonizing cries of distress, of mortal agony; cries for help, cries of fear, a dreadful pandemonium of sounds of horrible import, such as humanity in its direst need could utter, as if hell had in some mysterious way opened in that particular spot and was giving vent, as through a funnel, to all the pent-up anguish and wild despair that reigned within.

When these dread sounds had for a while dismayed the ear and sickened the heart, they were succeeded by a calm as profound as before—the calm of death. Going to the place one saw the bloody and disfigured bodies of the slain family, and Sha-bosh-kunk and his men bending over them, carefully, and Sha-bosh-kunk somewhat artistically lifting the scalps, which were still hot and smoking. There were the few simple dishes, the larder, and the wardrobe of the slain family promiscuously lying about. The blankets soaked with blood, where the startled inmates had hastily flung them aside from their faces on the entrance of their visitors; upon which later they had fallen when the ebbing life blood left them so weak that they could no longer stand. There was the long-stemmed pipe of the head of the house and his medicine drum, upon which he used to accompany himself when singing, tied up in a bag hanging from one of the poles of the lodge. There was his gun; there was the half-made-up pack of furs, for the sake of which he had come out into that wilderness. There was the half-finished moccasin that his wife had been making the evening before, with

the needle still sticking in it, and the thread of deer sinew. There was her woman's ax, and her packing-strap neatly coiled up—that strap with which in life she had packed many a heavy load of meat that her lord had killed, and of wood from the forest to keep the loved ones warm. There was the deerskin stretched on the frame, half-tanned; that on which she was expending all her skill that it might make soft and pliable moc-casins for those she loved. There was all her little daily round of love and labor, now suddenly broken off, never to be taken up more. There was the whole simple world of the family, come suddenly to an end amidst overpowering terror and dismay. Now the animating principle of all was gone, all things lay mute as if they never could be moved again, any more than the bleeding trunks that seemed to sink into the ground.

Sha-bosh-kunk and his companions now rose from their work and looked around. They noted all the simple household arrangements of the family, of which so lately they had been for a time members. By direction of their leader they proceeded to mutilate the bodies in the way the Sioux would have done; as he expressed it to them, "If you are going to play Sioux, be Sioux to the end." This mutilation they naturally did not like to perform, but they knew that it was necessary, for those bodies would be inspected and the absence of the usual marks would excite suspicion.

"This is a pretty pass we have come to," said Traveling-the-Heavens, as he was engaged in

the work. "Who would have thought that we would have come to such work as this."

"We are in it now," said The-First-Heavens mournfully, "and we must carry it out to the end. There is nothing else for us to do."

This done, and the bodies left lying about as they would naturally have fallen, the next question was, Where were they to spend the days that must necessarily intervene before they could go home? They must allow time to go to the Sioux country and return—that was absolutely necessary to divert suspicion from them. Shabosh-kusk was in favor of temporarily removing the bodies to one side, to be replaced before they left, and going to housekeeping right where they were. Everything was there, so convenient, ready to their hand—the wigwam where they would be dry and comfortable amidst the still driving rain; all the cooking utensils; the food. His companions, however, again overruled him in this; and declared that they would rather put up with any inconvenience in a temporary wigwam of their own construction, than live there.

The young men declared they could not swallow their food where that bloody deed had been done, even if the blood were temporarily covered up. They said they could not use the dishes and utensils of the slain family, and live just where they had. So in a secluded part of the forest, out of sight of the slain family's wigwam, where they would not be discovered even if any persons came into that vicinity,—though it was very unlikely that any one would,—they put up a tem-

porary shelter with poles and brush, and there installed themselves to wait the expiration of the necessary time.

Here they passed several days, supplying themselves with food from the stores of the murdered family, reinforced with fresh meat which they killed for themselves. Sha-bosh-kunk thought it was a pity to leave there the fine pack of furs that O-kun-di-kun had accumulated, so he proposed to his young men to divide them among them and temporarily secrete them somewhere before they reached their village. They, however, absolutely refused them—not because they did not value the furs, but because they did not wish to take anything of the dead man's; for, as they said, they were no thieves. Sha-bosh-kunk therefore, thinking it was a pity that such fine furs should be lost, appropriated them all to himself, knowing that he could easily hide them for a time, and afterwards sell them to a trader.

At last the necessary number of days had passed—just enough time to go to the Sioux country and no more, and Sha-bosh-kunk gave the order to march. Evening brought them to Gull Lake village where they encamped, ready to make their grand triumphal entry the next day.

The next morning the entire village was gathered together—men, women and children—to welcome the returning warriors. Many were the congratulations they received on their success; and on all sides surprise was expressed that they had been able to accomplish it in the very limited

time they had taken and under the conditions of most unfavorable weather. It was conceded that they had displayed great endurance and perseverance in keeping on in the face of great natural obstacles; and that was exceeded only by their bravery in going right into their enemies' villages and slaying them where they lived. All was crowned by their good fortune in coming back without the loss of a single man.

These felicitations were expressed while they were gathering outside the village and before the march began. At last it started. First was borne the scalps which Sha-bosh-kunk had taken, carried high up on a pole with the long black hair streaming down. He followed behind, capering and dancing,—a lively dancer,—once in a while letting out whoops. He, as the getter-up and planner of the expedition, was the principal figure. Behind came his men, each with his captured scalp borne before him, and each with the coveted eagle's feather in his hair. But the people remarked that somehow they did not dance very lively; that they let out no whoops of triumph, and that for scalp-takers they were somehow tame and depressed. Their leader was lively and frisky, but there was a pall over them.

Sha-bosh-kunk received the felicitations and praises heaped upon him with a beaming countenance, but the demeanor of the others was subdued. Talking about it afterwards among themselves secretly, one of them said to the other that he loathed to dance after that scalp; that instead of having any joy in it, it seemed to him that the Devil was behind him

mocking him as he forced him to dance. The other said that he felt the Devil was there triumphing over him; making him dance at his own disgrace. When it was over the two warriors slunk off to their own wigwams, secretly mourning, and they were never known to boast in any of the dances of the Chippewas about their exploits in that expedition.

After the festivities of the day the village gradually resumed its wonted ways, and at the end of some months the scalps were, as is customary, buried. By and by the news came that an Ojibway family from Leech Lake had been massacred by Sioux about a day's march from their village, and in the direction in which the war-party had gone. A piece of Sioux beadwork had been found near the mangled bodies, which made it certain that it had been done by them. It was noticed as a coincidence that the scene of their murder had been in the same direction in which Sha-bosh-kunk's war-party had gone. They, however, when questioned, said they had not seen anything of the family, and must have passed to one or the other side of them; nor had they come across any traces of the war-party of Sioux who must have done the killing. It was noticed that the two young men never gave any particulars of just how they rushed into the Sioux encampment and killed those people. They seemed somehow to be reticent on the subject and to avoid it. Sha-bosh-kunk was voluble on the subject, but while he said a great deal the hearers could not gain a very clear conception of just what had happened.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT CAME OF THE LUCIFER MATCH.

Some time had passed after the events narrated in the last chapter, some French traders had taken to the Indian village of Leech Lake, among other goods, lucifer matches, which they sold at about fifty cents a box, and from this time on they became common among the Indians. They excited astonishment, of course, for a time, and at first were used to experiment with instead of for economic purposes. But there was this incidental result—they revealed the scheme of Sha-bosh-kunk; how he had tricked and plundered them. They now mourned their goods, and realized that the common roots and cuttings of wood for which they had in many instances given him their all, did not possess any supernatural virtue, since they were not from a god, as they had supposed, who took fire out of his body, but only from a man,—a very ordinary man at that,—who had cut or dug them in the woods as any man might.

When one of them examined the new wonder, and drawing it across his blanket breech-cloth behind him held it up blazing in front of his face, it brought to his mind how he had seen Sha-bosh-kunk do the same thing, and then it recalled to him that he had given away his blankets, his furs, or whatever he most valued.

There was therefore loud murmuring and discontent over this thing, and the victims talked to one another about how they had been humbugged and swindled. Filled with indignation, they discussed also whether there were any way of getting those goods back. To go and take them by force would involve them in a battle with the Gull Lake village, their own people, and that they could not do. Nor if they went there forcibly would they find them, for they had by this time passed to many different owners. Shabosh-kunk had traded the goods to many different persons, for substantial value; and those persons now stood in the relation of innocent purchasers, and they would strenuously resist the forcible taking of their property from them. Some of the goods he had traded off in the village of Mille Lacs and to get them from the owners there was obviously still more impossible. After having canvassed the subject in every light they at last settled down to the conclusion that their goods were irrevocably gone, and that they must bear the loss as best they could.

Nevertheless, indignation burned. Indians bear a great deal from their fellow-Indians in silence and with patience—far more than white men do from their fellows; for they have learned by the enforced close association through so centuries of many families in one wigwam, as often happens, to bear with each other's frailties and to keep the peace under nearly all circumstances. They have learned by experience that for the general good and for their own good they *must* bear a great deal in silence. Therefore

they will say nothing, ordinarily, when stolen from by one of the same tribe, preferring to put up with the loss rather than have the hard feeling which would be engendered by making complaint. The test by which they judge any person, or one of themselves, is amiability, and this amiability is shown by passing over even very deep injuries in silence. They realize that there is magnanimity in this, and elevation of character, and that it makes for the general welfare. They can rise above a little loss of property, bear it, and treat the offender as if nothing had happened. If they say anything about it, it is to a few friends secretly, but brawling, or what we would call making a fuss, or showing testiness or ill-humor, they consider beneath them. They realize that they approach nearer to the standard of the gods by this course of conduct. Therefore, beyond a quiet assertion that "Sha-bosh-kunk had tricked them," they prepared to accept the loss in silence.

There was one of them, however—Kichi-Nodin, or Big Wind, who was of a more outspoken disposition. He was a bluff, manly hunter, and generally prided himself on saying just what he thought without fear of anybody. Therefore when an Ojibway from Gull Lake arrived at the village on a visit, as often happened, and in course of time found his way to his wigwam, the subject uppermost in his mind came out. "Is that miserable old Sha-bosh-kunk still in your village," he inquired of his visitor. Being assured that he was, he resumed: "Well, he had better not come visiting here, for if he does I

shall take my breech-cloth and rub it all over his nose and face; yes, I shall rub it hard into the old scoundrel, and at the same time I shall kick him hard at the other end of him. I think I shall kick him out of this village and back to Gull Lake. The idea of his coming here with his lucifer match and getting their property away from honest people; yes, from poor widows, who were almost starving! Well, I guess I had better not talk about it any more, for if I do I shall make myself so angry at the old scoundrel that I will not be able to restrain myself, but will take my gun and go and visit him in his wigwam, and then there will be bad doings."

Here he calmed his rising wrath for a time; then another train of reflection struck him: "I hear he went on a war-party lately and brought home scalps. Now, I have such a mean opinion of him and think him such a coward and liar, that I do not think he ever saw the Sioux. I do not think he had courage enough to go and see them; but as like as not it was he murdered our townsman, O-kun-di-kun and his family, who were out in that direction, and brought home their scalps for Sioux. It would be just like him to do so." This meditation, for it was spoken mostly to himself, was a random shot of his, something he just happened to say, he hardly knew why, for he had no facts to base it on. He was cleaning his gun, having just returned from a hunt, while he was thus easing his mind to his visitor, and in the latter part of his speech was giving forth his lucubrations to himself, and, allowing his imagination and his tongue to run,

almost oblivious of the presence of his visitor. He could not have told himself why he made that remark about the killing of O-kun-di-kun. It certainly had never come into his mind before.

When this speech of Big Wind was reported to Sha-bosh-kunk as in due time it was, it threw him into quite a state of perturbation—a commotion of mingled feelings was excited in his breast. There was anger for the insult threatened to be inflicted on him; injury to his dignity, in that he could not go as a great man to visit at Leech Lake, as he had formerly done; injury to his dignity at home, in that he was publicly charged with unlawful methods in the acquisition of what he had got; and a fear of ridicule, the weapon which of all others he most dreaded. And there was the exposure of the deception which he had practiced at Leech Lake. Above all there was fear, excited by the random shot of Big Wind as to the manner in which the murdered Ojibways had met their death. This last remark set his mind on fire, and although he preserved a calm exterior as he heard it he felt a wave of something like fire coursing for a moment along every vein of his body. Was his secret then disclosed? Was he standing on a volcano which might open and engulf him at any moment? Was his deed known? And would he in a moment be dragged from his position of chief, and of one of the men most of all looked up to, to be an object of derision and execration? Yes, not only fame and dignity, but even his very life, he saw trembling in the balance; for could he hope to live if it were known that

he was the murderer of that family. No wonder then that something like molten lead coursed through his veins as he listened, succeeded the next moment by a chill as of death.

While bearing up outwardly calm, he was inwardly moved to the very centre of his being. He saw that something must be done if he was to live—not merely to enjoy dignity, but if he was to live that mouth must be stopped; that tongue that verged on these dangerous disclosures must be silenced; that one who, though inadvertently, had so nearly revealed his dangerous secret must be put out of the way; that hand that had been laid almost upon his very life, must be cut off. It was an absolute necessity, if he were to live at all, that the other must be removed. How to do it was the question. To go to the village himself and kill him was impossible. To hire any one else to do it was still more impossible. If he attempted it the man would refuse, and would tell of the proposition that had been made to him, and things would be worse than before. His wishing to kill Big Wind would be connected with what Big Wind had said, and people would be led on the trail of what he most wished to hide.

While he was walking away from the visitor to Leech Lake, outwardly unconcerned, but inwardly stirred to the depths with many mingled feelings,—of which fear was the predominating one,—he was casting about in his mind what he could do to avert this most terrible threatened danger. Since he could not go and kill, nor hire and kill, his mind reverted to secret methods that

might be used. His people had always believed they could kill a person, even though far distant, by charms and spells, by secretly practicing against the life. That would be his weapon! Had he not all the lore of his ancestors? Had he not been instructed in the use of their secret medicines? He would put all in operation, and his enemy, who had dared to speak such things against him, would waste away and die! This very day he would begin it!

He therefore proceeded to carve in wood a rude image of a human being. He sang his most powerful medicine songs while doing it—songs of most baleful import. After cutting and whitening a certain length of time, he would lay it down before him, and taking up his medicine drum, sing over it the chants that would blast and kill. The Indians who were about understood that he was practicing on the life of some one, but whether near or far off, or who it was they could not tell. Then he would lay down the drum, take up the image and add some other touch. He clothed it with moccasins, hunting shirt, leggings, and put a bow in its hand. It was evidently the image of a hunter. He got human hair from somewhere and pasted it on the head. The features were visible—the eyes, the nose; it had arms and legs. All this was accompanied by endless chants of powerful efficacy, and beating on his drum and shaking of his rattle, and occupied many days. He evidently put his whole soul into the work of blasting that man, whoever he was. As soon as he awoke in the morning he began singing at it and

chanting and drumming over it. This, with many handlings, fixings, and turnings of it he kept up all day, and late in the night he could still be heard laboring at the image. He made many passes over it with his hands, and breathings upon it with his mouth, accompanied by all sorts of curious and uncanny sounds from his throat. He had in a pot medicines of most deadly efficacy, and these from time to time he applied with a stick to different parts of the image, when it was expected the efficacy of the same poison would sink into the person represented, wherever he might be. This poison, presented on the point of a stick held in his hand, hovered a long time about the body of the image before it touched it; was then suddenly withdrawn, then again approached to the victim, till finally, after many a feint and unsuccessful attempt, the poison at last, with the triumphal burst of a chant, touched the image. Great was the exultation of Sha-bosh-kunk when he had thus, after many abortive attempts, made a junction of the medicine to the person. He sang in triumph; he leaped; he danced about with joy. He expressed himself openly to the members of his family that no human frame was strong enough to resist the deadly virus which he had applied. He told them that he looked on that man as soon to be a dead man. He would certainly fall sick, fade and die, under the influence of that mysterious medicine.

Then he bethought him of something else. With many whe-ho-ho-ho-ho's, and with a great deal of time occupied in the doing of it, he grad-

ually painted all round the mouth of the image with a white paint of his own manufacture. This white-painted mouth signified that the person represented was starving to death. On account of that white paint round the mouth the animals would all flee from him—he could not get within range of them, and, if he did happen to and fire, his gun would miss its aim. That figure with the white-painted mouth was a hunter dying from starvation.

While this practicing on the image was going on and it lasted many weeks, Sha-bosh-kunk was very careful to inquire from occasional visitors from Leech Lake how Big Wind was; if his health was good, and if he was thriving in body. He inquired also very particularly about what success he had in hunting, and whether the animals waited his approach, and whether he had any meat in his wigwam or was in a starving condition. From the answers given him he extracted the comfort that his medicines were having some effect, and he looked forward to final success. He now thought of a new affliction he could bring to bear upon his enemy. Holding the image before him in one hand, after much drumming and chanting, and shaking his rattle over it, and making many passes, he advanced a needle towards its joints with the other; and after many false starts, and approaching the needle very close and again withdrawing it, he succeeded in pricking the joints with it. With great exultation he went over one joint after another, pricking into each, until it was a very severely tortured image. He explained that the

person represented would by this, be visited by similar darting pains in the joints. Of those coming from Leech Lake he inquired if Big Wind had not lately suffered from excruciating pains in the joints, and when told that he had for some days been lying in his wigwam suffering severely from rheumatism contracted from sleeping out in a cold rain-storm while out hunting, he saw at once that those darting pains were the pricks of his needle, and he felt confident that when he would advance that needle to the heart a fatal result would ensue. So the weeks wore on while he was slowly putting his victim to death, until fortune presented him with a more sure means of finishing it up.

In a wigwam adjoining, in the Gull Lake village lived a hunter, Kichi Osaiye (Big-Elder-Brother), his wife and children. His wife was, strange to say, of the same name as himself, Kichi Osaiye (Big-Elder-Brother), and it was the curious circumstance of both having the same name which first attracted them to each other. Finally they thought it would be a good joke for two Big-Elder-Brothers to marry, and marry they did. One of their children, a boy, took a severe cold on account of some exposure, which later changed into a slow decline. The hearts of the parents were sorely grieved seeing the failing condition of their child, and they had many anxious conferences on the subject. The neighbors also came in to sympathize and give advice. They volunteered many different explanations of his illness. One said "o-tuqu-umigon awia" ("he is bitten (or gnawed) by

somebody"), which is their way of saying "he has consumption."* Therefore when the neighbors suggested, "perhaps he is bitten by somebody," there was a consultation over that; but it was finally decided that that was not the cause, because he did not cough and he did not raise anything.

They then suggested another cause—that somebody was making bad medicine at him. This is considered one of the commonest of all causes of sickness by the Indians, and it is the one that involuntarily first suggests itself to their minds. The person making this bad medicine may reside in the same village, or in any distant village, distance having no effect in weakening the power of the medicine. Any medicine-man, in a distant village even, can make a figure of the person to be operated on—a sort of a rag-doll baby; can practice spells upon it; apply bad medicine to it; drum and sing chants over it; and the person operated on will become sick and pine away. Especially if the medicine-man gets any article of clothing belonging to the person whom it is desired to kill, but particularly a hair of his head, he can by practicing upon the article of clothing, or upon the hair, practice upon the whole body. In such a case it is sure death. Hence no Indian of any sense

*It is remarkable, in explanation of the above name for consumption, that they have always known that it is caused by the gnawing of a microbe, hence they have called the disease, "being bitten by somebody." White people always laughed at the Indians for their ridiculous belief that it is caused by the gnawing of a living organism, but now Dr. Koch proves that the Indians, who were considered so ignorant, always knew that valuable scientific truth of which the learned whites till within a very recent period were ignorant.

will on any consideration let any other person have a single hair of his head; for that can be practiced upon by any evil-minded medicine-man to his death.

When, therefore, the neighbors suggested that some one was making bad medicine against the child, it met with acceptance by all as the true solution; for the child had no positive sickness, but was just pining away. That theory, and that only, fitted all the facts of the case, and so must be true.

That much being settled, the next question was, what was to be done? This was easily answered—employ a medicine-man to counteract the effects of this bad medicine, and if possible find out who it was that was making it, and stop him. Sha-bosh-kunk was in good repute as a skillful medicine-man, and he was called in.

After the usual preliminary talks with Big-Elder-Brother, and after his having been paid the usual fee to begin with, and offerings of food and other things, he came in. He took a long survey of the boy. "This will be a pretty hard case to cure," he said; "but my medicine is powerful." He was therefore installed as doctor, and with drum, rattles, chanting, and all the usual means employed by men of his profession, he began his three days' work. He kept up the usual lively pulling and hauling of the sick child, sucking to remove the injurious substances from the body, and other things.

Big-Elder-Brother, inspired with fresh hope now that active efforts were being made to restore his child, was out on the prairies hunting

every day, being anxious that the medicine-man, who was doing so much to restore his boy, should have a plentiful supply of meat, both for his own use and to carry home. When he returned home each evening he anxiously inquired of his wife what progress was being made.

"Sha-bosh-kunk says," she answered in a low, confidential voice, "that he has positively found out that there is some one making medicine against the boy. He has found out that he is opposed by a medicine-man somewhere, and he hopes to overcome him. But that this sickness is caused to our child by some one is now certain. Sha-bosh-kunk says so; he says he *strikes against* that medicine-man and his powers; he *feels him* at work, and he says the boy will not get well till that man is stopped or gives it up. As long as he keeps working on the boy he will droop. We all knew as much as that before," she said, raising her voice, "even before Sha-bosh-kunk came. The neighbors all said so, and it is plain; for the boy has no positive sickness, but just pines away, and that is plainly caused by medicine."

"I wish I knew who that man is who is killing my boy," said Big-Elder-Brother. "Here I am living a quiet, peaceable life, trying to support my little family and doing no harm to anybody; and now, when I am enjoying peace and quiet, here comes in this devil of a medicine-man, whoever he is, and kills my boy. Does not kill him with one stroke; but, like the devil he is, keeps working at him day by day. Very likely he has made a "muzinini" (an image) of him, and

every day puts a little of the medicine on that; not enough to kill him yet, but just enough to make him sick every day.

"That is the very thing Sha-bosh-kunk has told me," said his wife, in a low, hushed tone, and looking around in a sort of alarm lest some one should hear her. "He has told me that he has seen in a vision that that man has a "muzinini" of our boy; and he asked me if any one had got a hair of his head. And he told me that if the man had a hair of the boy that he would practice on that hair; put it in the muzinini, and then it would be just the same as if he had the boy's body before him to practice on. I thought it all over, and I told him that I couldn't remember that any one had ever got a hair of our children, for that I have always been very careful in that respect."

"Where does he think this man lives?" asked Big-Elder-Brother.

"He doesn't know just yet," she answered; but he told me he thought it was at Leech Lake, but he was not sure. He says he will try and find out where he lives, and who he is. It isn't anyone in our village, anyway," she added; "he told me he had found that out."

"Well," said her husband, "get him to find out if he can who this devil is and where he lives. It seems to me," he added, with rising wrath, "that I would travel to the end of the earth to see him and to save my boy. I have always been a good-living man; I have never done any harm to him, nor to any human being; and that

he should attack me and my family this way, is hard to bear."

The next day Big-Elder-Brother went hunting as usual, while Sha-bosh-kunk continued his treatment. When he returned at night with a deer he again drew his wife aside, and asked her what else she had found out.

"The boy is not any better," she answered, "and how can he be better as long as that man keeps practicing against him. And that is what Sha-bosh-kunk says, too. He told me, 'It is not possible for that boy to get any better unless that man leaves him alone.' Those are the very words he said to me, and anybody knows that, common sense will teach anybody that. How could you be well if some person was always working at you, and teasing you, and plucking at you, and doing bad things to you, and would never let you alone a single day. It would kill anybody, no matter who. So the end is plain that we shall lose our boy unless that man drops this thing and lets him alone."

"And where is the man," asked Big-Elder-Brother, "and who is he?"

"He told me that he has found out for certain that he lives in Leech Lake," answered his wife, "and he knows his name, too; but he told me he disliked very much to tell his name, lest you should think hard of him, or get into any quarrel with him. He says he wants to see peace and wants no trouble of any kind; that if he told you his name the man would blame him, and more than that the man and you might have trouble, and that he wishes to prevent."

"I want to see Sha-bosh-kunk myself about this business," said Big-Elder-Brother, "since you cannot or will not tell me any more." And with that he went directly to him. "My wife here tell me," he said, "that you have found out the man who is injuring our son there, and where he lives. For some time we have suspected that that was the cause of his sickness, and now it seems our suspicions were correct. Now I want you to tell me who that man is. My wife here tells me that he lives at Leech Lake. I have a right to know who it is that is killing my child."

"Well," answered Sha-bosh-kunk, "I dislike to make hard feelings between people, and I would rather not tell who he is. I am for peace; peace is best."

"But I have a right to know," returned Big-Elder-Brother. "I ought not to sit still here while that man goes on killing my child. I ought to stop him. Now I demand to know who he is."

"Since, then," said Sha-bosh-kunk, "you insist on knowing, I suppose I must tell you. I dislike to do it very much, but you compel me. But although I know who it is I want to wait one day more. I want to make perfectly sure, beyond all doubt, before I tell you. To-morrow I shall set up my che-suk-an (instrument of divination) and go into it, and find out by that independent source who it is. Then if I am informed there by the spirit of divination, Mitchikans (The King of the Turtles) the same thing that I have learned here from the other source,

then there is no doubt about it and it is sure truth. So wait till to-morrow, and after I have come out of the che-suk-an I shall tell you. I never do anything rashly. It is best to make sure of the ground as one goes."

On the morrow, true to his promise, Sha-bosh-kunk set up his instrument of divination, got into it, practiced the usual incantations, had communication with the King of the Turtles, the deity presiding over that particular branch of his art, and was then ready for his interrogator.

"Who is it," anxiously inquired Big-Elder-Brother, when he visited him on returning from his day's hunting.

"I will tell you," said Sha-bosh-kunk, "although I greatly dislike to do so. And I wish you to bear patiently what I am going to tell you, and to do nothing rash. By the power of my medicine I forced the man who is doing that to your son to come in to me into the che-suk-an, although he struggled hard not to come; and he confessed to me that it is he who is making medicine against your son, and that to make the medicine more sure he had put it into a gun and fired it at him. Here he stopped.

"What is his name?" demanded Big-Elder-Brother.

"His name is Big Wind, of Leech Lake."

Soon after this Big-Elder-Brother was preparing his moccasins, and taking an extra pair, and putting some wild rice into a food-bag, which he slung across his shoulders, and making other preparations which showed that he was going on a journey. Then he took his trusty

gun, filled his powder horn, took some bullets, and put his large hunter's knife in his belt. His wife divined where he was going, and she hardly knew whether to forbid him or not. She disliked to see him go, fearing that something might happen; and yet she was unwilling to have things go on just as they were, feeling that if something was not done she would lose her child. Love for her husband and love for her child contended within her.

"Where are you going?" she asked, although she knew.

"To Leech Lake," he answered decisively.

"You are not going to do anything to that man?" she asked in a tone of alarm. "I hope you will not, for if you do you know that very likely some of his friends will kill you."

"And what would you have me do?" he asked, in a snappish tone. "Sit still here like a coward till that man kills my child?"

"No," she said, "I do not wish this thing to continue as it is any more than you do, I love my child just as much as you do. But if there was some way that you could go and speak quietly to the man and tell him to leave off making that medicine, that is what I would like. But you are so hot-tempered, and so violent when you do get worked up, that I am afraid something will happen. If you would promise to me that you would speak peaceably to him, as I have said, and do nothing more, then I would be willing to let you go."

"I do not know myself what I am going to do or what I am going to say when I get there," he

answered. "I only feel that I must go; that I cannot stay here and see our child die. And what will happen when I get there I am sure I do not know. But go I must, and then I suppose what must happen will happen, and I have no idea what it will be."

"Then," said she, "I suppose if you must go you must, only I wish you merely to speak to that man and tell him to leave that off, to stop it—but not to do anything to him."

Leaving matters in this unsatisfactory and undecided state, she was fain to see him continue his preparations for departure.

Soon Big-Elder-Brother had his food-bag slung across his shoulder, also his powder horn; and taking his gun in his hand he was ready to start. A moment he stood looking out of the open door of the wigwam as if just about to step out; then with a sudden impulse turned back, and going to the place where his sick son was lying on the mat, tenderly bent over him. "Oh my son, my son," he cried, and propping himself with one hand leaning on his gun, bent over him and tenderly kissed him. "Good-by, my son," he said, "good-by," and again he tenderly kissed him. Then after a lingering pause he tore himself away with a start, as if some mysterious feeling was holding him there and he had to exert violence upon himself to get himself away. He got outside the door with a jump, then he remembered something that made him look back once more. It was to bid good-by to his wife, whose anxious figure loomed up in the

gloom just inside the lodge, looking intently after him.

"Take good care of our son while I am away," he said to her. It was his way of bidding her farewell. Then he turned his back on his home, on all that earth held that was dear to him, and setting his face toward the dark woods walked rapidly away.

"And do you mind what I say," called his wife, pursuing with her rising voice the retreating figure, and advancing a step out of the door; "and do not do anything to that man—just quietly speak to him, and nothing more."

He did not again look back, and seemed not to have heard her. And she stood there watching him until the woods enveloped him from her sight. For some time after he disappeared she still stood, looking the way he had gone; then slowly turned and entered the wigwam and took her position beside her son.

Her duty was there, but her heart was with the figure that had entered into the dark woods. She knew not what might befall him. She was aware that he was going on a dangerous errand; an errand on which she could not go with him, nor afford him any assistance. As she stood there silent for a moment, the road to Leech Lake slowly unfolded itself before her mental vision, and she recognized every bend of it every hill and swale, as she had often seen them; and every lake that the trail ran along, till the wigwams of Leech Lake village rose before her. And there she saw a figure enter it—the figure of a hunter with his gun, the figure that she had

just watched entering the woods. She saw no more; the vision ceased; and the well-known figure that she had seen enter was lost there. She waited a moment; there was silence, but no vision—a veil had fallen upon the rest. A faint cry of her child asking for a drink of water recalled her from her reverie to the world she had left, and as she turned around, a bitter pang shot through her heart, that she had seen the last of the husband of her youth. Her lips were working with a convulsive cry, and a heart-broken sigh issued from her over-burdened breast, with the feeling that for her it was all over; that joy was forever gone; and that henceforth there remained for her only the bitter dregs of life. A heart-broken woman, she returned to the duties of life.

Meanwhile, the hunter, as he strode on through the forest, did not feel the depression upon him so deadly as when he was trying to tear himself away from his family and home. The pure air, the bright-shining sun, and the blue sky overhead exhilarated him. The great pine trees waving their green tufts against the blue sky were like friends. All nature was full of joy and it reacted upon him. He cast his eye with delight over the many beautiful lakelets with which the green forest was everywhere be-gemmed. They reflected the sky and the waving pines which grew on their banks, and opened out and relieved what would otherwise have been the gloominess of the woods, and converted it into gladsomeness; and the sight of them seemed to make an opening in his lately gloomy breast,

and to let in there the bright sunshine of hope, and even of joy. Yes, he would go and see that man; what would happen when he saw him he could not divine, but he would talk with him, and if possible get him to cease his mischievous practices, and his little boy would yet be well. He would be once more romping about the wigwam door, as memory so faithfully recalled him, the glow of health in his liquid black eyes, and on his sunny face; once more he would be peering up into the trees, his bow and arrow held high above his head, aiming at the chattering squirrels far up on the boughs. Yes, this was the way of safety, and the way of health—to go openly to this man, and get him to stop the insidious poison that was sapping the life of his son. He felt that he was even prepared to make great concessions; to give this man large gifts, if it were necessary, to make him leave off his nefarious practices. When he had first been told the truth by Sha-bosh-kunk he had felt a burst of devouring indignation; he desired nothing but to be set in reach of that man to wipe out the injury with his blood. But now sorrow had come to be the predominant feeling—sorrow, rather than anger. If the man would only let his son alone he would be content. He reasoned that medicine-men would do such things as practice against other people's lives; that they had always done it; that it had come down to them as a long inheritance from the past; and that therefore it must somehow be borne with. Yes, that it must in some way even be right in a sense, although it seemed so hard in his own case. So,

as he thought of it he walked with a more cheerful step towards the place where he was to camp. His spirits rose; he felt that he was on the right track; going candidly to the man to reason with him, and that all would yet be well. The birds were singing joyously in the trees, laboring to express with audible voice the joy, otherwise mute, that seemed to fill meadow and lake, and even tree, as he passed, and he, too, sang aloud, in harmony with nature at last.

He had traveled all day without seeing a soul, or any sign of a human being's work, as indeed he had not expected to, and now that the sun was beginning to decline to the horizon it was time for him to make his camp. He therefore selected a grassy spot on the shore of a lake, that would furnish him with water for his evening meal; with his large knife he cut some dry limbs, broke others, and piled them, and soon a smoke curling upward told far and near where the hunter was to make his bed. He had carried his little kettle with him, and in it he cooked some ducks that he had shot on the way. Into the broth he poured some of the wild rice from his food bag, and soon he had a good meal. Then he replenished the fire, placed a stock of wood by it for the morning, and lighting his long pipe he smoked and meditated on many things. The dark night had by this time fallen. Sometimes the cry of a wild animal broke off the train of his reflections, until he had settled in his mind just from what that cry proceeded, and where

the creature was, when he again took up the thread where he had left it. Sometimes the first thought on hearing a cry was that it was from a human being. That startled him a little, and made him suddenly turn his head in that direction and listen intently, not a muscle of his body moving, and for the time ceasing to breathe; then, having satisfactorily disposed of it in his own mind, and labeled it, he turned once more to his smoking and to his reflections. Sometimes he glanced up at the starlit sky above him; and then at the trees behind him, their trunks showing with a fitful red from the reflected light of his fire. Then he glanced into the black depths of the forest behind, where nothing could be seen but blackness and mystery. He thought of his wigwam, of his faithful and loving wife and of the sick boy. He thought also of Sha-bosh-kunk and of what he had told him; he thought of Big Wind, he thought of everything. All his world of life and feeling was present in his thoughts as he sat there by his fire in the heart of the great wilderness. At last he glanced up once or twice to the sky to see what positions the great constellations had assumed with reference to the pole-star, and this, his great clock, having told him, as well as a feeling of sleepiness, that it was time to go to bed, he stretched himself on the bed of fragrant balsam boughs that he had previously arranged on the ground, and covering himself, head and all, with his blanket was soon oblivious to all his sorrows as well as his joys. His twenty-five-mile walk

had agreeably tired him, and soon only a faintly-burning fire and a blanket gently rising and falling with the heavy breathing of a mummy-like figure told where the son of the wilderness slept.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING.

While Big-Elder-Brother was thus approaching Leech Lake from one direction, and was occupying his lonely camp, another figure was approaching it from the opposite, and he, too, had made his camp all alone. He was the very man Big-Elder-Brother was going to see, Big Wind. Unknown to each other, they were approaching with equal pace, to meet. Big Wind had gone out hunting, and having been carried so far in pursuit of an animal he was unable to make his wigwam, and camped. He, too, had his reflections, as he sat by his night-fire—of his wigwam, his children, his wife, his friends. But he had none of Big-Elder-Brother, who was thinking so intently of him. As he sat and smoked he thought of narrow escapes he had had in hunting; of the time the seams of his birch-bark canoe had opened and left him struggling in the lake, and drowning. He thought of his life when he was a boy. Again he saw his little playmates, armed with their bows and arrows; some of them were dead now. The past seemed to revive to him tonight. He thought of the games they used to play—he could almost hear their voices. He thought of the starving times tried to keep him alive; they were gone now.

Then he thought of his village—of the different people, of their struggles. At last he had meditated enough, and having replenished his fire, he, too, wrapped himself in his blanket and stretched himself on the ground.

How long he slept he did not know, but with a feeling of a great horror upon him he awoke. He heard a low, blood-curdling cry in the air overhead, approaching him; and he dashed the blanket from off his face and sat up. The sweat stood all over his face in great drops, and something like a wave of horror slowly passed over his scalp, and his hair rose up. He was chilled with terror. Soon he saw the flapping of an immense pair of horrible wings, like the wings of a gigantic bat, just clearing the tops of the low, bushy pines in the opening where he had made his camp, and coming directly toward him. Again that horrible cry—the cry of a human voice, this time nearer and more soul-fearing. He endeavored to withdraw his eyes from the horrible object, but he could not—they were fascinated there. He had to look, and in the bright light of the moon, which had risen while he slept, he saw looking down upon him what seemed to be the face of a corpse—the face of a young man in the last stages of starvation, and emaciation. He saw the teeth horribly grinning from between the fleshless lips; where the wasted cheeks had been there was nothing but skin left, the flesh was all gone. He saw the eyes peering out from the bottom of the deep-sunken pits; he heard the horrible insane laugh issuing from between the rows of teeth. This living deaths-

head was joined to the skeleton of a human body, which followed close behind, and was propelled by the repulsive, bat-like wings. As it passed close over his head with an awful screech he could hear the rattling of the bones of the skeleton as they struck together; he could see the moonbeams shining through between the ribs. It slowly passed over above his head, and disappeared beyond with that dreadful cry. He had seen the Pa-guk!*

When Big Wind had recovered his composure somewhat after this dreadful visit of his nocturnal visitor he found himself trembling and in a cold sweat, strong hunter though he was. To think of sleep was impossible, and he sat the rest of the night by his fire. He felt sure that the death, either of himself or of some member of his family, was portended. Had he been able he would immediately have started for his village, but in the night it was impossible to find the trail. He therefore spent his time in watching, and finally, to make himself sufficiently strong,

*This omen of death and disaster, so much dreaded by the Indians, is a young man who long ago entered on the usual fast of approaching maturity observed by all the Indians in order to obtain visions sent by the Dety, and directions as to the future conduct of life, by which visions and directions all the future life is to be regulated. Being very ardent, he prolonged the fast beyond the usual time, exceeded even the ten days without food and with only a very little water which others had found the farthest attainable limit, so that he became extremely thin, and so light that finally, having exceeded all bounds, he involuntarily rose in the air, there being not enough flesh left on him to keep him to the earth. Since that time he has been flying in mid-heaven, a living skeleton, having no abiding place either above or below. He utters his dreadful cry for his want of a home, for his deplorable fate, for his ceaseless seeking for some place to go to. He cannot alight on this earth, for he is too light, and instantly bounds upward from it if he attempts it. He is never visible but in the night, and never appears but as the harbinger of death.

put on his kettle, cooked breakfast, and ate it, though he had no appetite for it. With the first break of day he resumed his journey, and soon arrived at his wigwam, where he at once made anxious inquiry of his wife if any of their children were dead. Being assured by her that they were all safe, he related to her and his friends the dreadful experience of the night. They endeavored to cheer him up, telling him that it was nothing; that people camping in the wilderness had many strange experiences; that nothing had happened, and nothing would. Reassured by their words and confident manner and surrounded by all the usual sights and sounds of his home, Big Wind shook off the depression, took heart, and resumed his occupation in his usual affairs, to the exclusion in a great measure of the memory of what had happened to him.

Big-Elder-Brother, in the meanwhile, had passed the night without incident, had cooked his morning meal, and started for Leech Lake. As he had a day's journey (about 25 miles) to go, he arrived there long after Big Wind had reached his wigwam, not having met a human being on the way. He proceeded directly to the lodge of the man he was seeking, inquiring in the village where it was. Putting aside the skin that covered the opening for a door, he looked in, and there beheld the man he came to see sitting in the usual place of the master of the lodge, on a mat behind the fire and directly opposite the door. He was greeted with the usual friendly greeting by the master, "Nind ubimin; nind

ubimin" ("We are at home; we are at home"), the equivalent for "come in; come in"—a hearty welcome. As he said these words, Big Wind moved over from the seat of honor, which he had been occupying, to another place; and still sitting, smoothed off with his hands the crumbs which had fallen upon the mat, making it perfectly clean for his visitor. The two men knew each other by sight, having often met; for although their villages were two days' journey apart, the sparse population enabled them to know all.

When Big-Elder-Brother was thus courteously invited by the master of the lodge to enter and take the seat of honor, it occurred to him that they ought to settle on what footing they stood before he accepted the invitation. He had not, in coming, formed any plan in his mind as to what he should do, but left himself to be guided by circumstances. Therefore, in answer to the polite invitation to enter, he still stood outside, saying:

"I think you and I ought to understand each other before I go in." Then, with wrath rising from the sight of the author of all his woes before him, he added, "What do you mean by making bad medicine against my little son?"

"I never made medicine against your little son," answered Big-Wind, indignant at the unjust accusation. "I never made bad medicine against any one in my life. Some of the Indians do it, I know; but I never have. I am a plain, honest man, and attend to my own busi-

ness and injure nobody. Who says that I did?" he asked.

"Did not you confess to Sha-bosh-kunk that you were practicing against my son's life? Have you not made a muzinini (an image) of him, and do you not keep putting bad medicine to it? You will not deny that, will you?" shouted Big-Elder-Brother.

"Oh, that old Sha-bosh-kunk," said Big-Wind; "I suppose he is the biggest old liar in this country. Did he not come up here and rob us of our goods with his lucifer match?"

"Did you not confess to him, when he forced you into his che-suk-an (divining-instrument), that you made that medicine against my son? And did you not confess to him that to make it more deadly you had put it into your gun, and shot it at his muzinini out of your gun? And there, I suppose, is the very gun you did it with," he said, pointing to the one that Big Wind had just been cleaning after his hunt. "That is the gun you killed my little son with, but I will make you so that you will never kill any one else, nor my son either, you bad medicine dog!"

And with these words the infuriated father raised his gun and poured the contents into Big Wind's breast, tearing a hole deep and wide. He leaned back against the wall of his wigwam, his head fell forward upon his breast, and he was dead.

A loud lamentation now arose from his wife and children—the little children terrified, his

wife beside herself. Big-Elder-Brother surveyed the scene for a moment, and then calmly turned round and, shouldering his gun, started on his way back to Gull Lake. But soon the shot, the noise, and the cries brought the neighbors, who crowded the wigwam and looked at the dead man. "Who did this?" was the first inquiry, and "Where has he gone?" was the next. Soon some of the men hastily ran back to their wigwams, snatched up their guns, and were off in pursuit.

They had not far to go. A little ways out of the village they overtook Big-Elder-Brother. He had placed his gun against a tree and stood calmly by it, filling his pipe. "Stop there!" cried the pursuers; but there was no need to cry stop. "What is this you have done, killing our friend?" they shouted indignantly.

"What do I care about the old bad medicine dog, whether I killed him or not," was the unconcerned reply.

"We are going to kill you," they answered.

"What care I whether you kill or not," he returned defiantly.

Here a boy in the company, recognizing in the hunted man his uncle, and perceiving that a gun was leveled at him and about to be discharged, instinctively cried out: "Uncle, stoop down; you are going to be shot," warning him to stoop to avoid the bullet. But instead of stooping, he quietly took his unloaded gun from the tree, and holding it beside him, something in the attitude of a soldier at the attention, looked

calmly into the gun barrel that was pointed toward him. Soon the flame leaped out to his unflinching gaze, and Big-Elder-Brother lay dying on the ground.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW LIGHT IN THE VILLAGE.

Some time after the events recorded in the last chapter a large group of Indians were one day sitting together in the open air in the Gull Lake village, when two unusual figures were seen slowly approaching them. The first was a white man, and judging by his garments, was a clergyman, for he was clad in the long black coat of a Priest of the Church, and round his neck wore the white bands of the clergyman of that day. The first things that struck one were his height, for he was six feet, four inches; and the erectness of his figure, for he was as straight as an arrow. His head was domelike, rising very high; but only so high as ought to have surmounted a body of such height. His chest was round and full, and thrown forward. His hair, worn long after the fashion of those days, reached down somewhat over the neck. When he came nearer the impression of his very distinguished figure was confirmed and increased. One realized that very rarely in his life had he seen a figure at once so noble and so sweet. His complexion was very fair and pure; his hair dark brown; his eyes steel gray. His face was smoothly shaven, except for a trace of whiskers. The impression that he gave was not so much of great strength, bodily or mental, but of har-

mony, of loftiness, and above all of sweetness. Sweetness and purity were on the whole the two predominating qualities that most impressed those who that day saw him for the first time.

His companion was an Indian, some years older than he; likewise a tall, muscular, well-built man. He was the interpreter. When he spoke in Ojibway one noticed a strong foreign accent. He talked the Ojibway of eastern Canada, where he was born; which, although perfectly intelligible, sounded very strange and curious to the Ojibways of Minnesota—about as strange as the roughest of the broad Scotch of Burns would sound to one who talked the soft dialect of London. In fact it took all the Indians' natural politeness to keep them from guffaws of laughter when listening to him; his Ojibway sounded so very droll.

He was the large, good-looking Indian who now stood behind the Missionary James Lloyd Breck. They were both a little doubtful about coming there on their particular errand, suspecting that what they had to say and what they had to offer were not at all agreeable to those to whom they came. The Indians knew a little of the subject, and it was diametrically opposed to all their tastes, feelings and habits. It required them to give up things which they dearly loved, and which they had received from their ancestors from time immemorial. It required the sacrifice of what was to them all their joy, and it required them to enter on a course of life in the highest degree distasteful to them. No wonder

then that it was with somewhat scowling faces that they watched the tall missionary slowly approaching, followed by his dark-skinned interpreter.

There was a dead silence on their part as he came close. This embarrassing silence the missionary broke by observing with as much cheerfulness as he could muster, endeavoring thereby to light up the somewhat scowling landscape, that it was "a fine day." This remark, being translated to them, met with the chilly reception of a dead silence, one of them finally saying that he "did not see anything the matter with the day." Again a silence deeper and more embarrassing than before. They knew what he had come there to say and they were going to make it as difficult as possible for him to say it. So they sat there in silence.

The missionary now saw what he suspected before—that he was not welcome; that his subject was a distasteful one to them; and that he could not, by throwing any gleams of good nature athwart the scene, excite good nature in them, and so make the statement of the matter more easy. He saw he must do it in cold blood, and against the wishes of his hearers. But he was the faithful servant of His Master; he believed that that Master sent him to deliver a message from Him, and he was not going to be a coward, turn tail and run. So, in that chilly atmosphere, he began. It is needless to tell all he said, nor how he said it, but some of it was that we had one Father in Heaven the maker and preserver of all; that He was Love; that we

were all His children, and must be holy, as He is holy, that we may live forever with Him in a better world hereafter in heaven; that to make sure of our salvation He had sent His Beloved Son Jesus into this world to be our brother, and to show us how we ought to live; that He had loved us and died for us, and was now pleading for us; that we must receive His Spirit in our hearts and live as the children of God; that we must cast off everything evil and put on everything good; that we must enter by baptism the canoe He had provided to carry us over the waves of this troublesome world,—His Holy Church; and must love Him, pray to Him, and serve Him every day.

All this slowly interpreted, was received in dead silence and with no show of appreciation. A long silence followed the ending of this discourse. Apparently he might as well have spoken to a heap of stones or so many trees.

Finally, in order to draw out some expression of opinion, the missionary was constrained to ask what they thought of what he had been saying. This remark opened the flood-gates, and it appeared that they were flood-gates of wrath.

“Have you not got tea in your house?” screamed an old woman, Mudji-mozoque (The-wicked-moose-woman; that is, a moose that turns and fights, and such by her looks she appeared to be). “Have you not got tea in your house?” she asked, instinctively bawling very loud, as one does to a deaf person, he being the deaf person, and not understanding except through an interpreter. He acknowledged that

he had. "Then why do not you bring it here and give it to me?" she screamed. "I have no tea. I am starving to death for tea. And you say you have it in your house and do not give me any. It is not true what you say about having pity on the Indians." (He had not said that at all.) If you had pity on them you would bring tea and give it to them. You just said that for nothing. There is no truth in it. If I had tea and saw a poor person with none, I would give them some. All you give is talk and wind, and that is no good. And I have no tobacco," she continued, raising her voice louder than before. "I have nothing to smoke. Why do you not bring me tobacco?" she said, shaking her fist in his face.

The poor man attempted to pacify her by mildly explaining that he did not come there to give away tea and tobacco; that even if he gave away ever so much, that would soon all be spent—that he came to give something infinitely better, that they would never be able to spend, even throughout eternity.

This induced the inquiry from another woman, *Ai-e-daw-i-gi-shig-o-que* (The woman who is on either side of the world; that is, she is sitting astride of it on top of it, one leg on the one side of it and the other on the other, and so the woman on either side of the world), when this great good thing was to be given, and the missionary said that the full giving of it would be in the other world, after death: "He comes here promising to give us good things after we are dead," laughed the woman; "he will do a

great deal for us *after we are dead!*” And this seemed so supremely ridiculous to her that she slapped her thighs, threw herself back, and roared with laughter. “Nothing while we live, but all after we are dead!” And she laughed louder than before at the fun of it. Her laughter was infectious, and they all began laughing. Even the little children, who hardly knew what the laughing was about, set up their little noses and te-he-heed at the ridiculousness of giving things to persons after they were dead. The missionary saw that somehow they placed him at a disadvantage, and by some ingenuity made what he said to appear in a ridiculous light.

Here one of the men, Beshunun (Arranging-his-feathers, The dude), broke in on him. “You say that people ought not to gamble,” he said. The missionary had been careful not to say anything about gambling, wishing to state the fundamentals, and careful not unnecessarily to arouse opposition at first. The man had heard from other sources that the Christian religion did not allow gambling. “You say that people ought not to gamble. Now there is a fine new blanket. That blanket will keep me warm all next winter; that blanket is, as it were, my life, for it will preserve my life next winter; that blanket is worth a good deal of money. Now, I won that blanket day before yesterday, gambling; that is how I make most of my living, gambling. Now if I had done what you say and been a Christian, I would not have gambled, and I would not have that blanket now; so I would be poor. So it appears that your religion is a

religion that makes people poor and miserable; so it appears that my religion is a good deal better than yours, for it has given me that blanket. I think I would be a long time of your religion before it ever would give me anything."

"Yes," chimed in Gagwedukumig (The-man-who-tries-the-ground, by stamping on it with his foot to see if it is sound, so he will not fall in, as he walks), "and when the Indians dance in their religion they give presents to one another in the dance, and get rich. I was sitting in the ring the other evening in the dance, and a man was capering round within the ring, with a little stick in his hand; all of a sudden he stopped and thrust that stick into the ground before me. That was a pledge that he made me a present of a pony; and all the Indians knew it to be so. Yes, and I got the pony, and I have him now; and the Indians give clothing in the same way in the dance; they give everything. Now, if you wish to make the Indians Christians, why do you not bring plenty of clothing here, and give it to them, the same as the Indians do in their religion; then perhaps they would listen to you and become Christians; but if you give them nothing but words and wind, Kawessa (it is utterly impossible). Words and wind will not clothe a person when he is cold, nor fill him when he is hungry; they are no good at all.

Here another, Shi-a-go-si-kunk (Prevails-as-he-pushes-his-body-against it), jumped on to the unfortunate missionary. "Look here," said he, "how is it about the sick. When any one is sick among us we have the Grand Medicine to make

them well. The medicine-man gets his rattle, and he works over them, and he sings over them, and he makes an effort and does everything to make the person well. And if that does not do, we get the whole community out, and have a great celebration of the Grand Medicine rite over them. We know that the Great Spirit, whom you talk about, gave us the Grand Medicine to prolong our lives till extreme old age, and to ward off sickness and death. And we know that it does do that, for there is hardly a man here present that is not a living witness to the efficacy of it, for nearly every one here has been saved from death out of some dangerous sickness by it. Now I appeal to all these men here present if what I am saying is not true. But in *your* religion you just let the sick die. You do nothing to them; but just use words—breath over them—and that is no good. Would you have us give up trying to make our sick well, and just let them die before our faces without making any effort to save them?"

"I will tell you what it is," said Yellow Thunder; "you are just trying to take all the joy out of our lives. You say we must not dance over a scalp, you will not even allow us to go after a scalp; now that is our principal joy, to dance over a scalp. Our forefathers have always done that; it has always been their joy. And you say we must not gamble. Gambling is a great part of our joy. And drumming, and dancing, and making Grand Medicine you say are no good. Why, these are the things we pass our lives in; these are the things we find all of

our pleasure in. And you say we are to give them all up. I do not think you will find any one foolish enough to listen to you." The missionary had not said anything about these things, but Yellow Thunder had learned from other sources that they were considered objectionable.

"And," said Bitawikumigweb (The-man-sitting - on - the - world - that - is-underneath-this-world), "you come here and tell us not to drink fire-water; not to get drunk. *We* did not make the fire-water, but your own white people made it. It would be a good deal more suitable for you to go and forbid your own people who make the fire-water, than to forbid us who have nothing to do about making it. If your people did not make it, it would not be drunk.

"I have heard of this talk about becoming Christians before," said old Ogema, "and I have proved by matters within my own knowledge that it deceives and destroys the people. I knew a certain Indian who was deluded by one of these people into becoming a Christian and being baptized. I knew him well, and I knew the village where he lived. At a certain time he was taken sick and died. When he died he went to the place where the souls of the white people are, and rapped at the door,—oh, a beautiful large house!—and asked to go in. 'Who are you?' asked the doorkeeper inside. 'I am a Christian Indian.' 'Oh,' said he, 'there are only white people here. The Indians all go to that other place you see over there. You had better go there, for no Indian will be taken in

here.' So there he went, and tried to get in. 'Who are you,' asked the one on the inside. 'I am a Christian Indian.' 'The Christians all live in that place you see over there,' said the man, pointing to where he came from; 'there are no Christians in this place; nothing but Grand Medicine-men here. You will have to go over there since you are a Christian.' So the poor man was not allowed into any place—had no place to go to, but has to wander about there, a homeless ghost forever. He came back and told the Indians in that village what had happened to him, and for none of them ever to be deluded into becoming Christians, and I heard him myself. All the Indians heard what he said after he came back. I do not think any one will ever be so foolish, after what that Christian Indian reported, as to become a Christian,"

"Yes," said Agamakiwewedunk (He-who-speaks - with - the-voice-of-one-speaking-on-the-land-across-the-ocean), "the Great Spirit made the Indians and the white people different. He gave the white people their religion to live by—that is all right enough for them; and He gave the Indians *their* religion to live by, the Grand Medicine; and when the white men die they go to the place which the Great Spirit has made for them; and when the Indians die they go to a different place, which the Great Spirit has made for His Grand Medicine children. Both religions are good—the Christian for the white men and the Grand Medicine for the Indians. Neither should change to the religion of the other."

“It has always been a matter of wonderment to me,” said Ba-omba-kumig (The-man-who-comes-rising-up-out-of-the-earth), why the white people should try to turn the Indians from their religion. I think they pay the missionaries so much a head for every one they baptize. Money is at the bottom of it after all—they are so fond of money. How much are you to be paid for each one of the Indians who is foolish enough to allow you to baptize him?” he asked the missionary.

He modestly disclaimed that he was to be paid any sum at all, or had any pecuniary interest.

“No, it is not that,” said Shoniawugizhickok (The-woman-whose-sky-is-made-of-money), “it is because they are afraid of the Indians. They know what terrible fighters the Ojibways are. Although the Sioux are great fighters, the Ojibways surpass them, for this was Sioux country once where we are living now, and the Ojibways whipped them out of it. Now the whites know that if the Ojibways become Christians they will not fight any more; so, being afraid of them, they try to make them Christians, that they may not have them to fight.”

Here one of the group, Netaweweash (Knows-how-to-make-a-noise-when-flying), thought of another thing. “Do you not have another coat at home besides that one you are wearing?” he asked.

The missionary confessed that he did have another for winter use.

“Then why do not you bring it here and give it to me?” he asked. “If I had two coats I

would give one of them to some one who was poor. I have no coat at all, only a blanket. Why do you not give that other to me? You have no use for it. I guess you are stingy."

"Yes, those Christians are all stingy," said Owayequakumig (The - one - who - comes - to - the - end - of - the - land, as to a lake, etc.). "Have you not got food in your house?" he asked.

"Again the missionary acknowledged that he had.

"Then why do you not distribute it among all of us? If you did we would know that you really pitied us. That is what I would do if I had food. If a poor man would come to my wigwam and I saw that he had nothing I would give him all he wanted. That is the way with the Indians—they are liberal, generous-hearted. But you Christians are all alike, all stingy; you all keep food and clothing, more than you need, and you do not give it to anybody. Come now, be a man. Bring everything you have in your house and distribute it among us."

The missionary tried to explain that he required to keep something ahead for his own future needs; but they professed not to be able to understand such a thing.

"See now," said they, and three or four of them spoke at once, "we never keep anything ahead, and we get along very well. When the season for one kind of berry is past, another is ripening for us; and when the berries are all past, the wild rice is ready for us; and when there is no more any wild rice in the fall, we find the deer, and they are fat. When the deer are

all gone we find the fish or something else. Come now, and divide among us everything you have, and you will be provided for some way, just as we are; and then we will know that you really have a kindly feeling toward us."

This was rather turning the tables on their visitor; and he felt that he was being somehow, without any fault of his own, placed in a false position; still he did not yield. He returned to his original position and urged them to become Christians that they might have life.

"Is it so, then, that some one is trying to kill us?" answered Midwewecumig (Making-a-sound-on-the-earth-with-his-feet-walking), playing on the word "life." And with that he looked round in great pretended alarm. "Perhaps it is Sioux," he said, looking again toward the bushes.

All broke out in a general laugh at this sally somewhat to the discomfiture of the missionary. Although he was sure that all they said about non-distribution of goods and about stinginess, and hypocritical professions of interest could be answered, the objections were hurled so fast that he did not have an opportunity of answering them, and objections were made in a word which it would take a discourse of some length to answer, and there was such a cloud of arrows discharged at him that it seemed of no use to take his shield and stop one, when the air was filled with them.

Here, however, there came unexpectedly relief to the hard-beset Missionary. A man, Kichianunk (Big-Star) advanced to him and strok-

ing his shoulder soothingly with his fingers, said, "You are a good man. You mean well coming talking to us about God and Heaven. But I know far more about these things than you do, and I can teach you. You talk about Heaven, but you have never been there, but I have. And you talk about God, but you have never seen Him. I have, and I have talked with Him. Look here and I will tell you." As he said this he faced round towards the Indians. "I was lying on my bed one day when some one I do not know who he was, perhaps an angel, came and said to me, make ready; I will call for you tomorrow and take you to Heaven. I was lying on my bed the next day, about noon, when sure enough he came for me, and took me away up, up, away up ever so far. I thought I would never get there, it was so far; and he took me through a hole in the top of the sky, and I stood on the outside of it, and I saw Heaven, and I saw God and talked with Him. So you see I know all about what you speak of only through hearsay.

"I did not see any trees growing there on the other side of the sky," he went on to say, "but I saw grass, and though I plucked some of the grass and brought it with me and showed it to my fellow-Indians, yet still they will not believe in me." Here he glanced with an aggrieved look at the Indians, and they, forgetting for the time the Missionary, turned their attention to him, their countenances still showing their obstinate unbelief, and unwillingness to take him for prophet and leader, notwithstanding the ocular proof he had showed them, of grass gathered from the upper side of the sky.

His burning desire to be acknowledged by them as their great man, and their obstinate resistance came in very opportunely for the relief of the Missionary.

But another man, Wa-Se-gon-esh-kunk, He-who - makes - a - glittering - track - in - the - snow - as - he - walks, returned to the subject. Said he: God has no jurisdiction over this Island (America) nor over the Indians. Wenabozho is in charge here. He made the Indians and he is in charge of them. It may be that God has jurisdiction in other places, across the ocean, and over the people living there, as you say; but not here.

Another man, Pi-zhi-ki (The Buffalo), now addressed the Missionary. You speak to us about Almighty God, he said. We have Almighty God with us in the wigwam. That drum —pointing to one—is Almighty God. It has a voice. It can speak. And we find by experience that when we ask anything of it, it is granted.

Here there spoke up an old warrior, Queki-gizhick (The - man - of - the - turning-heavens): "These people tell us," said he, "that we must be praying all the time, our eyes always directed upward, and we praying, praying. If I became a Christian I would starve to death, for I could not see any wild beast to shoot, because my eyes would always be directed toward heaven, praying. So I would starve to death."

"Oh," said Sha-bosh-kunk, summing it all up, "the Christians will all be toads in the next world; they will be lizards, and the most hideous crawling things. They will be serpents and rep-

tiles. Only the Grand Medicine people will be resplendent and glorious. This man is merely trying to delude the Indians; to deceive them, and to destroy them. But it does not seem that there would be any one so foolish," he added triumphantly, "as to listen to him." And with that he set the example of breaking up the conference by moving away, in which he was followed by the others, and the affair was at an end.

Apparently the missionary's purpose had met with a signal defeat. Not the least ray of hope could be gleaned from anything that had been said by any one. Universal condemnation, a universal spurning of the matter offered, seemed the net result. That door seemed tightly closed and locked, and double barred and bolted.

As the conference was breaking up and the people dispersing, Breck told them, as his final word, something that in the light of all that had passed sounded very strange, indeed impossible of belief; and that was, that notwithstanding all that had been said, they would all, if they lived a few years, be Christians. This they received with perfect incredulity, each one saying that though all the other Indians became Christians, — even though such an utterly impossible thing as that should happen, — he or she, the speaker, never would.

Said Good-Sounding-Sky: "Though such an impossible thing should come to pass as that the Indians should become of Those-who-pray (Christians), I for one never will."

“Nor I,” said Yellow Thunder; “nor any one of us—never as long as the world lasts.”

Every one present endorsed that sentiment.

The missionary moved away, somewhat dejectedly, it must be confessed, and as an answer to all that had been said went before a rustic altar, surmounted by a cross, which he had erected under a tree at a little distance, and his interpreter joining with him in the Ojibway tongue repeated a few old words, which indeed the missionary did not understand, but which he had learned by heart.

The words, few but pregnant, were these: We give them in Ojibway with the English equivalent of each under it:

Nin	debueyendum	ayad	Kizhee-Manido
I	am persuaded in my mind	that He is	He who has God, His origin from no one but Himself (the uncreated),

Weosimind

He Who is the
Father;

Gwetamigwendagozit,	ga-ozhitod	u	gijig
He Who is almighty;	He Who made it	that	sky (or Heaven)

gaye	u	aki:
and	that	earth.

Gaye nin	debueyendum	Jesus	Christ
And I	am persuaded in my mind,	Jesus	Christ

ayad

that He is,

bayezhigonidjin	Oguisun	Debeniminunk;
the only one of Him	Son His.	He Who is Lord of us,

Ga-anishinabewiigut	iniu	Panizimidjin
He Who was made a human being by	that One,	Him Who is holy,

Ochichagwun

The Spirit

Gi-nigiigut inu Oshkinigiquen Manyun:
that He was that one young unmarried Mary;
born of one woman

gi-gotugiigut inu Pontius Pilatum, Gaye
that He was tor- that Pontius Pilate, and
tured by one

gi-sassagaquaont

that He was nailed upon

azhideatigong, gi-nibot gaye
the cross stick of that He and
wood; died

gi-pugidenimint; Gi-izhad
that He was buried; that He went

Nibowinink, Nesogwunagutininik idush
to the place of That on the third day His. But
the dead;

gi-abidjibad

He rose from the
dead

ishpiming gi-izhi-ombishkad; Namatubi
up above that He thus ascended; He sits
(to Heaven);

dush ima
but there

okichinikanink Kizhee Manidon
on the right hand of Who has God,
Him, His origin
from no one
but Himself
(the uncreated)

Weosimimindjin

Him Who is the
Father,

Gwetamigwendagozinidjin; mi dush iwide
Him Who is Almighty. So but thence

ge-bi-ondjibad

that He shall come
from that place

che dibakonad bemadizininidjin gaye
to judge them— them that are living and

nebonidjin.

them that are
dead.

Nin debweyendum ayad Panizid
 I am persuaded in that He is He Who
 my mind is Holy—

Ochichag;
 the Spirit;

Gaye ayamaguk gwayuk anamiawin;
 and that there is true religion
 that thing, (literally prayer);

gaye
 and

owikanisindiwad enamiadjig;
 that there is a brother- those who pray
 hood of (Christians).

Webinumagonk
 That there is a throw-
 ing away of

mudji-izhiwebiziwinun; Che abidjibamaguk
 bad deeds. To arise from the dead
 that thing

wiawiman
 the body

Gaye Kagige bimadiziwin dagomaguk.
 and everlasting life that there is.

CHAPTER XXII.

“IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH.”

Some time after this, when the Moon-of-the-freezing-over-of-the-waters — as the Ojibways poetically call November—was shining. Good-Sounding-Sky, with quite a number of families of the Gull Lake village, determined to go a considerable distance off on their fall hunt, to the edge of the great prairies stretching indefinitely to the westward so far as they knew, in order to obtain a more plentiful supply of game, and especially of buffalo, which abounded in the Wild Rice River country. They, therefore, journeyed leisurely, camping at short intervals every night, hunting to provide food as they proceeded, and having a royal time. Nothing more enjoyable could be imagined. The crisp November air was stimulating, the sun shone brightly every day. The country through which they passed was fine forest land, of all kinds of trees, interspersed with innumerable lakes—the smaller ones covered with a thin film of ice, but the larger ones still sparkling in the sun. Game was abundant, and they lived like princes, on the best. When their camp was made at night there was a universal scene of joy, in which only shouts of merriment were heard. The out-of-door life, the abundance of the finest food, and the crisp air kept them all

in splendid health. They roamed through an apparently illimitable domain, which was all their own, filled with everything they needed; where everything was provided beforehand without any effort of theirs, and where they had only to put forth their hand and take it. Their life was a continual picnic. Only enjoyment was thought of, and each day seemed more filled with it than the preceding. Life was one long holiday, without labor and without care. If such a thing as a happy life could be found on earth, surely they had it. Neither emperors nor kings could boast the plenty, the freedom from care, the royal range, the noble sport which they had.

So the days wore on until they arrived at the edge of the great prairie; and in the border of the woods, where there was shelter and water, they fixed their more permanent camp. Looking over the vast prairie, stretching as far as the eye could reach, they could see the dark forms of the buffalo scattered here and there in groups, and moving about. Already they anticipated the succulent buffalo meat, and thought of the rich pemicaigun (pemmican) which they would carry to their winter home.

One bright November morning, Good-Sounding-Sky, Yellow Thunder, and Ogema, with their families and some others, including Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, The-First-Heavens, and Traveling-the-Heavens, left the main camp and went out quite a distance on the prairie after buffalo. They were all in the highest spirits, for Nature was smiling upon them, and her joy

was infectious. There was not a cloud in the blue sky; a warm south wind was blowing, and the sun shone just warm enough to thaw a little the powdering of snow that was on the ground. It was an ideal autumn day of an autumn that was unusually prolonged. As it was so warm and pleasant, and had been, and as there were no signs of a change, they did not encumber themselves with unnecessary clothing, taking only the thin cotton things suitable for the fall season. So, in the highest spirits, they moved toward the dark forms of the buffalo. They were to return to the camp that night, and expected to have a good supply of the juicy buffalo steak with them.

By noon they were far out on the prairie. The wind blew more strongly from the south, and the little snow thawed still more. In a moment a total change occurred. The wind veered suddenly to the north, the sky became overcast, it turned bitterly cold, and the snow came down thickly. The blizzard and winter were upon them! They could see nothing, not even a few feet, for the snow filled the air. The strong, piercing wind searched their thin cotton garments, and even the blanket which each had brought. To stay in that wind long was to freeze to death, and there was no shelter anywhere—not a tree nor a bush behind which they could hide; and they had no idea which way to go to reach their camp, now miles behind. The blinding and whirling snow made it impossible to tell any direction. Had they been in timber the matter would have been easy—make a huge

fire, stay in the shelter of the woods, await the end of the storm, and enjoy it. But here it was death to stay, and death to go anywhere. In one minute Nature, from being most smiling, had changed to be most dreadful. From wooing with smiles she had become most savage, and threatened speedy destruction. She pelted them with snow and pierced them with wind, and bore down upon them pitilessly and with an awful insistence. She answered their distress only by bearing down upon them more overwhelmingly.

They, stunned by this sudden and appalling change, instinctively huddled together for the protection of each other's bodies from the piercing wind; for the mutual comfort of each other's presence, and for consultation.

"This is terrible," said one. "It seems likely now that we are all to die here, for there is neither shelter, nor wood to make a fire; nor can we tell in which direction the timber is, to go toward it."

"Yes," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "if we stay here we die; and if we go anywhere we die, and there seems nothing else for it!"

"And," said Ogema, "this storm is not going to be over soon by any means. It will last two or three days, and then turn very cold, as it always does after such a blizzard, and during it. And here we have on our thin fall cotton things, for we did not expect anything like this so soon."

"And," said Good-Sounding-Sky's wife, "we have no food with us except that partridge that

Ogema shot, for we expected to get plenty of buffalo meat, and to be back with our friends tonight. So if we do not freeze to death, we shall starve to death."

"Hurry up," said Yellow Thunder's wife, "and decide on something, for I am almost dead already in this piercing wind. Let us go somewhere or do something, for we cannot endure it here."

In this sore perplexity a woman found the right thing to do. Said the wife of Bi-zhu—The Lynx: "I notice here, to one side of us, a depression in the ground in the lee of a little hummock. Let us all get into it and scrape away the snow, and the falling snow will soon cover us over, and we shall be out of this intolerable wind at any rate, and that will be a great deal. And let us stay there, if we live, till the storm subsides. And there," she continued, "Ogema accidentally brought his snow-shoes with him, though there was no snow; but it seems as if he brought them with him to preserve us. Let us stick them in the snow above where we are, and our friends coming to look for us, after the storm is over, will see them, and know we are here, and come and dig us out."

"How! How! How!" They all responded; "let us do it; that is the very best thing we can do; there lies our only chance."

With that they made a rush for the depression; and kicking and shoveling away the snow with their feet, and using their hands and blankets, they partially cleared it out, and hud-

dling together there in a group, the snow, of which the air was full, quickly spread a pall over them, and they were no longer in the piercing blast.

Here they remained some time in silence, listening only to the beating of their hearts—inwardly revolving what their chances for life were. The warmth of each other's bodies helped them a good deal and then there was a light snowy covering spread all over them like a sheet. The warmth of their bodies and their ascending breaths melted the snow along their sides and overhead, and caused it to retreat from them, leaving them in a sort of chamber. It is true the water, caused by their breath melting the snow overhead, where it made a small hole for exit, dripped down upon them, and made their thin cotton garments thoroughly wet, and they were exceedingly uncomfortable; still it was paradise compared with being out in that searching wind. It was with a sense of blessedness that they listened and heard the wind rave over their heads outside, while they were in a chamber of absolute stillness.

"This is blessed, anyway," said Good-Sounding-Sky, "to be here out of that wind. I thought it would pierce through me."

"Yes," said his wife, "we would not have lived long if The Lynx's wife had not thought of this place. I do not think one of us would have lived till the evening."

"We are very uncomfortable here," said Ogema; "sopping wet, and so cold. Still, anything is better than being out there."

“Who would have thought,” said Yellow Thunder, “that from being a warm, sunshiny, thawing day it would in an instant turn into a piercing blizzard? Yet I have seen such things before, and I remember the old Indians telling us to look out for a blizzard when it is too warm and nice in winter and the wind blowing softly from the south.”

“I began to think,” said Good-Sounding-Sky, “just before it came, that there was something coming by a peculiar look on the horizon, something like a mirage.”

“Oh! I am so glad I left my children at home,” said The Lynx’s wife. “I thought of bringing them, but somehow changed my mind. Now they are warm by the wigwam fire, and I am thankful. We old people may live through it, but they would surely have died.”

“I tell you what,” said Good-Sounding-Sky’s wife, “the way the white people have is not so bad after all. They raise gardens of stuff,—potatoes, corn, and things,—and put them in cellars under where they live; and it does not matter to them whether it storms like this or not, they are snug and happy. But we Indians never have anything ahead, so we have to go out and look for something to eat, no matter what the weather is. We have always thought them foolish; but I declare I do not know that they are so foolish after all.”

“If I live,” said The Lynx’s wife, “till another spring I am going to plant potatoes and corn enough to keep my little children alive in storms like this.”

“Perhaps that missionary was not such a fool after all,” said Good-Sounding-Sky. “He told us we should raise garden stuffs to live on in the winter, and that he would go out into the fields himself with us and show us how to do it. He told us, too, that we would see the day when all the buffalo, elk, and deer would be driven away, and that we would have to do something else for a living. But it does not seem to me that it is possible for their numbers ever to be diminished, there are so many of them. Why, there are millions and millions of buffaloes on these prairies! How could all of them ever be killed? Just hear that blast! I am thankful that I am here out of it, any way.”

Hour after hour the wind continued to blow over them, and the covering of snow became thicker. Most of the time they remained in quiet; sometimes they talked. Then they could perceive that it was night, for it grew darker in their cavern. A long, dreary night it was. They mostly kept awake but sometimes one would fall, for an instant, borne down with sleep.

Another day dawned,—they knew it by the feeble light that struggled through from overhead,—and still the wind blew as fiercely as at the beginning. They were shivering, shuddering, uncomfortable. They had the one part-ridge, and of this they each took a bite raw.

After they had all been silent a long time, Red-sky-of-the-morning began to speak. “There is one thing that has come to me very strongly since we have got into this snow cave. Even

before that, and when the blizzard first struck us and I saw that we were going to be in a bad fix, it came into my mind. In fact, it was the very first thing I thought of."

"What is that?" they asked.

"It is that Sioux girl. Somehow her face came up right before me when this misfortune struck us. And I have not been able to cease thinking of her since."

"Had you not thought of her before?" asked The Lynx's wife.

"No, a good while has elapsed since it happened, and I hardly ever thought of it. But now all of a sudden it is revived in my mind. I know you are all uncomfortable and suffering, but you are suffering in your bodies only. I am suffering not only in my body, but in my mind. Of the two, I think the suffering of the mind is worse to bear. And it is all about that girl. I see her face just as she looked when I took out my knife and she asked me to let her go. She has been with me somehow ever since I got in here. You see I do not make any secret of it, for you all know I did it."

"It is curious that you forgot it so long, and it has come back to you here," said Good-Sounding-Sky's wife.

"Yes, and I feel alarmed," she said. "I am trembling. There is an apprehension of some kind of evil hanging over me, and it is connected with that girl. If I had not killed her I know I would not feel so afraid in my mind as I do now."

"Oh, never mind," said one of the women,

"perhaps we shall get out of this alive and get back to our wigwams."

"I fervently hope we will," returned Red-Sky-of-the-Morning. "I suppose you are not afraid to die," she said to the women. "But somehow I am not ready to die. I guess I am so wicked that I shall never get across the 'rolling and sinking bridge.'" Here she laughed, pretending to be gay; but it sounded hollow and unnatural. "Perhaps my soul will be carried down among the rapids and lost, and never get to the Villages of the Dead."

"What did you kill her for, anyway," asked The Lynx's wife, a tender-hearted, compassionate woman.

"Oh, I had a great deal to say about different motives that actuated me; but the real reason was that I could not bear to let her go out of my hands without killing her. Our men here kill a captive when they want to; it is their privilege. And I thought that when she had been granted to me, when I had gained her, that I was just as much entitled to do it as they, I did sometimes pity her, and thought of letting her go; then again I could not bear to do it. So at last I killed her."

"And you wish now you had not?" queried her interlocutor.

"Yes. The next minute after she died I would have given anything to have brought her back to life. It did not give me the satisfaction after it was over that I thought it would. I suppose I just did it because I was wicked. And now I somehow connect it with this sudden storm—I do not know why. I wish I could get away

from that look that was on her face when she asked me to let her go."

"Do not worry yourself about it," said Yellow Thunder. "We shall get out of this alive, I think, and then you will not think any more about it."

So the long day wore slowly away, and another night came. They were now more borne down with sleep than on the preceding night, but they struggled bravely to keep in such positions when they did sleep as would be least liable to bring upon them fatal illness. They tried to sleep crouching or sitting, propped up against each other, rather than stretched full length upon the ground. When the increasing light showed them that another day had dawned, they roused themselves from their nodding and began to talk.

"We are badly enough off here," said The Lynx's wife, who was one who always had something encouraging to say, and who inspired them with hope, "for we are shuddering with cold, sopping wet, and have nothing to eat. But it might be worse. What a comfort it is to have each other's company! We would be a good deal worse off without that. It seems to me that any calamity is more easily borne if there are others to share it with us. So for that I feel very thankful. Oh, what a comfort I feel it to have you here! Not that I wish you to be here," she added, with a laugh, "but if I have to be here I would be a great deal worse off without your presence."

"Yes," observed Yellow Thunder's wife,

“even if we do have to die, it takes off a great deal of the horror of it that we can die in company. It would be far harder for one to die here alone and not know if her bones would ever be found or if her friends would ever know what had become of her. As it is, they will be sure to look for us, for they know we have come in this direction.”

“If Ogema’s snow-shoes blow down,” said her husband, “they will not find us till spring; for on this waste of snowy prairie there will be nothing to show where we are. But if the snow-shoes have stood the blast they will find us very soon after the wind has subsided and the drifting snow ceased, for then they can see. As it is now, the air is so filled with flying snow that no one can see three feet.”

“Would it not be possible,” asked his wife, to replace the snow-shoes in an upright position even if they have blown down?”

“No,” said he, “it will be so cold after this blizzard is over that a man going out with his clothes wringing wet would be frozen to death before he could feel around and find those snow-shoes and stick them up. You know how bitterly cold it always turns after a storm like this.”

“It seems to me,” said Ogema, “that I would just as soon take my chances and try to make for the timber as to stay here and chatter to death under the snow.”

“Don’t!” they all clamored in a chorus. “In the first place, you cannot see where the timber is, for no one can see anything the way the snow is driving. You would be just as like-

ly to go farther out on the prairie if you attempted it, as to go towards the timber; and then you would surely be lost. Then, even if by a miracle you did get to the timber, you are too cold to make a fire. You would have to search under the snow and find pieces of dry wood, and find birch-bark somewhere to start your fire, or make shavings of a piece of dry wood with your knife for kindlings; and long before you could get that done you would be frozen to death. But with your wet clothes you would not live to get as far as the timber, even if you could see it. Do you not know that the instant you step out of this place into the open air, your clothes will be solid sheets of ice encasing you? Just like a man who has broken through the ice into a river or lake—his clothes are as stiff as a board the minute after he is dragged out, if it is very cold like this; and if he does not get to a fire in a very short time, he dies. And there is no fire near you. No, our only hope is in being rescued by our friends. As we are we cannot save ourselves.”

“Do you not remember Big Feather?” said Good-Sounding-Sky to Ogema, “how he got safely to the timber, but died while he was trying to make a fire? Froze to death. That is the very time a man is most likely to expire. While he is moving he can keep the life in him a little, some way perhaps; but when he stops and begins to fumble and try to make a fire, his hands are so benumbed that he is not able to, and that is the time he dies.”

By this unanimous condemnation of his pro-

ject they deterred Ogema from attempting the hazardous feat. However, the idea was still working in his mind, although they had shown him the futility of it; the certain death that would attend its attempted execution.

The two companions, The-First-Heavens and Traveling-the-Heavens, had kept very quiet up to this time—had had very little to say to any one. They now chose an opportunity, when they thought all the others of the party were napping, to hold a very secret whispered conference. They were very careful to speak in each other's ears, and to let no one else hear a word, and they kept their eyes on the others to be sure that they were asleep.

"What is this?" asked The-First-Heavens of his companion.

"Yes, what is it! That is the very thing I have been thinking ever since we got caught."

"It seems that thing is following us," said The-First-Heavens.

"It seems it is," returned his companion. "I thought that it had blown over, and that we would never hear of it again. But it seems not."

"Yes, it is pursuing us, sure," said The-First-Heavens. "That was the very first thing that came into my mind when the storm came down upon us. Did you hear what Red-sky-of-the-morning said?" he asked.

"Yes, she is in it just the same as we; but not so bad, for she had a right to do what she did. But I do not think any persons in the whole

world have got such a thing hounding them as we have."

"I wish that old Sha-bosh-kunk had been, I do not know where,—for I do not know any place bad enough to wish him in,—before he put us upon doing that thing," said The-First-Heavens.

"Yes, and it is pursuing us. This storm shows it. We have not seen the end of it," answered his companion.

"What will the end be, do you think?" asked Traveling-the-Heavens.

"I do not know. Sometimes I think we shall get out of this alive and sometimes not. If it is bound to pursue us to the end it will surely kill us," replied The-First-Heavens despondingly.

"Do you not think this blizzard may be only a chance? Do you not think it might just have happened so anyway?"

"No, I do not think so. There was something supernatural about it, changing all in an instant from a bright sunny day, and a south wind, and thawing, to this. It is after us, certain," replied Traveling-the-Heavens.

"Do you think the people here have any idea of what brought it on?"

"No; they do not suspect us in the least. Sha-bosh-kunk never told anybody, and we certainly never did."

"Then we are the cause of these innocent people suffering, and perhaps losing their lives?"

"It is certainly on our account, though Red-

sky-of-the-morning has a little share in it."

"And what is going to be the end of it all?"

"I wish you would tell me! For I would like to know. But perhaps we may get out with our lives, and then we will have surmounted it. Or perhaps it will kill us, and then it will have found us indeed; but I hope not," said Traveling-the-Heavens.

"I suppose there is not anything that we can do?"

"No, there is nothing we can do now but take whatever comes."

This stealthy conference over, both relapsed into silence; and later kind sleep gave even them some minutes' forgetfulness of misery of mind and body.

By and by some one began to speak, and that roused all the sleepers.

Another train of thought now started in Good-Sounding-Sky's mind. The wind was still whistling overhead, the storm still at its height, and as there was nothing that they could do there was abundant leisure for reflection.

"Is it not wonderful," said he, "how, when we are in absolute security in this life, when we are in such circumstances that it would seem nothing evil could happen to us; and when we think we are removed beyond the very possibility of evil, that then is the very time when destruction comes upon us. Here we were, coming out on this hunt. We were laughing and merry; beyond the reach of evil, as we thought. The solid ground was under our feet; plenty of food was in sight of us, there was a clear sky and the

sun shining. Then suddenly in a few minutes we were struggling for our lives; in a manner and from a cause that we could never have imagined. Buried in a way—hiding, and with a very small chance of life. If we had been on the water in canoes, or on the ice, it would be understandable, for the seams of our canoes might open and leave us struggling in the water. Or if we had been on the ice we might possibly get on a weak place and break through. We have known of such things, and are not surprised at them when they happen, for we can understand them. But on the solid ground; near our friends, only just left them—it seems beyond belief.”

“It is an illustration,” observed Yellow Thunder, “of the truth of what the old people taught us in their ‘preaching, or instructions,’ when they taught us about life. ‘You are going into the thick jungle,’ said they, ‘and you cannot get around it.’”

“It shows another thing,” answered Good-Sounding-Sky, “and that is that we are under government; some one is master over us. We do not have full power over ourselves. Now look at us here. We did not any of us wish to get into this, we did not plan for it; on the contrary, we strove all we could to do the opposite. But some power thrusts it upon us, and in spite of all our struggles we have to submit to it. It is plain that we do not manage ourselves. Some Power manages us as that Power sees fit, and, not as we wish. We are ruled over, folks; we are under government.”

"Yes," said his wife," and it is the same way all through life. You may try to lead one kind of life, and somehow you will find yourself controlled, and obliged to lead a different. You may try to do something you have set your mind on, and somehow you cannot do it; you will have to do smething else."

All this time the wind was blowing fiercely over their heads, and the faint light was struggling down through the window of the snow overhead.

"It seems to me," said Ogema, "that the buffalo are a good deal more favorites of the Power you speak of than we; or else they have a good deal more sense. We came out to kill them, and now here we are, fearing for our lives, huddling here in a group in terror—we, the ones who came out to kill, only asking that we be allowed to live; whilst they, clad in their warm, thick blankets of fur, do not mind this at all. Perhaps they are laughing at us somewhere. They would be if they knew enough to laugh. Well, it is a good thing that they do not know enough to come here in a gallop and trample us to death as we lie here cowering in this hole."

"If they only knew enough to do that," said Yellow Thunder, "they would save themselves from all fear of being killed by us in future; and they would make needless all our consultations about whether to strike out now or wait until the storm is over."

"I do so much want to see my wigwam and my friends once more," said Good-Sounding-Sky's wife. "If I could just bid them good-by

and kiss them once more, then I would be content to die. But it is so hard to die here without seeing them."

It was now verging toward the third night they had spent there. They had had very little sleep, and had been miserably cold; and only the one partridge divided among them. For drink they had eaten snow or drunk a little water wrung out of their blankets. They now began to talk of dying, and to think about it, for they felt that if relief did not come in some way before another day expired they were indeed lost.

To add to their misery, the wife of The Lynx, who had been in a sense their preserver by suggesting and pointing out the place where they had taken refuge, began to be taken with the pains of labor, and was delivered of a child. The child died, but she lived.

The night, the third that they had spent there, had now closed in. All was perfectly dark and dismal, and their spirits were down to the lowest ebb. So the long night of that northern latitude wore away. There were noddings and starting up again, short naps and awaking out of them. There were incoherent visions of a warm wigwam, of fire and food, of loved friends; then with the awaking came the cheerless misery, of their snowy dungeon. One gleam of satisfaction, however, they had. The storm was abating its fury. It had evidently blown itself out. It was almost three days since it had commenced, and they knew that it never lasted beyond the third day. Therefore when the fourth

day dawned cold and cheerless, and the light struggled through the snowy sheet above, they realized that the day of release or the day of death had come. They all knew that they had not strength to live through another day, if they were not rescued.

The-First-Heavens now found an opportunity to speak privately to his companion. "By the looks of things now we are about to die," he said. "We are already extremely weak, and it needs only the least little thing more to push us over. Do you not think we had better tell it before we die?"

"No, it would do no good to tell it," answered his companion. Besides, we may live after all, and if we do it would be a terrible thing to have it known. Better hold on as you are."

"I think I would feel more comfortable to die if I am to die," said The-First-Heavens.

"No! keep up; don't say anything," returned Traveling-the-Heavens. And his stronger will prevailed and kept his companion silent.

They now realized by the increased brightness, that the sun for the first time since their imprisonment was shining. It gave them comfort and hope, and raised their spirits, though at the same time they were made aware by their feelings that, as usual after a storm the degree of cold was now greater than it had been.

The sight of the bright rays of the morning sun struggling through seemed to have an intoxicating effect upon Ogema. He became more restless and frequently expressed his intention

of breaking through the enveloping crust and running for the timber.

"I can certainly see the line of timber now," he said, "for the sky is no doubt perfectly clear; not only that, but I believe I can see the smoke in the edge of the timber, where our friends are, and which they will certainly raise so that we may know just where they are and where we are to run to. I have only to take one good run, and I shall be safe by the wigwam fire. Not only so, but I can tell them where you are, and they can follow my tracks and come and rescue you if you do not think fit to follow my example."

"Don't!" they all said, "don't attempt it. It is true you can now see the woods, and very likely see the smoke of their fire; but you are so weak from three days' want of food, and it is so cold, and your clothes are so wet, that you will be frozen stiff before you get a gun-shot away. Stay here with us. Our friends will certainly start out and look for us, now that the storm is over and they can see; and we shall be rescued. Stay here with us and we shall all be saved! Besides, if you go and break through this crust of snow which is now over us, and which gives us what we may call some little warmth by keeping in the warmth of our breaths and our bodies, you will let in the cold air on us, and it may be that in consequence we shall all freeze right here where we are."

"I have been against the Sioux many times," the old warrior answered, "and have had the bullets and the arrows flying all about me, and

some of them sticking in me; and have looked on the tomahawks brandished over my head about to descend on me, and I never blanched—and I will not now! I have stayed long enough in this hole, and I shall stay no longer.” With that he made a violent struggle, and leaped and got outside; but had hardly gotten a few yards from the edge when the intense cold, that had instantly frozen stiff his dripping garments, overpowered him, and the hero of many a hard-fought battle lay there stark and dead. The degree of cold was what white people would call forty below zero.

“Close up the hole that he has made,” said The Lynx’s wife, “before the cold comes in and kills us all.” Whereupon some of the men did so, stopping it up with snow and restoring it as nearly as possible to its former condition.

All now sat in silence, knowing that the question of death or life would very soon be decided. At length, after what seemed to them a long, long time, human voices—Oh, how blessed they seemed—sounded outside, and they were saved! Their friends, as soon as the wind died down and the snow ceased drifting, enabling them to see, had gone out, anxiously looking for them; and at last one caught sight of Ogema’s snow shoes. Thither then they hastened with ponies, improvised sleighs, all the furs and blankets they could muster, and every appliance they could think of for keeping the perishing alive. They were hastily pulled out from their living grave, instantly wrapped up in blankets and buffalo robes, and driven as fast as their ponies

could be urged to the edge of the timber, where great fires were made and hot drinks poured down them, as, enveloped in many wrappings, they were propped up between the fires. Soon they began to revive, and all lived. The Lynx, only, was somehow partially paralyzed, in his lower limbs, from the effects of the long-continued cold; and to his dying day had to walk in snow, or wet, or slush on his knees. His feet and legs remained on, but they were dead, useless. Sometimes he was seen, when he was crossing some portage, and when he thought no one was watching him, slowly and painfully endeavoring to get once more upon his feet; upon which, having taken a few steps, as if in exultation of being once more a man, he again had to fall upon his knees. His faithful wife, the preserver of the party, lived along with him side by side, in perfect health. But neither of them ever forgot the three days and nights under the snow. As for Ogema, his frozen body rested in the forks of a tree outside the village, free from the decaying touch of nature, until the warm suns of spring shone upon it.

The-First-Heavens and Traveling-the-Heavens met some time after this. "Well," said the former, "we lived through it."

"Yes," returned the other, "that storm was only a chance after all. We were scared though about that thing. But we shall never hear anything more of it."

"I think so too," said The-First-Heavens. "I believe it will never rise up against us again. But we got a fearful fright, didn't we?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

“HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.”

Sha-bosh-kunk had in his lodge his wife, children, and mother-in-law, and in addition his aged mother, Zobundaa (She-is-greatly-pleased-on-account-of-something-nice-being-put-into-her-dish). She was a very industrious old woman, always trying to do something useful, and she was always cheerful and pleasant. If any one was in distress of any kind, bodily or mental, she was the one they naturally went to; and she had the faculty somehow of giving help and consolation. She could either find a way out of the difficulty for them, or if the matter had to be borne she could point out compensations which lightened the burden very much. She had suffered a great deal in the course of her long life; both mental anguish and bodily suffering; and her suffering had made her kind. It had also filled her with sympathy for those who suffer, for knowing their feelings by experience, she could enter into them. Instead of the trials of her past life having made her hard, they had softened and mellowed her. It is true also that long trials and sufferings, meekly borne, had given her wisdom. Sha-bosh-kunk was her sole remaining child, all the others having died or been killed before attaining his age. Her husband had long been dead.

Sha-bosh-kunk had for some time been meditating something concerning her, and at last it came out. They two were alone in the lodge, the others having gone somewhere.

"Mother," he said, "I have been thinking about you for some time. I have been turning over in my mind what I see you to be; and what I see you becoming. Mother, you are very old."

"Yes, my son, I know that I am old; but not so very old. There are a great many who are far older than I."

"Mother, you are old, and I see a change coming over you. To be frank with you, I am afraid to sleep in the same lodge with you."

"And why should my son be afraid to sleep in the same lodge with his good old mother? Did you not sleep in my bosom when you were a little baby? You were not afraid of me then. And have you not slept in the same lodge with me ever since, all our lives? Have we not always been one family?"

"Yes, mother; I have supported you, as you say, in my lodge all our lives, but now I begin to be afraid of you."

"As for the supporting, my son, you know that I have always made my own living and more, the same as all the Ojibway women. You know I have not only supported myself, but others. Have I not caught fish enough for the whole family, and gathered wild rice for my son, and made maple sugar? It does not become me to boast, but I think I have borne the reputation of having been one of the most industrious

and capable of all the Ojibway women. I am sure I never saw one who could provide more food for the family than I."

"Yes, mother; but that is all past and gone, and you are different now. What is the use of going back to those old times that are long past? It is about things as they are now that we have to decide. What you were able to do long ago won't support us, nor bring us food now."

And why, my son, should you be afraid of me now? Why should you be afraid to sleep in the same lodge with me, as we have done all our lives?"

"Mother, I will tell you frankly. I see signs that you are about to turn into a Windigo (a man-eating-witch); and that is why I am afraid to sleep in the same lodge with you."

"O my son, my son, why should you think of such a thing of me? Of me who have loved you all my life. How could I think of doing such a thing to my son? No, my son, do not think it. I have never in my life felt the least impulse of wishing to eat any one—least of all my son. How I am shocked that you should for a moment think such a thing of me!"

"Do you not know, mother, that there have been such things as man-eating-witches among The People? Have you not heard of such or seen them?"

"I have heard of such, my son, and have heard the Indians say so, but I never believed it. There may have been such things off at a distance—the Indians say there have been, so I suppose it must have been so. But those whom

they said were witches who were near me, and whom I knew, I always took to be harmless people, and that there was no truth in what was said of them. I always thought that because somebody had a spite against them, and wished to put them out of the way, therefore they said that they were witches."

"Now as for that matter, mother, we know perfectly well that there have always been witches among the Indians every once in a while. Do we not know that the old Indians of long ago were wise? That they would make no mistake? And has it not come down to us from them from time immemorial that there are witches? Therefore it must be so. All the people could not have been mistaken, and they have always believed that."

"Well, my son, you may say what you please, but I know that I have never felt the least symptom of being about to turn into a witch; and I would know it before any one else could, because I know myself better than any one else can. And you need not be afraid of sleeping in the same lodge with me on that account. Would I not give my life for my son, as I have many a time in the past come near doing, and been always ready to do, rather than try to eat him as a witch? And if I felt any such impulses coming over me, would I not be the first to go to you and ask you to knock me on the head or throw me into the lake? O my son! how inexpressibly grieved I am that you should ever think such a thing of your old mother, who loves you."

“Mother, I tell you again that I am afraid of you; and afraid of you becoming a witch. Mother, you are old; and to speak the truth right out to you, it is about time for you to die. Do you not know that old and useless people are sometimes exposed to die?”

“Yes, my son, I know that, and I always felt very sorry for the old people. I always thought it would have been far better to have let them live out their little time. They would not have lived much longer anyway. And sometimes when a man had exposed his helpless old father or mother to die, I would secretly, in the night time, carry them out a little food and take my packing strap and pack them out more wood so they would not freeze. I tried to keep them alive a little longer, I felt so sorry for them. And when I got out there and saw the old man or woman helpless and unable to crawl away, and heard them say, ‘It was my son who did this to me,’ oh, I felt so sorry that I just stood there and cried! And if there had been any way that I could have saved that old man or woman I would have done it. But I knew I could only keep them alive for a little while, because the one to whom the old man or woman belonged was too strong for me, who was only a weak woman; and they were too determined to put the old folks away for me to overcome them.

“And do you know, I never could think well afterwards of the person who did that. He might be a great chief and have a tremendous reputation, and everybody be praising him; but for all that, whenever I met him I would think of that old father or mother whom he had

abandoned, and whom I had seen there. And when I met such a person in the path I would try to look the other way and not see him. I did not want to give such person the customary salutation, or to have any conversation with him. And," she added, with rising alarm in her voice, "surely my son does not think of doing that to me?"

"Yes, mother," said he, "that is just what I mean; and I thought it best to tell you of it so you might prepare yourself. I am a plain, outspoken man, because I wish to be honest and above board with everybody. Many a son would have said nothing to you till he was just ready to do it to you; but I am a merciful man, have been all my life, and so I talk it over with you beforehand, that it may not come upon you suddenly, but that you may go to it with your own consent."

"And that was what you meant by all that talk about your fear of my turning into a witch! That was the way you led up to it. I did not understand you at first, but now it is all plain. Oh, oh, oh!" here she wept aloud. "Oh! that I should have lived to see the day when my own son would say that to me! I feel as if I were half dead already from hearing such a word from my son, and that only a very little more would be needed to kill me entirely."

"Well, mother, you ought to have expected it, and it was your fault if you did not. And now instead of crying about it and bewailing what must take place, it would be more sensible if you would take it calmly, and just turn your mind

to considering how it ought to be done and how you would prefer to have it done. There is the way; to let you make your bed outside in the snow, without a fire, till you freeze."

"O my son, how can you talk to me like that! It makes my heart stand still to hear you talk like that! Now, my son, look here. You say, I'm useless, and therefore I must be put out of the way. My son, I'm not useless. O my son, let me live! I can do a great deal for you. I'm never idle a minute when I'm awake. It is true I'm not able to walk about and do that kind of work, but see this great ball of rope that I have made. I make it out of the tough inner bark of the trees. I tie piece to piece till I have made this great roll. Ask your wife and she will tell you that I am never idle. She sells that rope that I make to other Indians, and gets a great deal for it. She exchanges it for venison and for food of all kinds, and all the family live on it. And then I can do a good deal about mending the nets and cleaning them. There is a great deal that I can do here, and there is one thing that I do that I love more than all, and that is taking care of my little grandchildren—your children. The little things love grandmother and I love them. And it seems to me sometimes as if it were you who was back in my arms again when I'm holding one of them. I relieve your wife a great deal by tending the children when she is out drawing her nets or bringing wood, or away visiting. I am very useful in many ways. I am not a burden. Then why is it necessary that I should die?"

"I will tell you, my mother, and make it so plain to you that if you are reasonable you must see it. You know that I am a very great man, and have a great reputation?"

"Yes, my son, I hear that you have a great reputation."

"Having then a great reputation, I am much visited. People come to see me from Leech Lake, and from Mille Lacs, because my reputation has reached far. And when they come to visit me I ought to take them into the lodge or they will not think much of me. Already there are my wife and children and my mother-in-law, and with you in it there is no room for visitors. You take up room that belongs to distinguished people who come here, and there's no sense in it. I need your room, and that is one reason why I must put you out of the way."

"O my son, do not talk in that dreadful way. You know that it would take you or your wife only a very few days' work to enlarge the wigwam, and then there would be room for all. All you have to do is to add on to one end and make it longer. I used to be able to build a whole wigwam in a day when I was in my prime."

"That is all very well, mother, for you to say so, as I suppose it is natural for you to wish to live; but I do not feel inclined to do so."

"Or," said she, "whenever there are visitors I will go outside and sleep, if it is summer. I can sleep just as well outside as in, if it is not very cold. And if it is very cold I think that some of the Indians would have pity on me, and take me in, for I know them all and have been very kind

to many of them in the past. I think they would have mercy on me now, as I many a time showed mercy to them. So that the matter of room and visitors is provided for."

"Well, even if what you say were so, here is another matter. You have to be clothed. I have my wife and children and mother-in-law to clothe, and I can not be bothered with you any longer."

"I can show you, my son, that I am no burden to you in the matter of clothes. Do you not know that the Government for some years past has given us every year a blanket apiece—all of us grown people—as the price of the tract of land we sold to it? And with that blanket it gives us a few yards of calico, enough to make us a dress; and some cotton cloth for leggings? That blanket does me to sleep in the whole year till the next blanket is given, and to wear by day. And I make the calico and the white cotton cloth do also, although I know I am ragged and dirty; but I can not help being so. While I was a young woman and vigorous, I got myself all I wanted by my work, and you, too, my son; and now in the last few years, since I have become infirm, I can't remember your having furnished me with any clothing—for as I have said, I have striven to get along with what the Government gives me.

"And sometimes I have got a deerskin shirt or a deerskin coat and leggings from some of the Indians for making nets for them, or for repairing them, for I am still able to make nets and repair them. So in these ways, by the

blanket the Government gives me; and by the work I do for the Indians, I manage to get along as far as clothes are concerned. Now just think and tell me one time when you have given me any clothing. I am sure there is no such time. So I'm no burden to you in that way, and never have been."

"It may be that what you say is so—I can not remember from one time to another; but I will tell you one thing that you know I have to do for you, that is a heavy drain, and that I will stand no longer, and that is to feed you."

"You know, my son, that about all I get to eat is fish, and that fish are so plenty that there are more than can be consumed. You know that whenever you and the others happen to have tea or meat, or anything good, I do not get any of it; and indeed I do not expect it, because I am old. I smell the delicious smell of the frying meat, and it works powerfully upon me, and makes my mouth water to taste it, but that I know I never must, because I am old! So fish—the commonest and most worthless food—is my living. I do not even have salt. And as for fish, you know very well that all summer long, and all the spring and the fall, your wife throws away a considerable quantity of fish every time she draws her nets, because there are more than can be consumed. Only in winter is there sometimes a scarcity of fish, and that is because no one took pains to catch a sufficient quantity in their nets, for the winter's use just before it froze up. So the little fish that keeps me alive

is no drawback to anybody. Fish are as plenty as water."

"For all that, mother, you are a burden. In many ways you are. Your room, although you deny it; and your clothing, although you deny that; and your food most of all. No one can live without food and a good deal of it. We have wild rice sometimes, and you get some of it, yet you never make any wild rice. You cannot."

"Then, if it is the food that weighs so much with you, I will be satisfied with the fish skins and the fins and the tails, and the potato skins and the other things that you would throw to the dogs. I can sustain life on them well enough, and then I will be no burden to you, my son. O, do not kill me, and I will be perfectly satisfied with what you would throw to the dogs!"

"And do you not know that the dogs need to be fed? Do you not know that they are very useful? That we harness them to sleds in winter, and that they find game for us which we could not find without them, and are useful to us in many ways? But you are of no use at all!"

Here the old woman began to cry and sob bitterly. "He is not willing to allow me even a share of that which is thrown to the dogs," she said, "because he is determined to kill me! O that I should have lived to hear my son tell me that he was not willing that I should have a share of even the dogs' food. Oh, oh, oh!" Here she burst out again in loud and bitter weeping.

"I do not see what use there is in your taking

on so," he said, "and making such a hullabaloo. I should think you would like to go and see the old people whom you knew in your youth. You are miserable and unhappy now, and it ought to be a relief to you to go and see them. Those whom you grew up with are nearly all dead now. You will find them all there before you in the Villages of the Dead. They will be glad to see you. They say they have plenty there, and dance all the time."

"I shall see them soon enough, my son. I do not wish to go and see them before my time."

"But I should think that being as miserable as you are, poor and old, and in the way of everybody, you would be glad to die and go to the next life."

"My son, I dread to die. I have a horror of it. When I was young I did not care. It seemed to me sometimes that I would as soon the Sioux would have killed me as not, but for the little children I would have left in poverty. But the nearer I approach death, the more I dread it. The solemnity of life grows on me as I get farther into it. I have been a good-living woman all my life, but somehow I am not ready to die. There is something wanting. Therefore I am distracted when you tell me that you are about to push me over the precipice before I am ready to go."

"But do you not know that you have to go anyway, and before long, at your age; and what difference does it make whether you go now or a few years later?"

"It does not seem so hard when I come to it in

the way of nature, as to be violently thrust into it. Perhaps my faculties may be benumbed by sickness, so that I shall not dread it, or perhaps I shall be unconscious and pass away in that state and I shall die without knowing it. I have seen many who were long sick, and somehow their fear of death seemed to have passed away with their long sickness; and I hope it will be so with me. But to die against my will, and before my time; to be dragged toward it when I am struggling with all my might, backing, trying to go the other way! Oh, that is inexpressibly dreadful to me! I almost die to think of it. The sweat stands out all over me when I think of it. The other I can endure; that is, to meet death when it approaches me slowly and in the way of nature; but this overpowers me with horror. All the other horrors of life are swallowed up in this, and then do not half fill it, it is so vast a horror. Therefore, my son, I ask you to let me live. Do not push your old mother, shrinking and holding back and shrieking in agony, over this brink."

"That is all very well for you to talk in that way. I suppose it is natural. But let me tell you this. I am a man of principle. I go by law and by rule. The principle and the law is that it is a good thing and is right and proper to put old people out of the way when they have become useless and are in people's way. I believe in it, and I am not going to be turned, by the crying and beseeching of an old woman, from doing so. I suppose all of them cry and take on in just the way you are doing when they come to it."

“Then are you really going to put me out of the way?”

“I certainly am. I have said I would do so, and I will not draw back from what I have once resolved on. There are some of those irresolute creatures who say they will do a thing to-day and change to-morrow, but I am not one of them. I am a man.” Here he struck his hand proudly upon his breast. “When I have said a thing, my manhood obliges me to keep to my word and do it. I have made up my mind to do this and shall not change it.”

“Listen to me, my son. I remember once long ago when there was a starving time with the Indians, and many of them died of hunger. They could find no game; and it was in the winter and the snow very deep; and it was very cold, and so they starved to death. Those of them who lived, lived by scraping the moss off the trees, and eating it, keeping themselves barely alive in that way. I was in that starving camp, and I kept myself barely alive with moss. I had a little boy with me, and notwithstanding the starvation and death all around me, I kept that little boy fat. How did I do it? I had some food secretly hidden, and every day, though starving myself, I fed the little boy some of that food. I never touched the food myself, though I was starving; but gave it to that little boy, because I loved him better than my life. That little boy was you.”

“Very probably you did all that. Indeed, I have heard it before. It is natural, I suppose, for mothers to do that for their children. Al-

most any of them would do it. But that is all past long ago, and we have to consider the situation now. And the situation is that you are old and useless, and in the way. There is a thing that I forgot to tell you when I was telling you the reasons why you should leave this world. Do you not know that The People do not live all the year round in one place; that we have to move around a good deal to make our living? That we have to follow the food wherever it is?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And do you not know that you are not able to keep up with us on the march? Do you not remember that time in the evening when we got into camp you were not there, because you were not able to keep up with us? And you did not come in all night, because you could not travel; and when we were all ready to start the next morning you were still absent, and our march was delayed by long waiting for you there till it was high day, till you got in? And then you were so weak, from having got no supper and no breakfast, that you went tottering along and delayed us still more? If I had not been the most merciful man in the world I would have gone on and abandoned you right there! I do not know whether you would have got to where we were or not! That was the first time that I really got a-thinking what a burden you were, and that it was about time for you to leave this world. And you know very well that that thing will not be getting any better, but will be getting worse. Instead of getting spryer you will keep getting more and more unable to march; even if

you do not carry any pack; and have only yourself to carry along. You remember that time very well, and you know that you will be becoming, as I say, more and more a burden. Therefore let us talk no more about this matter. We have talked about it long enough. I have said that I am going to put you out of the way, and I am not going to break my word; and that incident that I have just called to mind only shows me more clearly that I am right."

It was, therefore, arranged that she must make her bed in the snow outside the wigwam that night without any fire, and every night, until the end came; having only her old worn blanket to wrap herself in. As it was cold weather, it was calculated that it would not take long for the cold to do its work.

The neighbors did not observe that she was outside in the snow until daylight next morning revealed it. Then there was, as may be supposed, the inquiry, "What is the meaning of this?" And the answer quickly went round, given by Sha-bosh-kunk himself, that he was afraid to sleep in the lodge with her, because she was turning into a man-eating witch. This news quickly spread from wigwam to wigwam, and was a sort of wonder. One repeated it to another, and then both the teller and the hearer marvelled. The instinct that is in fallen humanity to believe an evil report, and even in a manner to rejoice at it, was there. And it caused the women to utter their "gaye," their long-drawn exclamation of surprise, grief, and horror that she should be such a bad old woman!

Then there came in the counter-feeling, that she had always been such a good woman that the accusation could not be true. Then there came the thought that Sha-bosh-kunk only made the charge for an excuse to put his old mother out of the way. But last of all was the consideration that there was a real genuine witch in their midst, and that was a most delightful sensation! The younger women, and the girls especially took that view of it. There was a horrible, but most delightful, fascination in going and taking a fearful look at her as she sat outside; feeling thankful that they were not near enough for her to take hold of them and devour them! So she was the wonder and, to some extent, the horror, and then again the pity of her little world. The last feeling prevailed so with some of the women that, urged by the sight of her forlorn condition and by the remembrance of so many years of kind association and kind deeds on her part, they brought her some warm cooked food, and set it in reach of her, and spoke kindly to her. They knew that they had no power to alter her fate one way or the other, for she belonged to her son, and it was his right and privilege to do what he pleased with her, and no one else had a right to interfere. But it was in their power to cheer her and alleviate her sufferings by kindly words, and this they did. This was more especially noticeable in the elderly women, for the younger were more impressed with the force of the accusation against her, and from a distance gazed with a feeling of mingled fear and horror upon her.

So the hours of the day passed, and she was the principal topic of conversation in the village. Finally some of the men rather remonstrated with Sha-bosh-kunk for making such a public exhibition of her. They said to him: "She is your mother, and we know it is none of our business what you do to her, and we do not question your right to do to her as you please; but it rather hurts our feelings to see her there, suffering, right in the midst of us, where we have to see her every time we go out. It would be better if you took her into some more secret place, where she would be out of public sight."

Sha-bosh-kunk yielded to this request, and pulled her inside the wigwam—she had been lying just outside—but she was so badly frozen that after awhile she died.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHA-BOSH-KUNK REACHES THE PINNACLE OF GLORY.

Some time after this, Yellow Thunder was returning to the Gull Lake village from a hunt on which he had started out that morning, when an Indian met him who acted in a very strange and even alarming manner. The man stopped him in the path, and taking hold of him compelled him to sit down. In answer to Yellow Thunder's anxious inquiry as to what it meant, he made no answer, but pointed upward, and then stood with his eyes fixed on the ground. He seemed to be laboring under some great emotion, and also acted as if he had lost the power of speech. When Yellow Thunder, after a long silence on the part of both of them, attempted to rise and proceed on his way, the man again took hold of him with an air of authority and forced him down. Evidently there was something of overwhelming importance on his mind, yet he could not apparently bring himself to disclose what it was. He acted as if life and all its concerns had suddenly come to a standstill and that only the thing he was thinking of, whatever it was, remained. Finally, after a long time, he did consent to rise and walk along the trail leading to the village, and allowed Yellow Thunder to follow him.

When they came to the village, Yellow

Thunder saw many of the men standing about in the same apparently dazed state as his guide, and he understood that something very unusual, and he feared very serious, had occurred. What it was he could not conjecture. No one had died—it was not that. Nor had there been any irruption of the Sioux. An air of mystery, in an oppressive form, hung over the village. Yellow Thunder first made sure that his wife was alive, and his near relatives, and then bent his mind to thinking what it could be. But he could not fathom it, nor did any of the groups of silent men seem able to tell what it was; or if they were able, they would not.

At last the man who had met him on the trail, and another man, who by this time were posing as priests of this mystery, whatever it was, drew the men of the village by signs and by leading them along, but without speaking and still with the same air of profound mystery, to a central place, and seemed to be wishing to have a council with them, or to disclose something to them. They all followed these mysterious beckonings, and slowly and gravely, and as mute as their guides, made their way to the accustomed place. Here, in the same silence, they took their places and waited for whatever was to come. They had to wait a long while. The two heralds, or priests, or whatever they might be called, who were evidently in possession of the secret, sat with their eyes fixed upon the ground, as if weighed down with some mighty matter. Either it was so great that they could not utter it, or they staggered under

the difficulty of doing so. The men assembled looked equally grave—they did not even look at each other, their eyes were bent on the ground. Save for an occasional deep sigh from some one of the two leaders, they might have been men suddenly turned to statues.

At last, after a long, long silence, which seemed as if it would never end, one of the leaders spoke. But it was not in strains of oratory, nor in the vehement manner that ordinarily characterized their deliverances. It was in a low tone that could scarcely be heard, and only a word at a time, with long pauses between. And he spoke not standing or facing them, but sitting, with his eyes still cast upon the ground. He began by telling that what he had to say was amazing; something too wonderful and too vast for human utterance. Nevertheless, he must let them know it, and therefore he had led them there.

All this took a long time to say, and the mystery deepened and heightened as he spoke. Finally he approached the subject, and his tones became more awe-struck, his voice sank lower, and the periods of silence between his words became longer than before. At last the mighty secret was announced, or rather it slowly, and word by word, forced itself through his lips.

It was that God had appeared to Sha-bosh-kunk, of their village, and had given a revelation of His will to him; and had appointed him His Son to save the world! Then followed the circumstances of this appearing, slowly told,

and with becoming fear; how Sha-bosh-kunk was out hunting in the woods and how the Supreme Being appeared to him. There was a detailed description of how He looked, of His features, of His dress, which was very particularly described from head to foot, and which seemed to have consisted mostly of gold. Then came the words He used, which were very particularly related. The setting of this wondrous act of Revelation was also described, the particular kind of tree that grew there, what Sha-bosh-kunk was doing and thinking of at the time, and the other accessories. Then the speaker told them that he and the other man who assisted him had been commissioned by the one to whom the revelation was made to make it known to the people for their acceptance and obedience, and to act as his ("Oshkabewisug") heralds, forerunners, men of business, and conveyors of His will, for it means all these.

Sha-bosh-kunk, while this announcement was being made, sat amidst the group, his eyes likewise bent upon the ground, weighed down as it seemed, by the momentous commission which had been put upon him. He was now too great a man to speak to the people directly, but as became his new dignity, through intermediaries. He meekly accepted all the honor that his heralds put upon him, and there he was, the Son of God, and the accredited representative of Deity! When the first herald had finished, the other took the matter up, adding some touches which the former had omitted and contributing to the roundness and coherency

of the narrative. They helped each other, one supplying what the other omitted, and between them raised a fabric that was solid and imposing.

The first thought that came to Yellow Thunder's mind when he heard it was wonder; that God, if He were making a revelation of Himself, should have done so to such a man as Sha-bosh-kunk, and not to some more worthy representative. For although he was a chief, and in many ways had a great reputation, yet there were things about him which he knew that did not incline him to think at all favorably of him. He thought of his matrimonial relations, and it left a bad taste in his mouth. He thought of many ways in which people had suffered by him in time past. He remembered the expedition to Leech Lake with the lucifer match, and although it excited admiration for his adroitness, yet there was mixed with that the feeling that it was not right towards those who had lost their goods. He thought of the accusation against his old mother, of being about to turn into a man-eating witch, and of what grew out of that, which had ended in the old mother now resting in the crotch of a tree. And although he realized that Sha-bosh-kunk had the legal right to do with his mother as he pleased, yet the impression produced on him was on the whole a painful one. Therefore it seemed strange to him that God, if He were about to make a revelation, had not selected some other man about whom so many unpleasant memories did not cluster. But the circumstances of the

interview with the Deity were related so circumstantially, and the fact of his being the man he was not seeming to make any difference in its acceptance with the other Indians, Yellow Thunder did not see any reason why it should with him. Therefore, like the others, he accepted the new revelation.

He now arose and made them a little speech, but in low and somewhat awe-struck tones as became the solemnity of the subject. And in the speech he voiced his own ideas on the matter, which were also the ideas of those present.

“Indeed, my friends,” said Yellow Thunder, “this is a wonderful thing that we have heard, that God has been pleased to make a revelation of Himself to one of our village, Sha-bosh-kunk, and to appoint him His Son! Neither we nor our ancestors have ever known anything so wonderful! It is amazing! And in no other village of the Ojibways has such a thing occurred; but only in ours! And yet, amazing as it is, we are not, in one sense, surprised at it. We all know there is a god or gods; every Indian knows that. We all know it as truly as we know that we ourselves live. I have never met an Ojibway in my life who does not believe that, nor have any of you, for there is no such Ojibway. And we have seen the Sioux; they all know and believe that just as we do.

“The missionary who was here told us there is only one God, our ancestors taught us there are many—gods everywhere. But both doctrines are the same; for both tell us that this world and we were made and are governed by some One or some ones else, and that neither

we nor this world made or governs itself. You know our fathers taught us that everything we see—as a bear, or a rock—is only an outward representation of the inward Deity that resides therein. That every such thing is the outward expression, or the body, and that the soul which resides within is God or a spirit. And that is why when we are traveling on the prairie and see a rock, say, or anything remarkable, we place an offering of tobacco upon it to the deity within. We are very pious in that way, as our ancestors taught us. And although we cannot see God as Those-who-pray (the Christians) call Him; or the gods, as our ancestors taught us, for He hides Himself from us behind the veil of matter, yet we come pretty close to seeing Him, for we constantly see where He has been at work. When in the spring and summer season we go out of our wigwam doors in the morning we see where Some One has been at work during the night. Things look different from what they did the day before. Leaves have been shaped and opened during the night, and colors have been laid on the flowers that were not there the day before. While we were sleeping Some One was at work. Red and blue and green and all colors have been spread and far more beautifully than we or any one on the top of the ground could do it. We can constantly see the work, though the Workman eludes us. Our senses at present are not fine enough to see Him. For my part, when I walk abroad, in the spring especially, when the leaves are opening and the flowers unfolding, I am

filled with wonder and amazement as I look around and on every hand see the marks of God's working! And it is so with every one of you I know. We are none of us so insensate as not to take notice of these things which are right under our eyes all the time.

"There being, therefore, a God or gods, it is not surprising that He should in some way communicate with His children whom He has made. In fact, we have been expecting that in some way He would. Rather would it be most surprising if He left us to grope along in the dark and never communicated with us. We would doubt whether He really pitied us if He never in any way showed Himself to us, or spoke to us. So I say for myself that I have been expecting something of this sort, and I know you have also. And when the missionary was here with us he told us the very same thing that we are now thinking of and have long ago been thinking of, namely, that God has spoken. These two heralds say it; the missionary says it, and we have long had a feeling that it would come to pass,—and now here it is. God has chosen Sha-bosh-kunk, it appears, as the one by whom He will speak, and who will represent Him on earth. Well, it is for Him to choose whom He pleases, and all we have to do is to accept and obey."

His Indian politeness would not allow him to recount any particulars of wherein he thought Sha-bosh-kunk was not fully up to the standard of what a representative of Deity should be, especially as he was present. And

even had he been absent he would not, considering that it was God's part to choose whom He pleased, and their part to accept the one sent. He, therefore, concluded by saying that he, like the others, accepted the revelation and accepted Sha-bosh-kunk as the Son of God; and that he would do his best to bring all into obedience to him, as in duty bound.

The particulars of the revelation were now stated by the two heralds, while Sha-bosh-kunk sat meekly listening and approving. He was dressed in moccasins, leggings, bead garters, and a shirt, which flowed loose, not being confined by any other garment. Feathers were in his hair. His eyes were mostly upon the ground, and humility was the expression that was mainly on his face, as if he felt himself unworthy of so great an honor. The particulars were that God had appointed Sha-bosh-kunk His Son to save the world, and if he had not been sent the world would not have lasted two years longer; that the Indians were all implicitly to obey and follow him; that they were to discard all means of making fire derived from the whites,—as matches, and flint and steel,—and were to return to the old Indian way of making fire by the friction of sticks in rapid motion; that the Deity was very greatly displeased with them for adopting these new ways of making fire; that women were not to be struck; that all dogs were to be killed; and that horses promised in a dance were not to be delivered. There were some other minor commands, but these were the principal ones.

This met with the approval and acquiescence of the Indians present, and they promised to adopt them; and accepted Sha-bosh-kunk and his revelation as the will of God for them. Some of the commands, as that to kill dogs and throw away the fire-steel, were a little hard, for dogs were very useful, finding bears and other animals for them in the woods, which without them they could not find; bringing out of the water birds that they killed, and doing many other useful things. But this only made the new religion more attractive, for what would religion be without a spice of hardness in it? The sacrifice demanded endeared it all the more to them. They urged one another on, therefore, to the slaughter of the dogs, saying, "If God has told us this, we must do it whether we like it or not." In the same way old contrivances for making fire, long disused, were got ready. The whole village unanimously and unquestioningly adopted the new revelation, and put in practice its precepts.

The next thing was to make other villages aware of this new revelation, and to demand their obedience to it. It invested their village with a certain superiority, that God had selected it to appear in, rather than any other; and that one of themselves was the one He had appeared to and appointed His Son. There were, therefore, many willing volunteers to carry the news to other villages, for the bearer of such an important matter was thereby made a man of much importance himself. Many councillings were held, occupying many days, consulting

how best to further this important matter. The new cult overshadowed everything else; nothing else was thought or talked of. The heartiness with which they threw themselves into it was remarkable. Soon emissaries were speeding to Leech Lake, Mille Lacs, and every Ojibway village, no matter how remote; who, when they arrived, arrested the hunters in the same mysterious way that had been practiced on Yellow Thunder; gathered them into councils, and there, with the same impressive observance which had been used at Gull Lake, made known to them the new revelation, and the Son of God. It spread like wild-fire everywhere in the Indian country; and even to distant villages in the British Possessions and far north toward Hudson bay, went messengers bearing the wonderful news of the appearance of God in the Gull Lake village, and of the commands he had delivered to Sha-bosh-kunk.

The excitement produced by the wonderful news increased. He who had heard it thought himself in possession of a treasure which he could not rest till he had communicated to some other man, who had heard it not. He felt that he had a certain superiority in his position of conveyor over the one to whom he conveyed it.

Soon there began to come to Gull Lake, Indians from great distances, to see this new prophet, and to hear with their own ears. Some came on horseback, some afoot. Many and many painful days' journeys did they make to see him. From being comparatively unknown, he had suddenly become a great celebrity. His

fame reached hundreds and hundreds of miles, and to the most distant Indian villages.

Sha-bosh-kunk did not cheapen himself. He allowed himself to be seen, indeed, by his admirers, but they must approach upon their hands and knees. To one who declined thus to approach him, he foretold, through his heralds, approaching disaster, and when the man was going home his pony ran away and threw him and nearly killed him. When this became known it invested Sha-bosh-kunk with an attribute of fear, and visitors were careful in future to approach him with becoming reverence. He himself did not deign to speak to any one; only to be seen, and that not always readily. To his heralds he communicated his will, and they promulgated it to the people.

One of those who came to see him was, however, of a skeptical turn of mind; for when he saw him he found him eating boiled corn without anything else, and he went home and told to his village that he did not believe he was the Son of God, for if he had been he would have been "blessed;" that is, would have had something better to eat than whole boiled corn!

Sha-bosh-kunk had now reached the highest pinnacle of his glory. His name was known in the most distant creeks and rivers, and in the wigwams in the deepest recesses of the forest, far, far away. Pilgrims came to see him from distant villages which the Gull Lake Indians had previously never heard of. Even as far away as Wawiatanong (Detroit) it was told that God had appeared to Sha-bosh-kunk at Gull Lake;

and hunters in that vicinity turned the prows of their canoes northward, to paddle for weeks; to go and see him. Nor did they come empty-handed. His votaries brought him presents of all kinds, and he became by far the most opulent man in the village. No longer could it be said of him that he had only boiled corn to eat! Of silver ornaments and of furs, of the various things that the Indian considers most valuable, he had a great store. And he brought such honor and dignity to the village that they all began to be proud of him. And not honor only, but he brought profit also. In various ways they reaped a material benefit from the crowds of visitors. They became, in a way, hotel-keepers, and did a thriving business housing the visitors, for which they were paid; for there were so many that they could not be expected to do it for nothing.

It is no wonder, therefore, that they began to look on him as a very great man; *their* great man. Former shortcomings that they might have remembered were condoned in his wonderful success. Those things were in the past; this success was a blazing present fact. Not only, then, in material spoils, but in the highest honor and influence did Sha-bosh-kunk now abound. He had climbed to the top of the ladder and was firmly seated there, above them all, even if some of the steps by which he had ascended were a little shaky. He had all that heart could wish for. He had proved himself a very successful wrestler, for he had won the highest prize.

How had it all come about. It was the

product of his own fertile brain, and of his keen eye to see what would be of advantage to himself, and seize upon it. When he had heard the missionary, Breck, talking about the Son of God; that He had come, and that He was to come again, the idea occurred to him that here was something for him. Who was so worthy to be a Son of God as himself. Did he not surpass in smartness his fellow Indians? Which of them could have got such a large quantity of goods by that lucifer match. He therefore mentally laid by this new idea, as he had the Sioux garter, for use at some future time.

The time came. He was at a dance where much excitement was developed in the matter of the dancers giving presents to each other. It was done somewhat through the contagion of excitement, the giving away of presents by some stirring others to do the same. The principal reason, however, of doing it was to gain reputation. He who gave away his property was a "strong-hearted" man, generous and magnanimous, who did not mind giving away his substance in the abundance of his generosity! The act excited admiration and the giver gained praise.

When, therefore, Sha-bosh-kunk was capering around in the ring dancing, at the same time whooping and yelling, he felt a desire to attract attention and to gain a reputation for being generous and liberal, one who did not mind giving away the most valuable property he had to a friend; so, carried away for the time by these feelings, he looked aimlessly here and

there as if he were uncertain just what he would do, then of a sudden halted in front of a man where he was seated and thrust in the ground before him two rods. This was a pledge that he would deliver to the man two ponies, the only ones he had. This "brave" act brought loud shouts of approval from the dancers; admiring looks were cast upon Sha-bosh-kunk, and he was a very happy man. But when the morning brought reflection he was sorely troubled in mind that he had to give away those ponies. He sought some way out of it, but could find none. There was no escape from delivering those ponies or losing his honor and being laughed at.

It occurred to him that perhaps the white people, who had so much knowledge, might know of some way out of it, so he resolved to consult them. He therefore made a journey to where his trader lived, quite a long distance off, told him of his perplexity, and asked him to find some way for him to avoid delivering those horses. The trader, well accustomed to Indian customs, frankly told him that there was no way out of it; that those horses must be delivered if he were not to become an object of derision at Gull Lake.

Thus thrown back on his own resources he meditated very intently on the subject, and at last the plan gradually made itself clear to him to announce that God had appeared to him and appointed him His Son; and further, that God had given a revelation of His will to him, and among the points given him, a command that

“no horses promised in a dance were to be delivered.” In this way he would save his credit and his horses, too, and if he was successful, establish himself on a very lofty pinnacle as the Son of God. The next thing, having thought out the scheme so far, was to find instruments to aid him. It would not do for him to attempt it himself alone—he must be vouched for by others. It would be too easy and too bare-faced for him alone to assert that God had spoken to him and given a revelation to him, and commissioned him. Help, therefore, he must have. Casting about to see where the help would come from, he remembered two men who, led away by the excitement, had similarly promised horses in the dance, and were now in very low spirits touching the delivery of the same. To these, therefore, he went; informed them of his interview and revelation, and particularly of that part of it about the delivery of horses. He pointed out to them this avenue of escape from their predicament. He found them not at all unwilling to be persuaded; in fact, very ready to believe all he told them about his meeting with God. Having thus enlisted them, he carefully trained them for their part; instructed them how to arrest hunters; how to throw an air of mystery about it; how to produce a sensation. When all was ready the disclosure was made, and there, in among the other revelations, was one little revelation against the delivery of horses promised in a dance.

The scheme worked even better, and extended wider than he had imagined; not to horses only,

but to far greater things. They all profited by it. Not he alone, but his heralds also in less degree, and they were equally interested in keeping up what had unexpectedly become so large a thing. Not only profit, but the heralds even had become great men, upholding the majestic figure of Sha-bosh-kunk. His surpassing greatness as the Son of God was reflected upon them. Here, then, he was in the very heyday of wealth, power, and popularity.

CHAPTER XXV.

FAMINE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

This marvelous exaltation of Sha-bosh-kunk continued all the summer. After a while the winter set in and Gull Lake took on a new loveliness under a dazzling robe of pure white snow. It was a different kind of loveliness from that of rose crowned summer; but in its way it was equally as great. The difference was so great that they might have been two different worlds. In summer everything was covered with a universal mantle of green, save where it was bespangled with the red petals of the rose. The pines, the meadows, the little prairies and openings were all covered with this robe of green. After a June shower, when there had come "the clear shining after rain," there was a dazzling greenness lit up by the sparkling of innumerable raindrops.

But now, in winter, the world had changed to pure white. As far as one could go to the north or to the south not an inch of space could be seen that did not have that pure white mantle. The lake was covered with it, and but for its levelness, and the absence of trees or shrubs, would have seemed a part of the land. The pine trees were loaded with snow, which hung on their branches and on the tufts of the pines, forming a thick cap for them and bending them

down toward the ground. It was this loading of the pines with snow, their supporting masses of it in the air, that gave the landscape its special winter loveliness. It was when the sun shone clear, which it did day after day and week after week, in a cloudless sky of deepest blue, that this beauty reached its height. Then the snow sparkled in innumerable diamond points on the ground below and among the tufts of the pines, till the earth was one dazzling splendor. Oh, the perfect purity, the glory of such a day! And during the moon-of-the-freezing-of-the-waters (November), especially, the trees were covered with the most exquisite frost-work. It was like a fairy dream. Humane imagination could not have conceived much less human hands executed, such miracles of artistic work in frosting as were every morning displayed in lavish prodigality.

Nor were these displays of beauty confined to the day. The nights oftentimes presented greater. The sky was filled with mock moons, each one so bright that it was impossible to tell which was the real one; and these moons were connected by bands of light that formed a circle round the entire sky. From the mock moons and from the connecting bands other streams of light shot up to the zenith. There were crosses, and many different figures, so that the world overhead was filled with an indescribable glory and splendor. Beauty and splendor above, beauty and purity below—the beauty and purity of the far northern winter.

Midway between the above and the below,

sheltered beneath the overhanging pines the Gull Lake village nestled. The smoke from each open wigwam top could be seen ascending far, far up toward the zenith in the still winter air each morning. At night it was a pillar of fire. From within came the shouts and laughter of happy families, free from care, and with nothing to do but enjoy the good things which abounded on every hand. Quantities of flesh, the proceeds of the exertions of their hunters, were hung from rude scaffolds of poles in front of each wigwam; and fish, which the mothers had caught and which were suspended there frozen. On the same scaffold, or within the wigwam, were some little stores of wild rice gathered by the women the previous autumn; of corn raised by them; perhaps of potatoes. There was also some of last spring's maple sugar still remaining in the birch-bark "mokuks" in which it had been put.

As usual, enjoyment was the only thing they had to attend to. The only work to do was providing the daily supply of wood to keep the wigwam fire going, and this was done by the women—but not as work, but in the way of a frolic. Daily, about an hour before sunset, they could be seen issuing from their lodges, each with her ax and packing strap. They laughed and joked with each other as they followed the path that led into the woods, and soon the forest was vocal with the sound of their axes. Then they emerged, each woman bearing a great load on her back, carried by the packing-strap which passed around her forehead. It was deposited

at the door of her wigwam, and then she went back for another load, until enough had been secured. Besides this there was the tanning of skins, the cooking of food, but all these could be done without much exertion. The area of her home was so small that the woman could reach nearly every article she needed in her house-keeping without rising from her sitting position on the mat, or at any rate with the aid of a forked stick to bring it to her.

So the first part of winter wore joyously away until midwinter came. Then occurred an event of some importance—a visit paid them by a band of sixty men and women from the neighboring village of Leech Lake. The weather was now cold (about forty degrees below zero) and the snow was deep; but neither cold nor snow had the smallest terrors for their visitors. Each had his or her blanket, the equipment which the Ojibway thinks sufficient in any sort of weather. If he has his blanket he asks no more by night or day. It is his house that protects him from rain, snow, and wind; and his sufficient covering by night to keep him warm. They had been about three days on the way, taking it leisurely, as it was a pleasure trip. Their route being through a timbered country, they made great fires at night, and slept in perfect comfort.

Their arrival added to the enjoyment of the Gull Lake people, and the time of their stay was wholly given up to festivities. They were all hospitably taken into the wigwams of their hosts, crowding them to their capacity. The stores of provisions were liberally drawn upon,

and everything they had, used freely to feed their visitors. The hunters no longer went out each morning to bring in supplies of meat, for there was too much going on, and of too exciting a character. Every morning, after breakfast, they all assembled in a sort of council-house, or dance-house, rudely constructed by themselves, and of sufficient capacity to hold the entire village and their guests. Here drumming and dancing went on all day long and far into the night. During the frequent intervals of the dance, and while they were resting, the speakers addressed them, and hundreds of speeches were made. The favorite subject, both with speakers and auditors, was about killing Sioux, and the adventures they had met in that pursuit.

A Leech Lake man would stand up and begin with his leaving Leech Lake; describe his journey, all that he saw, his getting sight of the enemy, his killing, his flight, the pursuit that was made of him and how he saved himself. When he came to the part where he killed his enemy the drum gave the usual tap as the life went out.

There were other subjects discussed—their own politics, the struggles of some for pre-eminence, and the efforts of others to keep them down, the encroachments which they thought were practiced on them by the whites, and stories of hunting were told, and of adventures with animals. But the most popular subject of all was about killing Sioux. Food was cooked and brought into them in a great common dish, out of which they helped themselves. It was

PEACE MEETING
-OF-
Ojibways and Dakotas.

M.M. ♩ = 100.

Transcribed and harmonized
by EDWIN S. TRACY.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody in the treble clef features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The second system includes a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The third system returns to the 2/4 time signature. The fourth system concludes with a double bar line and a final cadence. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

hard to find dogs since Sha-bosh-kunk's new cult had caused them to be killed; nevertheless some were found somewhere, and solemn ceremonial feasts had upon them.

While the dancing and story-telling were going on in the main building, there was a gambling annex in a wigwam nearby, where those who preferred that form of amusement could have it. It was, in fact, a time of general license, and anything that any one wished to do was considered perfectly proper and legitimate.

At last their visitors had danced and drummed and talked all they wished to, and prepared to go home. Their hosts were by this time not at all sorry to see them go, for though they had eagerly welcomed them at first, they had now got enough of it. The worst thing was that it had made a serious inroad on their stock of provisions. However, they trusted that their hunters could supply the deficiency.

Their guests gone, they now settled down to their former ways, but were soon alarmed by the increasing scarcity of food. Their wild rice, corn, and potatoes had all been consumed while their visitors were there; their fish, taken just at the time of the freezing up of the lakes, were also exhausted, and the scaffolds were becoming empty of meat. The severe cold still continued day after day without relaxation. It was nearly forty degrees below zero every day, and the hunters did not like very well to go out nor to go far in such extreme cold. But the worst of all was that no game could be found! The ani-

mals had either been driven away by the storms or for some mysterious reason had withdrawn themselves to some other place—but certain it was that they could not be found. It is true there were plenty of buffaloes on the edge of the great prairies at Wild Rice river, but that was four sleeps (one hundred miles) away. There was no road, the snow was two and a half feet deep on a level, and to move their little children, themselves, and what they must take with them, in such deep snow and in such extreme cold, was utterly impossible. They must, therefore, remain where they were and try to find food some way.

In this extremity they cut holes through the ice of their lake and endeavored to spear fish, using decoys to attract them, but, although they lay all day on the snow over the hole, suffering severely from the cold, their heads covered with a blanket so they could see in the water, one hand holding the fish spear, and the other working the decoy, no fish came, and they returned disheartened to the wigwam. The ice was by this time nearly three feet thick, and although it was about the first of February the cold showed no signs of abating. They were held fast in an iron grip. Everything was frozen as hard as iron. Any metal that one accidentally touched burned like fire; or if the hands were moist, adhered to it.

The aspect of nature had changed from the loveliness it had had in the beginning of winter, and had become severe and even savage. Nature had now assumed a positively hostile

aspect. The sun no longer shone. The sky was clouded and lowering for weeks. It kept trying to snow and, though not a great deal fell, there was a constant threat of burying them still deeper than they were. The snow that had loaded the pines and bent their branches toward the earth, constituting a great deal of the loveliness of winter, had now been blown down by the winds, and the trees waved their branches, bare and desolate.

What a change in their condition had come about in a short time, from the happy abandon and the plenty of summer, autumn and early winter!

No longer was laughter heard in the wigwams. The children were everywhere crying for food; their mothers in vain trying to pacify them. There was hardly a home in which some of the children did not sicken and die. This was caused by hunger, or by eating food that, in its effect on the digestive organs, was as bad as hunger. In their dire extremity they went to the pine trees and scraped thence a certain moss, cooked it and fed it to their children and themselves; but it injured the children's digestion so that many sickened and died. Others collected the seedpods of last year's roses and, scraping away the seeds, tried to live on the meat that formed the walls.

They had now all become very thin from long-continued fasting, and very weak. They discussed with each other what they could do to save themselves. Some of them might go to Leech Lake, the nearest village, and ask for

help. But Leech Lake was two days' march (nearly sixty miles) away. There was no road broken through the deep snow, and it was doubtful if any of them had sufficient strength to go on snow-shoes, especially in the arctic temperature that prevailed. Then if they did succeed in reaching it, could the Leech Lake Indians help them? They were probably in almost as bad a plight themselves, for the same causes which brought starvation upon them—the disappearance of the animals, the impossibility of finding fish, the extreme cold—they knew operated there also. Then they knew that the Leech Lake Indians never laid in a stock of wild rice or fall fish or raised any potatoes and corn, but just what was barely sufficient for their own needs under most favorable circumstances, and that they were *always* at that season of the year when it was toward the end of winter, on the verge of starvation. So even if they got there alive it was doubtful if they would get any help.

They now deeply lamented not having raised more corn and potatoes the previous summer, which they could very easily have done by a few days' additional work, and which would have put them beyond the possibility of any such experience as this.

"Oh, that I had gathered a sack or two more of wild rice," said the wife of Good-Sounding-Sky, "what would I not give for it now! I could have done it just as easily as not, and so could every woman in this village. I could have gathered ten sacks where I gathered

one, if I had wanted to. Most of it shelled off into the water. But I thought I had enough to carry us through till spring. I did not think of those lazy Leech Lake vagabonds coming here and eating up everything we had. If I live through till spring I will never be caught in this way again—never as long as I live.”

“Yes,” said Good-Sounding-Sky, “if we had known that the game was going to disappear in this way just when we most needed it, there were a dozen ways that we could have done, and any one of them would have kept us in plenty. You could have killed thousands of fish last fall, when it began to freeze over, just as easily as what you did, for you told me you took four hundred tulibys every night. Or, as you say, we might have made all the wild rice we wanted to, for there were unlimited quantities of it, and we had nothing else to do. Or we might have raised all the potatoes and corn we wished. I do not think it would have taken us ten days’ labor in all, and then we would have been beyond want.

“But that is the way with the Indian,” he added cheerfully. “He just provides what will barely do under the most favorable circumstances, and then if anything unusual occurs, as this disappearance of the game, or anything else, there he is! It is the way the Indians have; it is the way they have been brought up. With the whites I hear it is different. They provide things in advance. And we need not think this that we are now suffering anything so unusual, for as long as I can remember I do not think a

winter ever passed that this same thing did not take place in *some* village of Indians. And I am sure I have heard, every winter, of a good many Indians starving to death somewhere."

"Well," replied his wife, "I have told you that if I live to see spring I shall never get caught in this fix again. I shall cultivate a garden and raise corn and potatoes, and then I shall be beyond want. And it is not for myself I care so much, though the pangs of hunger are hard to bear, but it is the cries and the appealing look of that son of ours that go to my heart. I do not mind so much losing my own life, but I reproach myself with being the cause of his losing his. I wish that at any rate I had given nothing to those miserable Leech Lake Indians when they were here. What would I not give now to have that to feed to my son!"

"Oh, you talk just like all the people do," said Good-Sounding-Sky. "How often have I heard the women say, when the pinch of hunger was on them, that if they lived through to another spring they would raise corn and potatoes. But when they had plenty the next summer they forgot all about it, and found it far more pleasant to lie on the grass in the sun, or to dance, than to go and hoe in the garden."

By this time the Indians were reduced to such extremities that they ate old moccasins and pieces of old blanket, anything to relieve the dreadful gnawings of hunger. They also held many consultations with each other about organizing a party of the strongest to endeavor

to break through to Leech Lake, though they did not expect to find the people there in much better condition than themselves. Still they might get a little corn if they succeeded in reaching it. So on the appointed day four of the strongest ones were marshaled to start. Their snowshoes were repaired and they each had a handful of food given them. They were advised to travel continuously, night and day, as long as they had an ounce of strength left, as the most likely way of reaching there alive. Each man carried in his bosom a piece of birch-bark with which he could make a fire under any circumstances, for even if plunged in the water it would at once blaze up when a match was applied to it.

With many good wishes, therefore, they at last started, all the people of the village viewing their departure and calling words of encouragement after them. They disappeared from view, and hopes were high that relief would come. But toward evening one of them came staggering back, more dead than alive, and faintly reported that they got along after a fashion until they reached a lake about five miles away; but when they attempted to cross it, and were no longer in the shelter of the woods, the piercing wind, striking their frames enfeebled by hunger, so benumbed them that they sunk down exhausted in the deep snow, and were unable to rise, and he was sure that they perished. When he left they were still lying there barely able to speak. Knowing that they were probably not alive by that time, as it was still so

extremely cold, no effort was made to rescue them, as it would have been useless, and would only have resulted in their own deaths.

A spark of hope from an unexpected source now came to them. Two French traders, on their way to a distant trading post, and accompanied by their train of dogs and sled, now appeared, and asked to pass the night in their wigwams. Although starving, they had managed to keep warm, for they had strength enough to crawl into the woods and chop some fuel, and the Frenchmen would pass the night much more comfortably sheltered in their wigwams and sleeping by a good fire than camping out in the woods. They, therefore, joyfully welcomed them, feeling sure that they would get some provisions from them, however little it might be, in payment for the lodging afforded. When their visitors came to take their evening meal, with what eagerness did they watch every morsel that disappeared down their throats! But they were given nothing, and in answer to their eager supplication for even a little morsel, they were told to wait till the morning, which they interpreted to mean that they would be given then. When the morning came the Frenchmen took a meal of what seemed to them most delicious food, and then, gathering up all the fragments and replacing them in their packs, and throwing down a small coin, which was of no use to them, told them that they needed all the provisions they were carrying with them to enable them to reach the place where they were going, and had none to spare;

and, then backing off from them, and pointing their guns toward them, commanded that not one should rise out of his place or make the least motion; that if any of them did so he was certainly a dead man, for they would fire; and thus slowly backing away, with their guns still pointed toward them, their guests disappeared out of sight, leaving them in deep despair. It put a severe strain on their deeply-ingrained reverence for the white man, and their unwillingness to rob or kill him, or injure him in any way, to see those men, with their packs of provisions that would have kept their little children alive, disappear from view.

There was nothing now to do but to return to the moss scraped from the pine tree, or to gnawing a piece of blanket. Death in a horrible form was slowly approaching them and their loved ones. It aroused great searchings of heart. One day The-First-Heavens and his old companion, Traveling-the-Heavens, met as they were crawling over the snow,—too feeble to walk,—going to scrape some more moss from the trees.

“You thought that we had surmounted that thing,” said the former, “and that we would never feel it again. But it appears that it is still following us.”

“Yes,” returned his companion, “I thought when we got out of that snowbank that that was the end of it, but it appears not.”

“What is going to be the end of it?” asked The-First-Heavens.

“I do not know,” said the other. “It may

overtake us and kill us at last. It looks like it now."

"I would not mind dying," said The-First-Heavens, if it were not for that thing on my mind. I have had no happiness since that occurred. It keeps cropping up every once in a while. How is it with you?"

"Oh, oftentimes I thought I had it buried for good, and then something occurred that brought it right up again. I have found out that it is not a dead thing. It is very much alive."

"Yes," said The-First-Heavens, "we both thought, perhaps, that we had got rid of it after that blizzard, when lo and behold! this famine comes, and it rises up and flies in our faces once more. Now, when we are near death, we can think of nothing else."

"You lost your girl, did you not?" inquired Traveling-the-Heavens. "I mean old Ogema's daughter?"

"Yes," sadly replied the other. "When I came back she looked at me, examined me with her eyes carefully for a long time and then said I was not the man she thought I was; that something had come over me, she didn't know what. But she would not have me."

"I do not think any of the other people here suffer as badly as we," said his companion. "They have only sufferings of the body; but in addition to sufferings of the body, we have of the mind, so we have double."

"There are some of them here," said The-First-Heavens, "who suffer somewhat as we do,

but none so badly, for I think that we are the most unhappy pair in the whole world. There is Red-sky-of-the-morning, I am sure she sees the face of that Sioux girl again. Do you remember how she felt in the snow-cave?"

"Yes," I remember it," returned Traveling-the-Heavens," but hers is a light trouble to what is on us. And "The Sioux" is here. You just be sure he has some bad turns, though he does not show it outwardly. Since I have done that thing and have it on my mind, I seem to know those that are in a like condition. Something teaches me so that I recognize them. I inwardly say when I come near them, 'So you, too, are in this pit! You are another unhappy wretch like me!'"

"I would give all the world to be like one of the people that do not have our trouble," said The-First-Heavens, "even if they are starving to death. That I could stand. I envy every one of them, though he is gnawing an old moc-casin! I think to myself, 'I wish I could change places with you!'"

"I wish Sha-bosh-kunk had been dead before he proposed that thing to us," said Traveling-the-Heavens. It was a black day for us, the day we went with him. I said before I did that thing that I should never be a happy man again; and it is even so. When I think I am done with it something always turns it up afresh."

"What is going to be the end of it?" inquired The-First-Heavens.

"There is never going to be any end to it," replied his companion. "It follows us in this

world, and if we could manage to go under the earth it would follow us there; and if we went to what the Christians call The-Bad-Fire (hell), I believe it would follow us there. Sha-bosh-kunk has ruined us."

"He does not seem to have any trouble about it," said The-First-Heavens.

"No, he has no trouble about anything. Nothing troubles him. He is hard as a stone," answered his companion.

"Did you see all that he did about being the Son of God, and about those horses?"

"Yes, I saw it all. Since that happened to us I seem to be inside of him and know every move he makes, almost before he begins it."

"Well, I hope I shall get out of this alive," said The-First Heavens, "for I do not feel ready to die. And yet I do not see any use in my living, for I shall always be miserable, just as I am now."

This melancholy conference ended, they each dragged themselves to a tree to scrape a little of the wretched substance which alone kept them alive.

Red-sky-of-the-morning sat in her wigwam, little knowing the conversation that had taken place about her. She was trying to quiet some of her children who were crying of hunger, but it was an impossible task. Only one thing would quiet them—food, and she had none. She had to watch one loved child sicken, its digestive organs ruined by the wretched moss; she had to watch the mysterious approach of death upon its little face. As the features became pinched

and drawn it brought to her mind the last dying face she had looked upon, that of the Sioux girl. In her own mind she connected one with the other, and it was somehow borne in upon her that that child of hers had to die because the Sioux girl died. Nay, that she was the cause of the child's death because she had caused the death of the girl. She made mental notes of comparison between the signs of approaching dissolution as they appeared one after the other in the face of the child in her lap, and those of the last dying person she saw. Her mind was all afire, and she dreaded that this was not all, nor the last. She had other hungry children. Would they all have to go? Must the death of that Sioux girl be atoned for by the loss of all her children? Did her sin require such heavy expiation? Was it right that so many should go for one? She, too, when she got out of the snow-cave, got out with a joyful heart, feeling that she had left that tragedy behind and that it would never rise again to trouble her. She had not thought of it since; that is, not with any particular regret or fear, but now looking into the face of her dying child it came back upon her with all its terror. She then was responsible for the death of her child!—that was the terrible thought that came to her. Oh, by what a terrible fate was she pursued! She felt that in committing that act she had given birth to a terrible monster who was pursuing her, and had just seized one of her innocent little children! And not only so, but stood there threatening to seize the others, and herself, too!

And, worst of all she was utterly powerless to avert it! All she could do was to stand and wait and see one victim after another fall a prey to something inexorable. And no one could help her in this trouble. She must bear it all alone. She could not even tell her husband what she believed was the cause of it, for that would only cause a terrible explosion of his wrath upon her as the cause of his losing his children. So she must confine it within her own bursting heart. Oh, how unutterably miserable she felt! Then her mind went to the time when she herself would lie as her child was then—dying. She asked herself, Could she die?—she knew it was coming. And she had to answer that she could not! Something was on her mind, on her heart, and with that there she could not die!

Though life would be unspeakably dreary, insupportable, if she lost all her children, as it now seemed she would, death was worse. She could not die! She felt that she was not ready to die. And she felt that she never would be ready. There was nothing that she could do that she knew of, or had ever heard of, to make her ready. Death was with her, about her, and it forced her to think of all these things. Her thoughts flew very swiftly during those hours when her child was lying on her knee; and they explored her heart, and time and eternity, so far as she knew it. They searched all deep inward things in her soul, and brought out into clear light things long half-hidden or before but partially comprehended. Death was to her an illuminator of the mysteries of her own being;

of things past, of the present, and of things to come. And it was an illumination that filled her with alarm and made her more than ever unhappy. It was therefore with a feeling that she was bearing a load that was almost greater than she could sustain, that she at last laid down the little one and composed its limbs when it had breathed its last; and then turned herself to try and pacify the hungry and crying ones of her brood that remained.

To add to the deep depression that now lay heavy on the starving people, horrible tales began coming to them from one quarter and another. One day a hunter of their village, who had been wintering with his family at a small lake not far off, entered one of their wigwams, and in answer to the kindly inquiry how his children were, mournfully answered that he no longer had any children.

"A short time ago when this famine began to threaten," he said, "I had three children living with me. I entrusted them to my married daughter living some distance from me, at her request, she telling me that she had plenty of food and would bring them safely through the winter. I hear they are all dead now," he said mournfully, "and I know that they have been killed and eaten by my daughter. She came this morning into the wigwam where my wife and I were, with a knife in her hand, intending to kill us; but my wife caught her by the hair as she put her head in the door, and held her, and I cut off her head with the ax."

When people—any people, no matter of what

nation, and probably there is no difference between the nations—are starving and see death approaching they lose command of themselves, a sort of delirium seizes them; they become callous, and hear things with indifference that at other times would freeze the marrow in their bones, and do things that at other times they would not have believed it possible they could do. We draw a veil over the things that happened during the long slow agony when that little community was starving.

One day at this time there came into the wigwam of one of the women of the village, Medwewedjiwunoque (The-woman-of-the-sound-of-the-rapids), a poor little boy of very pitiful aspect. He was about ten years of age dressed in an old dirty boy's blanket, thin cotton leggings, black with dirt, and moccasins. He timidly sat down by the fire, or rather, as it seemed, sunk down through weakness, for he was unable to stand. His poor pinched face showed that he was very nearly starved, as did his poor wasted little body. He said nothing, for he was too weak to speak. But his wistful eyes made an appeal to the heart of Sound-of-the-rapids woman that she found it hard to resist and although she and her family were almost starving themselves, with womanly kindness she took a little of the last food there was left in the wigwam, put it in a birch-bark dish, and gave it to the poor little boy. He took a little of it in his poor wasted little hand and put it to his mouth and chewed it a little, then he fell over in a dead faint. The Sound-of-the-rapids wom-

an now made an examination of him to see what was the matter and found that his legs and feet were frozen solid from the knees down. They were as hard as rocks, and as cold as ice. They seemed to have been frozen for some time. She called the members of her family to assist her, and after a while they succeeded in reviving him and getting from him his pitiful story. He was Ke-zhe-ka-nunk (The-swiftly-flying-star), an orphan, both father and mother being dead, and he had been out hunting about a day's march from the village, with his grandfather and grandmother,—Quenubi-gi-zhick (Sky-turning-upside-down), and Niganwewedumok (The-woman -who- goes -ahead -and -makes -a -shouting). They had been there about a month, waiting for an opportunity to come home. But the snow was too deep, there was no road, and they had no snow-shoes, and almost no food. They could not find rabbits or game of any kind. Finally his grandfather said to him:

“My grandson, your grandmother and I will die here. We are old and cannot make our way to the village, for we have no food and are almost dead already. But you are young; you have long to live. Save yourself, my grandchild; do what I tell you. Here is a rabbit, the only food I have. I give it to you to save your life. Go in such a direction.” (Here he gave him instructions about the road.) “Generally the snow is too deep and too soft, and you have no snow-shoes. Crawl on your stomach where you cannot get through any other way. Now

go and save yourself, your grandmother and I will die here."

The little boy obeyed his directions, and, urged on by the love of life, did barely succeed in reaching the village and went into the first wigwam he came to, which happened to be that of Sound-of-the-rapids woman. There was no physician, but nature in her own gradual way performed the amputation of both his legs below the knee, after a period of most intense suffering to him. Thenceforth he walked upon his knees, with the protruding bones of his legs projecting out behind. His grandfather and grandmother died where he left them, and he, a poor maimed boy, was the sole survivor of the family. Such were the tales and sights of misery which from every side came to the afflicted community.

The severe cold still continued, and it aggravated their sufferings, for they had very little clothing, and in their enfeebled condition the extreme cold took hold of them more. The snow continued as deep as ever,—about three feet on a level,—making it impossible to go anywhere except on snow shoes; and in their emaciated state they had not strength enough to travel. The game still continued absent, and even if there had been any they no longer had strength to pursue it. They tried as before to spear fish in their lake, hovering over holes cut in the ice; but it was difficult to reach the water, covered as it was with the great depth of ice, and the snow on top of that. And although they persevered faithfully, and spent hours at a time gaz-

ing down that funnel of a hole into the water beneath, no fish were to be found. The fish had not yet begun to run. Even they, like everything else, seemed to have gone into a condition of torpor during the severe cold and remained in some place out of sight.

So there was the community slowly starving to death. Day by day the number of bodies resting in the limbs of trees about their village increased, though the survivors had hardly strength enough to carry them there. No longer was laughter heard from any wigwam. Laughter was a thing of the past. Instead, the crying of starving children was the sound that one heard from every wigwam. Many of the men and women blackened their faces in token of sorrow. It was a despairing little community.

There was only one thing to which they looked forward that afforded a ray of hope, and that was the coming of spring. Spring would relax the iron grip of cold in which they were held. Spring would bring abundance of natural food of all kinds. The fish would once more run in the lake, and they could spear them through the ice. The little creeks emptying into the lake would be full of fish—they could shovel them out with their hands. The water below would swarm with food; so would the air above. Ducks and birds of all kinds would come sailing in on the warm southern breeze, and they could shoot them if they were alive. But would spring ever come and would any of them be alive when it did—that was the question they anxiously discussed. As they had no way of knowing what

time of the year it was but by the moons, and as these came to the full any time during the month, they were in great perplexity which moon was then shining, and consequently how long it would be till spring.

Some maintained that they had kept an accurate account of the moons beginning with Gushkudino-gizis. (The-moon-of-the-freezing-over-of-the-waters—November), which afforded a sure starting point, and that the moon now shining was Onabuni-gizis (The-moon-of-the-crust-on-the-snow—March). If that were so, spring would come with the next moon that would shine, Beboquedagimink (The-moon-of-the-breaking-of-snow-shoes, so called because the snow being on the ground in some places, and thawed off in others by the sun, the snow-shoes were broken by traveling partly on snow and partly on bare ground). This opinion was combated by others, who maintained that they had kept an equally accurate count of the moons,—had marked them with notches on a stick they said,—and that the moon now shining was Namebini-gizis (The-moon-of-suckers—February). As a proof, they adduced the fact that there was yet no crust on the snow, which there would have been had it been Onabuni-gizis, and that the cold was still severe. This opinion, that it was the moon of suckers, threw them into despair. They realized that if that were so not one of them would live to see the spring; that all that would remain of their village would be rotting corpses lying around.

Although they did not expect an affirmative

answer, indeed, knew that it was impossible, there was one question that instinctively rose to the lips of all of them and which they found themselves continually asking, even while they knew the foolishness of it, "Have you seen or heard a crow?" The crow is the first bird to arrive from the south. His coming announces that the long reign of winter is over, and his "caw-caw" proclaims that there is a long procession of birds of all kinds following him, bringing food—themselves—for the Ojibways. When the Ojibway hears him he knows that he has survived the starvation of the latter part of winter, which is always their time of extreme scarcity, and has lived to see the abundance of spring. Oh, how his heart beats when he first sees the crow, or hears his joyful "caw-caw!"

He purposely betakes himself to the nearest wigwam, and in answer to the question that is sure to be asked if he has seen or heard a crow, modestly replies that he has. That he heard him and saw him when he was walking in such a place, when the sun was "so high." It is loudly repeated by the good woman of the house that the crows have come, and then she runs to the wigwam of her dearest gossip to be the bearer of such good news! She is the most welcome visitor there has been in that wigwam for a year.

So the crow is the great-grandmother of the Ojibway, assuring him that he has escaped starvation one more winter; that soft blue skies and southern breezes are at hand. He corrects his almanac, however astray he may have got in his calculations, and however confused as to

what moon is shining now, for he puts the stamp of Onabuni-gizis on it, and he knows that the next moon will bring him the delicious maple sugar, as well as all other good things.

So the days dragged wearily on, and there were no signs either of a crust on the snow or of a crow, and the emaciated people were looking forward to death by starvation, which seemed almost certain, when one day they were startled by loud shouts to the southward. They crept out, as rapidly as their feeble strength would admit, to see what this unexpected thing was. The shouts kept coming nearer and nearer and soon trains of dogs came in sight, dragging heavily-loaded sleds behind them. Urging the dogs forward were men on snow-shoes, and conspicuous among them by his great height was the missionary, Breck, also on snow-shoes. There was no road broken, and they had adopted the only means of conveyance that would do. Besides the sled loads, many of the snow-shoers, Breck included, carried great packs on their backs, suspended by packing-straps round their shoulders.

“Food, food!” they joyfully cried, from as far as they could be heard, to the company of skeletons who had crawled out to look at them. Oh, what joy filled them when it finally penetrated their intellects that there was food! The call of the crow is cheering, but nothing to this! In one minute a sea of joy rolled in upon their souls. What had been a minute before the most despairing company in the whole world, was now perhaps the happiest. They were not to

die, but to live! Their distress was all forgotten, a thing of the past, and only bliss in its place! Mothers picked up and frantically hugged and kissed their emaciated babies, and told them they should eat all they wanted to. Some, looking at the trains, broke down and wept for joy. Some threw themselves on the missionary and the packers when they had come near enough, and cried: "You have saved us, you have saved us!" These, though rough men of the frontier, and the missionary, were almost as much affected as they; and some of them were so much touched by the sight of the starving company before them, and by their deep joy, that they shed tears. Some of them literally "lifted up their voices and wept," while more, with their coat sleeves, wiped the tears out of their eyes.

But this season of rejoicing must pass, there was something better coming, participation. Some packs were hastily opened, the precious food brought out. They were going to devour it just as it was, but the wise missionary hindered them. Great fires were made by the strong *voyageurs*; pots and kettles were brought out, and hung over them, and filled with the tempting food; and soon savory steams filled the air with perfumes that was more delicious than that of summer roses. A cracker was warily handed round to each by the missionary to stay their hunger till the food could be prepared, and when it was they had, what they had not had in months, a good meal! The little children could hardly be restrained while the food was cooking, but by

many promises of all they could eat by and by, and a few mouthfuls of crackers, they were. Oh what a feast was that! Food of all kinds, and in the most concentrated form. Beans, rice, flour, beef, venison. And there was hot tea, which they loved so much, and a new luxury which till then they had never known, but which they fully appreciated. It was coffee, for which, having no name, they made a name expressing its essential characteristics, calling it "mukudemushkiki-wabo"—black medicine-liquid. Black, from its color; medicine, for it seemed to have some mysterious supernatural stimulating properties; and liquid from its form.

When repletion came, as much as the missionary saw it to be wise to indulge them in, there followed a period of mutual felicitations. They told some of the things they had suffered; but would break off in the middle of a sentence to inquire how they came to be relieved. That was soon told. The French traders, who had enjoyed their hospitality but given them nothing, probably because they could not, and who had backed away from them with pointed guns, had nevertheless reported their starving condition at the distant trading-post to which they went. Thence the news had been carried to another distant post where the missionary happened to be wintering, and he, realizing that they would probably all die if food was not taken to them, with energy set to work to relieve them. With some money of his own, and pledging his credit to the owners of the trading-post,—a credit which they knew to be as good as the money,—

he procured the most concentrated foods he could find; then hired the French *voyageurs* who were accustomed to carry packs of furs in the winter from one trading-post to another with their dog-sleds, loaded the provisions, put some in packs, to be carried by the experienced snow-shoers, and took a pack on his back himself and accompanied them. Neither horses, nor any other kind of power used by civilized man, were of any use in the unbroken tract of snow which lay between him and Gull Lake, but dogs were just the thing. So they traveled, snow-shoeing day after day; camping out every night, keeping themselves warm by great fires. Each man had his blankets in which he slept, which in the day time were strapped on the sleds. The men were hardy, bearded fellows, brought up among the snows of Eastern Canada, and dressed in the picturesque costume so dear to the French Canadian. There was the woolen cap of bright red with its tassel falling to one side; the coat, with the hood behind, which in storms was put over the head, enveloping it; there was the red and blue sash around the waist, the ends depending downward to the knee; there were the leggings fastened by a bright colored band above the calf; there were the moose-hide moccasins. They had the cherry, jolly abandon by which they so soon made themselves at home with the "savages."

Before they went to their wigwams at the conclusion of the feast, one of the Ojibway's Akiwadj-agindunk (He-who-grew-up-along-with-the-earth—that is, when the earth was young

he was young, and as the earth kept growing up he kept growing up), expressed their feelings to the missionary in a little address:

“You have saved our lives,” he said, “by bringing these provisions, hiring these men and dog-teams, and coming up here. None of our own relatives would have done it; but you, a stranger, have done it. We owe our lives to you. I do not think there would have been one living when spring comes if you had not done this. We thank you, we thank you.”

The *voyageurs* and the missionary were taken into the wigwams where they slept warm and comfortable for the first time in many nights. And soon there were sounds that had not been heard for a long time—the sounds of laughter and jollity. They were filled with thankfulness that their long sufferings were at an end; that relief had come in such an unexpected way, and that the issue of all was life and not death.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CONTEST.

When the warm summer suns again shone over Gull Lake there was a change in the condition of the people. With the spring had come abundance of natural food—geese, ducks, birds of all sorts; and swarms of fish, which filled the creeks and rivers. With abundant and good food the people had fully recovered their health and spirits. Men and women were again sturdy, fresh and vigorous. Cheerfulness had returned with bodily health. The horrors of the starving time had receded into the caverns of memory, and only the abundance of the present was thought of. As the little birds perched in the trees thought not of the storms and pinching of winter when they were cowering to find a shelter from the icy blast, but only felt the joy of summer by which they were surrounded and sang of it,—so it was with them. Joy filled all nature around, and its influence reached even to them. The victims of the famine were buried—so were the memories of their own sufferings. Even those who had passed away were thought of with a softened feeling, in which there was no bitterness.

There was one new figure, and one new phase of activity in the village. The new figure was the missionary, Breck, who had remained with

them. The new activity was a large field, or farm, which he had opened in the edge of their village. He had brought oxen there and ploughed the ground; had brought seed and called on them to help him plant it, and offered to show them the way. It was explained to them that whatever they raised would be given to them, and they were told that with a very little labor on their part such disasters as that of the past winter need never be feared again. The seed and the breaking of the land were a present from him; all they were required to do was to put to a little labor, and that for themselves.

This then could now be daily seen in their village, in the beginning of the beautiful summer: The missionary out in the field; perhaps at 5 o'clock in the morning, when the air was sweetest, purest,—the most lovely time of the day,—surrounded by the Indians whom he had called from their wigwams; all busily engaged in planting, hoeing, and all the varied parts of gardening, under his direction. He saw clearly that it would not be enough to teach them to believe in God—he *must give them something to do*; something that would be useful, elevating; and that would call off their minds and attention from evil things. He saw that it was not enough that the Devil be cast out, leaving a vacuum into which he would be sure to return in one shape or other; but that that vacuum must be filled with something positively good, to keep him out, that his exclusion might be permanent. That positive good was, he saw, the belief and practice of the Gospel and honest labor.

It was an interesting sight to see him there amongst them—hoeing, planting, working harder than any of them, and directing all. He was a very spiritual man; but he was also a perfect gardener. He had been trained to it in his youth; and as he now saw, providentially. Without that part his work would have been very halting. Honest daily labor—something to take up their minds from Sioux-killing, and degrading heathen dances, was the necessary complement to believing in God and His Gospel.

It was no sour and doleful company that worked that field. Laughter and jokes resounded on every hand. There was mutual confidence and mutual love between teacher and taught. Each had forgotten that the other was of a different color, of a different race. They were all human, and were fused in one on that broad base. They were also members of the same village,—for he had now come to live there,—so in that regard they were one; and besides, they were necessary to each other. Very much they could not do for themselves—for much they must depend on him. But they were equally necessary to him in many ways. In many ways also they were his superiors—they the teachers and he the one to be taught. In the mastery of a beautiful, but most difficult language, which it was necessary for him to know; in their knowledge of the whole book of nature—plants, animals, the sky, the earth, the water; things above, around, and beneath. In all these things he realized that they were masters, and he and his race very humble learners,

sitting a long way off. All the common things, but things absolutely necessary for living in that country, they knew far better than he, better than his race—hunting, fishing, traveling, camping, making canoes, gathering rice, protection against the cold, the habits of animals, of fishes, the ways of making a living.

Striking the balance between them, then, they were about equal; he with weight on the spiritual side, but they with a manifestly superior capacity on the earthly.

So it was that in that field there was no assumption of superiority on either side, but good comradeship. They laughed at the ridiculous mistakes he made in trying to say a few words of their language; he, in turn, made them all laugh at the awkward way in which some of their number had planted something. To one coming along, that group of men, women, and children workers presented a delightful picture to the eye; and their happy laughter was music to the ear. Here was the solution of a problem. In what that man was doing in that field was the way out of darkness into light for a race. There was the solution of the apparently hopeless problem of how to change scalp-taking and scalp-dancing savages into honest, industrious, and useful citizens, a blessing to the world and a help to their neighbors.

When they had worked an hour or two they went home to breakfast for an hour, and then reassembled in the field. That was one of the missionary's objects—to teach them regularity, even of meals, something to which they had been

utter strangers. Then, after they had worked an hour or two longer, a sweet bell rang out from the log tower of the little log church,—for the missionary had already built a little chapel,—and the entire company dropped their hoes and went into the sacred place. Oh, how grateful was its shade after the hot glare of the sun! There was a little stained-glass window over the altar, with a figure of the sweet Saviour in it. There was a small altar, surmounted by a brass cross. There was the chancel rail; and outside, the benches for the worshippers.

The missionary was a wise man, and knew that the people could not at first endure continuous labor all day long, never having been used to labor at all. He realized that as they were part body and part spirit, they required refreshment and nutriment for the spirit as well as for the body. Therefore it was that every day he led them from the field to the house of God, for bodily rest and for spiritual refreshment. While they were sitting there he put on, in a little vestry room, the pure white robes that befitted him so well, and the black stole; then came in and began the Morning Prayer. None of them were yet Christians, but he was leading them on the way to be so. They soon learned to say the General Confession in their own language; the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed. He had learned to say them also. He had his interpreter read the portions of Scripture in their own language; he himself read the prayers. But the best of all were the hymns. With

a delighted surprise they found that they could sing hymns in their own language! They had previously had no music in their own language, except the chants used in their dances, and medicine and war songs; and this seemed to them as if they had acquired a new and delightful sense and knew how to exercise it. Their voices, the women's especially, were very melodious, and soon they made the walls of the little chapel resound with their beautiful tunes, which they carried strongly and well themselves. Soon outdoors and indoors one would hear snatches of Christian songs. One would hear them at their work, and when they were sitting quietly in their wigwams. There was a little log school-house also, in which their children began to be taught. Seeing what was going on, one realized that they were what they were simply because nothing had ever been done to make them otherwise; and that when the proper means were used to make them otherwise a change began to appear. In this case one saw that the means were applied by a master-hand—one who saw very clearly just what was needed; had faith in the efficacy of the instruments he used; and with courage and persistency applied them.

When the hour spent in church was over, Breck dismissed them to their homes to attend to their own concerns. There was no further labor that day. The morning hours devoted to the fields were enough to keep the plants growing, and without a weed. The morning's hour of worship and with hymns, but without any

sermon except on the Lord's Day, was enough for their spiritual culture.

So the early weeks of summer wore along; but now came an unlooked for trial. Nearly all June it did not rain. The plants began to wilt under the long-continued and fierce heat. Breck and his friends still worked daily in the garden, but the people began to fear that their labor was thrown away. There was no longer any growth. They said among themselves that if rain did not come in three or four days the fields were ruined. They had had high hopes of a new and better way of living than the way their fathers knew; they had made an honest effort, under the inspiration of their missionary, to enter on that way, and now their hopes and their efforts were mocked! They had done the best they knew in the new and good way, and now God cast them down! What were they to think of it? It seemed that God did not intend them to be Christians, nor to follow the Christian way of life. Day after day, week after week, there was the same brazen sky overhead, without a cloud in it, with only a fierce sun pouring out of it. The soil was baked and parched; it gaped open; great cracks opened in it. The little streams were all dried up, as were the ponds and small lakes. Even the oak trees began to shed their leaves. It seemed as if God had forsaken the earth. It seemed as if it never could rain again. Several times there had been some gatherings of clouds, there had even been some muttering thunders, but they had passed and left everything more hopeless than before. A long,

settled, steady drought—a drought that would ruin their crops—was all that was in sight. And how proud they had been of those fields—the plants and vines growing so closely together and so luxuriantly that they hid the ground! All the same height, even as a brush; but now wilting on the ground, lost, apparently, beyond recovery.

Sha-bosh-kunk was the one man who had stood aloof from the new departure. He had never been in the fields with the missionary and the workers. On the contrary, he had steadily opposed everything that had been going on. He instinctively recognized in the missionary his antagonist; and in what was being done, the undermining of his position. His glory as the Son of God was distinctly beginning to fade with the introduction of the new ideas that now occupied the people's minds. And the civilized farmer's life, on which the people seemed to be entering made, he felt, directly against him. He saw light coming, and he hated and fought against it. A true Son of God was proclaimed, and before Him he found his light diminishing. He intuitively felt that these doctrines struck at the foundation of his claim to be the Son of God, and so of his greatness and opulence.

He directed his efforts, therefore, to discouraging the people, and to keeping them from living the life of farmers—and well he knew how to set about it. He collected them into little councils here and there; and even labored with them in little groups, or singly, wherever he could find them. The unexpected and terrible

drought placed a formidable weapon in his hands.

“Look here,” he said to them, “how this missionary is abusing you.” An Indian, or any man, is naturally very ready to listen to any one who tells him someone is abusing him. “See how hard this man has worked you out there in the field under the hot sun! And I have seen you there sometimes very early in the morning, when you ought to have been sleeping. But he has no regard for you; he deprives you of your natural rest and drags you out into the field with him. And what are you to get for it—for all the sweat that has showered from you on that field, and for your broken rest? Yes, what are you to get for it? Just look at that field, for answer. You will get nothing. Those plants are all wilted and dying. He promised you the crops when matured; but there are not going to be any crops. So he has deceived you. Yes, he has deluded you. So many days you have toiled and toiled there; and all for nothing! This man has been a curse to you, making you toil and slave; and he will be as long as he lives in this village. You ought to rise in your might, like the noble people you are, and kill him for a deceiver. It is evident that all he wants is to make slaves of you, and he to be the prince! Who ever heard of the noble Ojibways being slaves? They never have been till now, for they are too noble a race for that! But he has made you slaves at last and he is the master! Yes, I can see that when I look in that field and see you there with a hoe put into your hand and your

back bent, and your face down, and grubbing, grubbing in the ground, a slave! What the Sioux were never able to do; nor the English, when their trading-posts were here; nor the Long Knives since they came, he has done—that is, to make you slaves! And Oh, he speaks you so fair, and smiles so sweet, and is so kind; and underneath it, all he is thinking of is to make you slaves! And now we see what the Powers above think of it—there is that garden dying, or dead. That shows you plainly what a bad man he is. Everything is working against him. His heart is so black that it will not even rain where he is. Do any of us ever remember such a drought as this? Not one of us. And he is the cause of it. His very presence brings our village under a curse. Don't any of you go to the field with him any more. Do not let him delude you any more. He has almost ruined you already with this drought and he will certainly completely ruin you if you keep on with him any more.

“Oh, it makes my blood boil to see the noble men who used to be warriors, and stepped the prairie free and independent, going against the Sioux, and bursting right in on them in their skin lodges to take their scalps—I say it makes me sick to see those men now with a hoe in their hand! This deceiver has taken the gun and the tomahawk out of their hands, and has given them a hoe! He has made them women, instead of warriors! Old women at that, with not spirit enough to resent anything; only able to hoe. The next thing will be he will bring out petticoats and put them upon you men; and then he

will have made you his slaves indeed! Then he will lead you into that house which he calls his church, and go through his mummery talk; and you sitting there with a spirit as small as some poor little orphan bird sitting on a bough, in the cold and rain, that is so subdued it is hardly able to utter a cheep.

“Well, I think I had better stop, for if I allow myself to dwell much longer on what I see that man is doing to you, I shall not be able to contain myself. Don’t any of you ever again go in with him into that house, nor into that field; but rise up and come with me, and let us kill him and tear down his house. Our fathers told us that there were some men so bad that everything went wrong where they were—it would not rain, or some misfortune was sure to occur; and misfortunes kept following one another; and it appears that this man who has intruded himself upon us is one of these, for we have had nothing but misfortunes since he came.”

All this set the people to thinking very seriously. It might be so. It certainly looked like it. Perhaps Sha-bosh-kunk’s view was true. It was certainly in accord with all their previous ideas up to this time. This man might after all be a deceiver. Instead of his presence bringing blessings to them, perhaps it brought a curse. His course so far had not been attended with success. It is true he had once relieved them when starving, but that was an old story, long past. Perhaps he did that good turn once to get secure possession of them for the future.

The soul of the missionary was very sorely

exercised by this entirely unexpected misfortune of the protracted and terrible drought. He could read in the people's faces and demeanor something of what was going on in their minds. And although Sha-bosh-kunk's counsels were given secretly, where *he* would not hear them, yet an inkling of them in some way came to him. He was made aware that not only were Providential events all against him, but also that there was a powerful, though insidious, influence working that threatened to bring to naught all the good that he had proposed to do to the poor people. That his expulsion at least, and the frustrating of his life-work, were very near, and very probably his death. He knew that all savages are liable to revulsions of feeling. He knew their limited knowledge; could look at things from their standpoint; could make allowance for them. He did not blame them; it was their bringing up. But he was a very sorrowful man. He saw that this meant more than the loss of crops, the loss of food, or even of life. He saw that in the peculiar circumstances of the case it meant the loss of faith in God—a worse loss to the poor people than the loss of all other things combined.

So he grieved much over this subverting of his plans. At last it occurred to him that God and His Church commanded to pray for rain when it was needed, and that he had not yet specially done so. He had indeed, in their daily prayers, read the prayer for rain; but he had not summoned them specially to pray for it. He now, therefore, in this desperate case, summoned

them all to the church, to pray specially for rain to save their fields from ruin. He first went to every wigwam with his interpreter, and announced what the meeting would be for; then the sweet-toned bell called all. Soon they were going from every wigwam, but with no faith that anything could call rain from that cloudless sky. Some were openly derisive, and went there to witness the more signal discomfiture of the missionary. He would call and call again, and there would be no answer. Among those who mocked was Sha-bosh-kunk. His futile efforts would only make his defeat more conspicuous. His way, the white man's way, the Christian way, was a failure; the only way for the Indian was to depend on his drum and rattle; on his gun and his fish-net. They had hoed and planted and done their best, and the white man's God but mocked them.

So with mingled feelings—all despairing, and many derisive—they entered the church and took their seats on the benches to see what would come to pass. Soon the white-robed Priest appeared from the vestry-room and began his service. If others had lost faith, he not one jot. He had been cast down, but not destroyed. God had told him to pray, and pray he would. The service, with the singing of many hymns, lasted about an hour. Through his interpreter he addressed them on faith in God and His ability to help them. He expressed his entire conviction that He *would* help them. He urged them to join him in praying for help. Then he knelt down and prayed fervently in his own tongue.

Then he had the prayer interpreted, clause by clause to them, that they might join in it.

The interest in these rather strange doings had kept them oblivious of what was going on outside; and when at the end of two hours they went out they were surprised at what a change had come over the face of the sky. The dropping rain began to fall on their faces as they left and they had to run to their wigwams to avoid being drenched. There they sat; and through the open doors and out of the open tops watched the big deluge come down. "The Heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."

How the grateful thunder did roll all night long, and the lightning flash, and the water come down in sheets! If before it was a question whether the earth would not parch and burn up from the utter dryness, it was now a question whether it could hold the quantity that was poured down upon it. When they got up in the morning, and the sun broke through the clouds that had poured down such a deluge, there was water, water everywhere, in pools. The drills between their rows of potatoes were filled with it to the brim; it lay in pools in all low places; the lakes and ponds that had dried up were all again filled to the brink, and every little rivulet was laboring its hardest to convey the surplus away. Their fields, lately so drooping and wilted, were now, more than ever, blooming "as a watered garden." No fear of any failure now, for that soaking, even if no more rain came, had

filled the ground so full of water that full fruitage was assured.

The wonder of this, coming as it did while Breck was praying, and while he had assembled them to pray for rain, had a great effect on the people, and proved to them, what they did not before believe; that God hears and answers prayer.

And now something occurred which made quite a commotion. There was a warrior named Wasegoneshkunk (He-who-makes-a-glittering-track-in-the-snow-as-he-walks; that is, it sparkles when kicked aside by his feet), who had always stood very high. He had been in many expeditions against the Sioux, and had always behaved like a man. None was braver than he in the face of the enemy. In all the relations of life he was honest. There was not in the settlement a man more respected than he. And now the amazing news went round that Wasegoneshkunk had put on trousers! No Ojibway had ever done so, and at first it seemed incredible. The garb of his fathers, and of his people, that he should discard it! That he should so far demean himself as to put off the breech-cloth and leggings of the warrior, and put on trousers!

And furthermore, it was rumored that he was going to have his scalplock, his badge of manhood, cut off! Heretofore it had waved victorious in the face of the enemy, his hair gathered conveniently into one bunch for the greater convenience of his enemy to take it if he could! This it was that Wasegoneshkunk had been wont to take in his hand and shake in the sight

of the enemy as he uttered his war-whoop of defiance, at the same time jumping from side to side to escape the whizzing bullets. And this he was now going to cut off—a public degradation of himself from the position of warrior, and a placing of himself with women! And not only so, but that he was going to be baptized, and renounce the faith of his fathers and their gods—renounce their Grand Medicine and the most sacred traditions of their race. Could this be true?

This great sensation was now agitating their world; and was the sole thing talked of in every wigwam. It was felt to be a very serious matter, and one that affected them all. They did not know just what to think about it, but it seemed to be in some way pregnant with mischief.

Now it was that Sha-bosh-kunk came to the front and sent tobacco to all the people, calling them to a council. The time came—there they were, on a hill overlooking the lake. The underbrush had been cleared off a certain space, in the centre of which the drummers and chanters sat, and then, leaving a space between, the men of the village. After much chanting and many dances, the caller of the council rose and addressed them.

“My friends,” said he, “I have called you to speak to you about this stranger who has come among us. His being here is a very serious matter. We did not send for him, yet he has come. And he has built a house here, that he lives in, and a church. So he has taken per-

manent possession as it were. He considers now that he has just as much right to live here as we have. If he had come on a visit, or even was living in a tent, it would be different, but he is fixed; in a house. And now that he is come, we do not know how many hundreds or thousands he may bring after him; and they will crowd us out of our village and lands, and take possession. So we shall be thrust out, and he and his friends live where we and our fathers have always lived, and we shall be vagabonds. Perhaps they will throw us on some rock somewhere, where no human being can live, and at last crowd us into the sea. If we let this man come here and live, it is the first step toward all this."

Here he waxed righteously indignant. "Indeed, my friends, the Ojibway Indian is a most patient man to bear all this. No other people would bear it. This man's own people would not. Suppose one of us went and camped on the white man's land. Would he allow us to live there quietly? No, he would kick us off his premises in short order. But the Ojibway is so patient that he will bear anything.

"And my friends," he continued, taking up another matter, "this man does not treat us right. He has a great many things that we need in that house of his, and he does not divide with us. He has tea there, and generally we have none, yet he does not divide. Now if I had something, as tea, and saw a poor person without any, that is the very first thing I would do, I would give the poor person tea. And he has

money there, no doubt,—every white man has money,—and he does not divide with us, who have none. He is stingy. If he wishes to come here and live with us and be one of us, why does he not first of all, divide everything with us, and then he will be one with us. Then we shall be indeed brothers. He talks about feeling pity for us, about having a kind feeling toward us in our poverty,—the white people all talk in that way,—then why does he not show it by dividing everything—to say to us: ‘My friends, I see that you are very poor; here, I give you everything I have; take it and divide it among you.’ If he did that we would know that he did really feel kindly toward us, and that it is not merely hypocritical pretending.

“And there he takes our wood to burn in his stoves, to cook, and keep himself warm. Why does he not pay us for that wood? It does not belong to him, it is ours. And I might even mention the water out of our lake that he drinks. That water is ours, and he has no business to take it without paying us for it. He should at least keep us in tobacco for our wood and water that he uses. That would be a very small thing, to give us a little tobacco to chew and smoke. From the bottom of my heart I pity you noble men, who are sitting there, that you are so poor you have not even tobacco. You have deserved better things than this, my friends. Yet I see you smoking the inner bark of the red willow, without the least bit of tobacco to mix with it—like some poor orphan, who whas no father to give him anything, so he is reduced to the ex-

tremity of poverty. And all this time that man has plenty of money to get you tobacco, but he will not. He is probably secretly laughing at you all this time because you are so poor!

“Now what are we going to do about all this, my friends? Are we going to sit still and endure all this like cowards? Or are we going to crouch in a corner, like dogs that have been whipped, and let this man exult over us? No! I think we are not that kind of men. The Ojibway is a warrior, a brave man, not a coward. The Ojibway is not afraid to face the Sioux, no matter how many there may be of them; nor their bullets, nor their war-clubs! Then will the Ojibway be afraid of this stranger who has come among us; who is abusing us? I will never believe it! For my part, I glory in being an Ojibway warrior!” Here he struck his hand upon his expanded chest.

“So I think, my friends, as the conclusion of the whole matter, that we had better go and take what property this man has, and which we so much need, and either drive him away or kill him. Is not the property here, on our land? So, being upon our land, it belongs to us. We did not tell him to bring it here; but by bringing it here and putting it upon our land, he made it ours, and it is ours.

“So what I propose to you is—let us go and take this man’s property and drive him off or kill him; and let us stop all this foolishness that he has inaugurated here. Let us not let this man ride over us nor abuse us as he has been doing.”

In this harangue Sha-bosh-kunk was very careful not to remind them that Breck had rescued them from death the previous winter, when in a starving condition, by bringing them provisions. It was already some time ago, and he trusted that it had been partially forgotten. He reckoned also on his own people being like all savages, capricious. Yesterday, when Breck brought them provisions, he was in high favor—THE man; to-day, when they do not need his provisions, and when his belief offends their prejudices, drive him off, or kill him, and let the past be forgotten! Sha-bosh-kunk understood this trait, and played upon it.

When he had finished this speech, there were many war-whoops let out, showing that what he had said had struck a responsive chord in many hearts. Then the drums gave a long roll, and the dancers jumped up, and soon they were giving vent to their pent-up feelings by whooping and dancing furiously. It took a long time for them to work off the excitement that had been generated within them by the speaker's words. When at last they quieted down, and were once more seated on the ground, every mind was working intently, trying to find just what was the right thing to do, and all ready to listen, if more light could be thrown on the subject by any one. They were anxious to decide according to the best light they had. They were perplexed, but strongly leaning to the views they had just heard. Even those who worked daily with the missionary in the fields, and saw him daily in the house of God, could not free them-

selves from being influenced by things presented from the old Indian standpoint. It may seem to others that it was a very simple thing to find the right; but to people brought up as they had been and in the environment in which they were, it was not simple.

The chiefs evidently shared in the perplexity of the rest, and in order to stave off the decision for a little while and give themselves some respite from the disagreeable duty of deciding, they bethought them of asking a distinguished visitor what he thought of it. This was Medweganonint (He-who-is-heard-spoken-to-at-a-distance), the famous head chief of the Red Lake band. His home was about five sleeps (130 miles) to the northwest, on the great lake already named. He had a reputation for wisdom and courage greater than any man in the Indian country, and there was no chief anywhere who was so respected and obeyed by his band, who numbered about 1,000. While no orator, he had ruled over them so bravely and sagaciously that they followed him implicitly.

When he was requested by the chiefs to give his opinion, all eyes were turned on him in expectation. He, on being thus invited, sat still for some moments in meditation. Then he rose and arranged his blanket so that it was draped around his form like a Roman toga. It took him some time to raise his six feet and four inches of height into an erect position, and there he stood motionless. What a magnificent chest he had! What a splendid head! He seemed, as he was, a king of men. One could see that if the inter-

ior corresponded to the exterior, nothing low or unworthy found a refuge there. And so indeed it was, for his whole life had been noble. Nobility was stamped on all that he did—on his manner and bearing as well as on his words and actions. Looking upon him one could not bring himself to believe that he had ever been guilty of anything mean. He indeed embodied that much abused phrase, nature's nobleman.

"My friends," he said slowly and calmly, "it is evident that Sha-bosh-kunk's heart and his intention are good, notwithstanding." This was the way in which his native politeness led him not to ascribe any evil intention—about which he could not be sure—to the proposer of a matter; while disagreeing with the conclusions that he drew. "We have heard what he has said about the evil which he thinks this man is doing to you, and his advice to drive him off. Now, since you ask me I will tell you how it appears to me. He has told you about your wood that this man uses. But we all know that he takes wood of dead or fallen trees, that is of no use to anybody. We know there are thousands and thousands of such trees lying on the ground rotting that will never be used by any one. Is it not better that he should use them than that they should rot there? And when they are used is it not to keep you warm while you are in church, or your children, while they are in school; or himself, so he will keep alive to work for you? And when he built his log house and his log church, I understand he paid the value of the logs,—although they were of no value to you,

—and that you all got a share of what was paid. Sha-bosh-kunk even spoke of the water he drank; but that seems almost ridiculous to me, for your great lake and all the lakes and rivers are full of water. Then he spoke of his not dividing everything with you. But do you not see that if he did so he would have to go away the next day, because he would have nothing to live on? It may be that that is the way the Indians do, divide everything; but I think it would be a great deal better if they did not do it. That is what keeps gamblers and lazy people still gamblers and lazy, because they think they are entitled to share with the industrious, and then what inducement does any man have to be industrious? So, notwithstanding what Sha-bosh-kunk has said about dividing, I think that the missionary is right on that subject; and that we had better imitate him. Then there would not be so many gamblers and worthless people, for they would have to go to work.

“You have been told that this missionary is stingy, but it seems to me that he gives you a great deal. Did I not see you all out with him day after day, working with spade and shovel, and he working with you, making a good wagon road from your village to Leech Lake? And were not every one of you paid good wages by him in money or clothing for your work? I have not seen anything like that anywhere in the Indian country, and you are the most blessed of all people, and all on account of the missionary. And I noticed that while you were working on that road you had all kinds of good food in

abundance, such food as the white man eats, but our people knew nothing about till just now. I noticed that you had tea, that you are so fond of, and coffee, which we never heard of; as well as beans, and dried apples, and such a variety of delicious food. Whereas you know that if the poor Indian has one thing only—as fish only, or venison only, or wild rice only—he thinks he has a good enough meal. And there I saw every man and woman have all they wanted of another thing that you never tasted till very lately, good flour bread. You know that all we have had heretofore is bread made of corn pounded with stones. But if you drive this man off, farewell to such food as you have been having. I wish that some man would come among my people at Red Lake and do for them what I see this man is doing for you. How thankful they would be for the food I see you have, and for the money to buy such clothing as I see you wear.

“I have been everywhere in the Ojibway country and nowhere have I seen a people so blessed as you are here; and all on account of this man whom Sha-bosh-kunk advises you to drive off or kill. And there is that field in which you have been working day by day and which is now glorious with corn, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds—vegetables which we now have seen for the first time, but which we like so much. I have seen no field to begin to compare with that anywhere in the Indian country. Who is to have the proceeds of that field? I understand that you are, who have done the work; but it was that man who showed

you, and gave you the seed, and worked with you, and but for him you would have had no field and no crop. And now you propose to kill that man or drive him away! You know, my friends, that a good many of us Indians starve to death every winter somewhere in the Indian country, because we have raised no crops, but depended on game; and when no game can be found we die. But in that field I see the end of starvation in the Indian country, and I see abundance for every man all the year round. So it seems that while we have been starving to death we have been living on a gold mine,—this rich soil all about us,—and did not know it. Now this man and his garden have discovered it to us, and yet we talk of killing him or driving him away! My friends, I see here in this man's work and his field the first clear sign of life for the Ojibway people that I have ever seen. This man has certainly struck out a path to life, for us to follow, and he is the first man who has done it!

“Then I went into a building here and I saw your little children well clothed and well fed, and singing hymns—in what they call a school. It seems they are being taught there all the wisdom of the white man. How much better start in life they will have than we, who were only taught about killing Sioux and dancing over a scalp! We would have been very different people had we had the chance they have. And all this comes through this man.

“My friends, you have heard that the white man will come and fling us out of this place, and

take everything we have, and that this man is the advance guard. It may be the white men will sometime come and crowd us out of our beautiful land. I do not know—that is in the future, and neither I nor any man can tell; but one thing I can tell you that I am sure of—*it will never be this kind of white man.* I suppose there are among the white people some who are murderous and some who are robbers, and some who sell us fire-water to destroy us; and there are others among them who are very good. This man is evidently of the good kind and he will never do us anything but good; and any people that he brings here, no matter how many they be, will be of the same kind as he is and will do us nothing but good.

“This man is not the same kind of white man that we have heretofore seen. The white men we have seen have been nearly all traders; or officers and soldiers at a military post. The traders, we know, are usually Frenchmen, and they generally cheat us. They give us fire-water and get our furs for a trifle. The officers and soldiers have never made any efforts for our good that I know of; but on the contrary, many evils from which we grievously suffer have come from their presence near us. But this man does not try to make money out of us like the trader, nor to keep us down like the soldier. He seems to be here solely for our good. I went into his house and sat down and talked with this man, and I watched him, and I could see no evil in him. He is of a different spirit from the others.

“Now let me tell you another thing that you do not know. You think there are only a few hundred people in the whole world, for you have traveled over this whole country, over the whole world, as one may think—days and days in every direction, and you have seen only a few hundred people in it all. So you think there are only a few people in the whole world. But I have been to Washington, because I am a chief and my father was chief before me; and I tell you that there are countless towns and villages in the world that you do not know anything about. Now you think it is but a small thing to kill this man or drive him off; but let me tell you that if you touch him you touch the whole white people, and you will draw the whole white people upon you. Do anything bad to this man, the soldiers and the white people will be upon you on account of it—and that will come to pass quickly which you have spoken of, and which you dread so much, namely, that you will be violently hurled out of this beautiful land which you love so much, and thrown into some desert to starve to death; but your own land you will see no more! That will come about by your molesting this man in any way; but never by letting him stay here and doing all the good he can to you.

“And now, my friends, this is the last thing I will say to you. This man has opened a road to you to life—by his farm, and by his schools, and by his teachers, and by the employment he gives you. Now let him alone, do not injure him—for he is your best friend.”

When the chief sat down the drums struck up again with their inspiring roll and soon all were again whirling in the dance. But when they sat down there was no longer indecision in their manner nor a desire for more light. The right had been made clear to their minds—the chief had convinced them.

Sha-bosh-kunk saw that he was defeated; that the current had set hopelessly against him. But although he could not have all he wanted, there was yet something that he might save from the wreck. So he arose and addressed them again.

“I see, my friends, that it is not your minds to do what I wanted you to do about the missionary. Well, I suppose that you are wise, at any rate there is no use in my speaking to you any more about that. But here is another thing of very great importance which I wish to speak to you about. You know that if we are united we are strong; but if we are split up into various parties we become pitifully weak. You know that that was one thing that the old Indians enjoined upon us most of all, to be of one mind, for then we were strong. You know they told us that if we made a united demand, say on the white people, we would always get what we wanted because we were of one mind. But they told us that if, when we stood before the white people, even one man spoke a different sentiment from the others, that one man would so weaken us with the whites that we would get nothing. For the whites would say—these people are of different minds; some of them think one thing, some think another; we need not pay

any attention to any of them. So our forefathers always impressed us with the absolute necessity of being united, and indeed we see that necessity ourselves.

“Now if there is one thing that is more absolutely essential for us to be united in than another it is our religion, for that is the centre of our whole fabric; and if that falls, all falls. Hitherto we have all been united perfectly in our religion; we have all been of the religion that the Spirits gave us who came out of the waters and stayed with our fathers, and on account of whom our fathers were blessed. That is the religion of the Ojibways; has always been so from time immemorial, and always will be as long as the Ojibways live upon the earth. The Great Spirit Himself, Whom the white missionaries talk about, gave that religion to our forefathers, even as He gave the Christian religion to the whites, and commanded our forefathers ever to cling to that old faith. And by means of it, as we know, we have cured disease, warded off sickness, and lived to extreme old age upon the earth. And by means of it we have drawn the animals to us, and have killed buffalo, deer, elk, bears, and all other animals; and have lived in plenty on the very best. And by means of that we have clothed ourselves with otter skins, and mink skins, and silver-grey fox, and the most precious furs. And by means of it and the protection it afforded we have gone against our enemies, and have escaped their bullets and their arrows, and returned in safety to our villages with scalps—oftentimes not a man miss-

ing. All this our religion has done for us up to this time, because we have been wholly united in it. But now for the first time there is a division that threatens us, and everything we hold dear, with ruin. One man has put on trousers, discarded the sacred breech-cloth of his fathers; and he has taken the eagle feathers out of his hair, and has cut off his scalp-lock, and has become as a woman. We hear, besides, that he has been baptized and left our religious lodge and become one-of-those-who-pray (a Christian). So you see, my friends, that if this is not stopped our whole fabric will topple to ruin. If one man may do this thing, another may, and another and another, until all our fathers' greatness and glory is gone, and we sink into contempt and weakness. Who will listen to us if we become like women, or who will any longer be afraid of us? We who are the unconquerable Ojibways; who whipped even the terrible Sioux out of this land and occupy it in their stead! So you see that all our glory and our greatness, and our very existence, depend upon our doing something. We must stop this leak that has begun, or everything will leak out. Wherefore I propose, and I am sure this distinguished chief from Red Lake will sustain me in so reasonable a thing, that we unanimously admonish Wasegoneshkunk to come back to the religion of his fathers; to take off those garments which are unworthy of a warrior, and to put on again the Indian's garb; to come back into the sacred lodge and sacred fellowship, where we will receive and forgive him. And besides,

that we pass a law, unanimously, and make it strong, that in future any one who leaves the religion of his fathers and becomes a Christian shall immediately be killed!

“If you have made up your minds to allow this miserable man to remain here, because you derive some benefit from him in the way of food or clothing, so be it, I do not resist it, although I think differently; but I only ask that no one in the future shall leave the religion of his fathers and join his miserable religion, under penalty of death. Let us agree that we shall all bury our tomahawks in the head of such a one; and so zealous am I for our ancestral faith that I promise you I shall be the first one to do it, even though it were my own brother.”

Loud applause and cries of concurrence in these sentiments, indicated by “How, how, how!” followed this speech; and once more the drums beat fast and furious, and the dancing and howling was of a similar character.

When quiet was restored the old men were not in a quandary as before, but had their minds pretty well made up. They were supported by the assemblage, which was nearly unanimous in favor of enacting the law proposed by Sha-bosh-kunk. Before they passed the law, however, Medwe-ganonint rose of his own account to say a few words on the subject. They were very few, merely stating that in his opinion medicine-men often killed their patients by worrying them as they did; working them over and keeping them from sleep and rest. And so far from the Christian religion being so bad as they supposed

it was, he did not know but some day he would become a Christian himself, if Christianity came within reach of him.

This was rather a damper, so great was the influence of the man; but it could not overcome the almost unanimous feeling of the assembly, so with loud shouts of approval the law of death was passed. They were not ready to drive the missionary away, because the benefits derived from his presence were too evident; so they endeavored to retain those benefits and yet prevent any damage to their religion by the law. Having thus made everything secure the assembly dissolved.

While all this commotion over him was going on, the missionary was proceeding with his labors—holding his daily services, which were well attended, because the people, having nothing else particularly to do, were attracted to a pleasant way of spending an hour; teaching the children in a boarding-school, tending some of them with his own hands, who slept in his private room; working daily in the field, working on the road, and attending to all departments of the mission. He got some inkling of the serious deliberations which were being held looking to his expulsion, but kept on in his quiet way. When the Indians went off in a body on distant hunts he sometimes went with them, camping with them at night on the ground, and sharing their food. Although reared in the lap of luxury, he was perfectly able to adapt himself to their kind of life. He could outwalk any of them, and what particularly struck them was

how, in Lent, he would walk all day long without tasting a mouthful of food, and only at the evening meal would break his fast. Yet they said he had a sweet smile on his face all day.

The man who had put on the trousers did not take them off; and notwithstanding the death edict, one by one they came into the Christian fold. Here some women, and there some men, and very many children were baptized; many scalp locks were cut, and much civilized dress donned. Some began to build log houses for themselves, and discarded the wigwam. They opened little fields for themselves and cultivated them. They left off in great measure their wandering habits and settled down to a more orderly life. The voice of singing and of joy was everywhere heard in their village, and to sing Christian hymns became a passion with them. They met often in assemblies of their own; but now it was not to talk about killing Sioux, nor to dance degrading dances, but to congratulate each other on having escaped from the dreadful moral and spiritual dangers through which they had passed, and to urge each other to steadfastness in the new, and to them very blessed life on which they had entered.

Their numerous councils or dances had afforded them an outlet for their feelings in their old life, by furnishing them an opportunity to make addresses on the subjects nearest their hearts; so did these new meetings in this new life. Now, however, both men and women spoke. There was no longer the subjection of women, and their effacement from having any

voice in the affairs of the community. Both now stood on an equal footing in the new kingdom. Women had the privilege of speaking of things that troubled their minds, as well as men. They related their past experiences, and their hopes and fears for the future, equally with the other sex. These meetings had now become of almost daily occurrence. In them they explored their past in the light of the new knowledge that had come to them. In them they endeavored to correct that past as far as they could; and by their acknowledged mistakes to guide themselves in the future.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

In one of these meetings all those who had become Christians were present, and many of those who had not yet—attracted to hear what the different speakers would say, and perhaps with an undefined uneasy feeling in their own minds. An atmosphere of expectancy pervaded the assembly. Nearly all the people in the village were there, and this day there were many addresses both by men and women. In them they bewailed their past—mistakes which were well known to those who listened to them; and lamented the blindness of the old life, which had caused them to fall into those things which they now bitterly regretted. They declared that they had been blind during their past-lives, and had only just now had their eyes opened. A great many frank confessions were made. It seemed to clear away from their breasts their loads, thus to openly spread before the people the things that weighed heavy on their hearts. Some of them openly asked forgiveness of their neighbors to whom they had done wrong; which was readily accorded, men shaking hands with each other, and women kissing each other in token of forgiveness, while tears of joy in some cases streamed down their faces. Some who had come there with very heavy hearts had them

lightened. There was a general feeling of joy, as if some new treasure had been found. Even those who had not yet adopted the new belief could not help but admire the spirit of sincerity and love, and of mutual forgiveness, which was abroad. Old misunderstandings were cleared up. Friends long alienated were made friends again, and embraced each other in the gladness of reconciliation. A blessed day of joy and of mutual love seemed to have come upon the community.

And now all were startled by a commotion which arose in the farthest back seat of the assembly. Some one there seemed to be in deep distress. Instantly all eyes were turned in that direction, and a man who was not yet a Christian was seen on his feet, trying to force his way through the ranks and get to the front. He was evidently laboring under strong excitement. He was trying to speak, but incoherently, and they could not understand what he said. There was a demand, therefore, that he should come to the front and address them so they could understand what this meant. He went and faced them. His emotion from some cause was very great, for he was gasping and apparently in danger of falling down.

"My friends," he began, but that was all he could utter. "My friends," he again began, "I think I am the most miserable man in the whole world; I think there never was a man in this world so unhappy as I, and now coming in here, and hearing you confessing your faults, one to another, I can keep it in no longer, I must tell it

to you, my friends, if I die the next minute. Just wait till you hear what trouble is on me, and then you will know what I mean. All the things that I have heard you confessing that you have done—oh, my friends, they are as nothing compared to what is on me! But listening to you has started me in what I am now saying.

“Let me tell you, my friends, how I have been. For some time past I have been very sad. There has been such a sadness in my heart that sometimes I thought I could not live. That is away back—before this new religion came to us. And I thought to myself, what shall I do to get rid of this terrible depression. Not finding any way myself, nor anything I could do to throw it off, I asked the advice of one of the young men of my own age. He advised me to join in the games with the young men, and have a good time; that that would cure me. I took his advice, and I joined in the gambling and in the dancing and drumming, and in all other things that people do to find joy in. But instead of getting better, I got worse; my heart was heavier in the midst of all that joy than it was before. So I found there was no help for me there. Then after a little this new religion came, and instead of giving me any joy it seemed to make me worse. Hearing that there was a God, and the different things we hear about, made me more unhappy than ever. It seemed to me that I hated God, and was ready to curse when His Name was mentioned. It is true we heard about gods in our old religion, and about one God whom we called the Great

Spirit; but it was all so far off that it had no concern with us. But hearing that God is and that He is near us, as we have heard since this new religion came, increased my pains. The closer He came to me the more unhappy I was. I heard some of you speaking about joy that you felt, and I wondered at it, for instead of joy, it brought me greater wretchedness. I could never bear to go and hear the missionary preaching, for it seemed to aggravate my sickness. I was ready to curse and blaspheme whenever he began. At last I got so desperate that I knew I must do something, so I went to one of you Indians who is a Christian, and told him how sad I was, and asked him what I must do. I did not tell him what caused my sadness, but only how I felt. He thought a while, and then he advised me to go out alone by myself somewhere and pray, though I was not one of those-who-pray, and perhaps that God would show me something, if He was going to have mercy on me. I did so; I went away off by myself in the woods, and I prayed and prayed. But no answer came—nothing. I was more unhappy than before. To-day, hearing that you were going to have this meeting, I came in here because I must do something! I was desperate; that is why I came in here. I feel that I cannot live if something, I do not know what, is not done. And hearing you confessing here to one another what things you have done has brought it to a head, and I feel that I must confess what I have done. And when you hear what I am going to say you will not wonder at the grief

that has oppressed me. For some time I had forgotten it, for it is a good while since it happened; I only remembered it when some great distress was on me, as when I was caught in the blizzard, or when I was near dying with the famine last spring—any great distress like that brought it fresh to my mind. But for the rest of the time I only knew that some terrible weight of sadness was on my heart. I only knew that something was very far wrong with me. But listening to you here has made me see clearly what is the matter with me, and when you hear what a terrible thing it is you will not wonder that I have been nearly insane.

“My friends, you think that O-kun-di-kun and his family were killed by the Sioux. You know that Sioux beadwork was found there. No, my friends, he was not killed by Sioux. He and his wife and family were killed and scalped by me and Sha-bosh-kunk, and my companion, whom I see in here. Now, my friends, you know the terrible load that I have been carrying. We started to go to the Sioux country for scalps, and it rained so that we could not, and we were ashamed to return home without going there, so Sha-bosh-kunk prevailed on us to do that in order to save our credit, and we were weak enough to comply.”

Here he noticed a man in the rear of the meeting, and with a bound he placed himself before him. “Here,” he cried, presenting to the man his big butcher knife and tearing open his shirt and presenting his naked bosom; “here, take this knife; you are the nephew of O-kun-di-kun

who was murdered; you are the nearest of kin to him here; take this knife and drive it through my breast! I offer my bare breast to you. I wish you would do it, for I would feel more comfortable if this knife was driven through me, for I deserve it. I feel that I would in some measure atone for what I have done if you would kill me!"

The nephew was startled; so was the whole assembly. Nearly every one was talking, saying that this or the other thing ought to be done—a great confusion. The nephew did not seem inclined to do the deed, and he stood in a sort of a dazed way looking at the man with his breast open and presenting the knife. Here half a dozen men took hold of both of them, and dragged them apart, declaring that no such thing should be done until they should consider it.

And now a new sensation occurred, for Traveling-the-Heavens pushed forward amidst the surging mass, and took his stand beside The-First-Heavens, and declared all that he said to be true; and furthermore that whatever they decreed should be done to his companion he wished done to him also, as equally guilty. He said, moreover, that he was glad this thing had come out openly; that it had long hung as a heavy load upon his heart; but that already, terrible as was the disclosure, he felt lighter in mind, and that whether he was to die or to live he yet felt relieved by what had happened.

The assembly now quieted down, and began to deliberate calmly on the matter. The two com-

panions were told to sit down and wait for the decision that would be given. They were told that they had done their part, and done well, in telling about it; and that they were now to submit themselves to whatever was thought best by their fellows. The inquiry now went round, where was Sha-bosh-kunk? The very mention of his name produced execration. An agitation swept over them when he was named. He, however, was not to be found; he never came to any of their meetings; purposely avoided them. He had labored all he could for the death or expulsion of the missionary, and, when he had failed he never went near him nor any Christian meetings. Now when they so much wished to see him; when they would have torn him to pieces almost had they seen him, he could not be found. He was off at a distance hunting. Thus compelled reflection, since action was impossible. One of the men, Nawukumigowinini (The-man-in-the-centre-of-the-earth), got up to address them.

“My friends,” said he, “this is most amazing that we have heard to-day. I do not mean this in reference to the two young men who have confessed. Although it is a most terrible thing that they have confessed, yet we feel sorrow for them as well as anger. We consider their youth; that they were not then come to their full strength of mind; and we consider that they were under the overwhelming influence of their leader, Sha-bosh-kunk. My friends, he is the man we are all thinking of, and not these. My friends, it is amazing. Some of the speakers

here to-day, before this thing came out, said that we were blind in our old life. We see now that we were blind. Here is this man whom we made our god, and followed him and obeyed him as if he had been God. We knew what sort of a life he had lived. We knew that he had stolen from a good many of us, and cheated us. We knew about his going to Leech Lake and getting those goods from poor widows and poor people with his lucifer match. And it was he, my friends, who caused the deaths of Big Wind and Big-Elder-Brother. He wrought on them in a devilish way, and made Big-Elder-Brother, an honest man, kill Big Wind, another honest man, and then was killed himself. So there were two men, both of them better than himself, whose deaths he brought about by his devilish cunning. And then his good old mother, She-who-is-pleased - with - something-nice-in-her-dish — Oh what a good woman she was! She was with us all our lives, wintering with us and summering with us, and going in and out among us, and did good to us all! And yet we saw her put out in the cold to die! And we looked on and did nothing. Amazing it is! My friends, when we look back we see that as those speakers said, we were blind! We thought we were the very best people; and we suffered such a thing as that to be done! An innocent, good woman; and we knew her to be good all her life. I say, my friends, it is amazing—our blindness. And then we made the man who did all that our God! And we knew that he had done all these things! I do not speak of this killing of O-kun-di-kun

and his family, for that we did not know, and we are not to blame for. He, such a man as he, said he was the Son of God, come to save the world; and we believed him; although we knew all he had done; and made him our God! We approached him on our hands and knees! Just think what a monster we approached on our hands and knees!"

Here another man was seen trying to rise and say something, and the speaker gave way to him. It was Awunanaquot (Misty Cloud).

"My friends," he said, "all this brings to my mind a word that that we lately heard read from the book that we are told is the Word of God. I am so stupid that though I listen when it is being read I can remember very little afterwards of what I hear, oftentimes nothing at all. I suppose it is the Devil, who held us in bondage all our lives and our fathers before us, who is there making us dull so that we do not understand nor remember. If it was one of the tales about Wenabozho—it takes six months to tell them all, and yet they are so fascinating that let a child of ten years even hear one of them once, he will never forget it, but can tell it fifty years afterwards word for word, just as he heard it, even though he had never heard it but that one single time. But this which we are told is the Word of God,—and so the most precious thing in the world,—we may hear it, and hear it, and yet we will remember nothing. So it must be the Devil. Nevertheless, I do remember the word that I heard last Sunday, and it is to speak that word that I disturb you now in the midst of

your consultations. The word is this: 'There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be heard upon the housetops.' That made a particular impression on me when I heard it read. I did not believe it then, but I do believe it now. Here was this murder of O-kun-di-kun and his family so skilfully covered up by Sha-bosh-kunk, and remaining unknown and unsuspected so long a time; and now it is openly displayed before us all! So we see that the saying which I have quoted is true. And we may see by this that everything, every bad deed that has been done in the world, will be openly known and come abroad! Nothing shall be hid! While these young men were telling about that deed of Sha-bosh-kunk's that saying kept coming in my mind."

A man now arose who said he wished to say just a word. "We have been hearing in this new religion about a general judgment that is to be when this world is over," he said. "Perhaps we did not believe it, but we see now how it can be. Even here already there is a judgment, for everything is coming out. That shows us how easy it will be for everything to come out hereafter."

A woman in another part of the audience was now seen endeavoring to speak, and all eyes were turned on her. It was Red-Sky-of-the-Morning. "I wish you would hear me awhile," she said. "While that young man was speaking

my heart was full. I went with him in every word he said, for I know how he feels. I suppose I would have kept this trouble within my own breast always and never spoken of it to any one. But there is something in the example of that young man that spurs me on; something that says to me, 'now do you make confession even as he has done.' And there seems to be something in the air here to-day which makes this meeting a place of casting away of burdens. I think I have the heaviest and the blackest of all. I think mine is heavier than even that young man's. My friends, you all know what I have done; how I killed that Sioux girl! That, although she looked beseechingly in my eyes and asked me to let her live, yet I cut her with my knife! Oh what I have suffered for that; and what I suffer this minute! When my child was dying in the famine, *that* was what I was thinking of, and that caused me more of a pang than my child's death. I felt that my child was somehow safe; that it was better, in one way, for the child to die then and escape suffering all that we have suffered. But I felt that I was the one in great danger; I knew I was not ready to die, and yet I was going to die. I kept asking myself, 'When the time comes for you to die like this, can you die?' And I had to answer that I could not. I saw that that deed that I had done to that girl was following me. I saw it was the cause of my child's death. I saw it would probably take all my other children, and then not be satisfied; be just as hungry pursuing me as it was before. So that is why I rise in this meet-

ing and confess to you what I did, thinking that if you can forgive me, God will, perhaps, forgive me. It is only lately that God has come to us; for though we sometimes spoke of Him in our old life, He was so far away that He had no concern with us. Now, if you wish to kill me, I am perfectly satisfied to have you kill me. I, a woman, showed no mercy to my fellow-woman, and I ought not to expect mercy to be shown to me. I was foolish and blinded. I had gained her by my plea, and I thought I had as good a right to exercise my right over her as any of our men had, and although I sometimes relented, yet I could not bear to let her go out of my hands, so I killed her! Oh, I think I am the most unhappy woman in this assembly! I think I am the most wretched woman that ever was! Who but I ever deliberately killed her fellow-woman begging for life? We see how deeply killing had become ingrained in us, that even we women killed our fellow-women."

Here there was a movement in another part of the meeting and another woman was standing up, evidently wishing to speak. Everybody looked to hear what she had to say. She was Mizhagamegizhikok (The-woman-who-lands-in-Heaven-from-her-canoe). "Misty Cloud is not the only one," she said, "who is able to remember a good word. I suppose I am more stupid than he; I suppose I am the most stupid of all the Indians,"—this she said with genuine humility,—“and I do not know any of the crooked tracks that the white people call letters, and so cannot gain any information for myself from

books, but have to depend entirely on what I can gather from other people by my two miserable ears. But yet I made some use of them, though I am stupid; for as I say, I remember one word. It was at the Holy-mutual-putting-a-bite-in-each-other's-mouth (The Holy Communion). I have been to that twice, I believe, and there I heard this word that I am going to tell to you. I do not remember, and I did not very well understand the many other sayings that were read in that service; but this one saying seemed to be so suitable to me, and just what I needed, that I suppose on that account I remembered it. It was this: 'This is a true saying and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' When it was read it passed upon my mind like a flash of fire, and immediately afterwards my heart was filled with joy and with deep thankfulness to the One Who did save sinners. From the joy and gratitude I felt I know it was God Who applied it to my case. I knew myself to be a sinner, and a great sinner, as I suppose we all were, and more than that, our missionary happened to preach a sermon on those very words, and he explained to us that that was a saying going round among the first ones who were of the fellowship of Those-who-pray, and which they comforted each other with. I am sure we do not know who they were nor where they lived; whether in this island (America) or beyond the salt sea that we hear exists; nor when they lived; but he told us that they had been bad-living people, just as we were when

we were in darkness, and that they passed this around among them as a proverb or good saying to comfort themselves with when they thought of all the bad things that they had done. They repeated then to one another, 'that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' and that took away all the terror arising from thinking of the bad deeds they had done. So I say to my sister, Red-sky-of-the-morning, and I say to The-First-Heavens and to Traveling-the-Heavens, who have confessed, not to be too much cast down about this thing. Those are very sad and sorrowful things that they have done; but they are not the only ones, and if we would all begin and confess, who is there among us that is clear? If there is not one thing, there is another with all of us. Every one of us has something or other. Let us rely on that good word that I happened to remember and which I have quoted, and let us not be too much cast down."

When she sat down, a man, Azhawukumigweb (He-sits-across-the-earth), said: "Very often it is a woman who shows the way out of a difficulty or out of danger. It was a woman, The Lynx's wife, who showed the party what to do in the blizzard, by which their lives were preserved. And I think that this woman who has just spoken has pointed us out the way of life. We have got into a hole, and a very bad one, by our evil lives in our ignorance, and I am satisfied that this woman has pointed the road out. Let us remember what she has told us."

And now there rose one whom every one was

surprised to see stand up, for he was about the last one that they thought would address them in such a place. It was "The Sioux," the hero of many an exploit.

"My friends," he said, "I see you are surprised to see me stand up to address you in such a place as this. Indeed I am surprised at myself. You know my past life. That is, you think you do, but really you do not. You know how I went and killed my own uncles, and brought home their scalps. You applauded it in the days of your ignorance, and I felt proud of it. Now I loathe it. I see that I was the Devil's chief servant. I thought then that I was a good-living man because I never killed any of my fellow Ojibways. Oh, how I was blinded! And you know how I treacherously killed the old Sioux and his daughter and family on the prairie. We flattered ourselves in those days that we were reducing the number of our enemies and so were doing a good thing by killing them. But it was not so. All the innocent children and women whom we killed made no appreciable difference in the number of our enemies, nor the men either. The truth is, that we did it through the wickedness of our own hearts. If we had let them live it would have been of no disadvantage to us. We see now that we causelessly injured and destroyed innocent and helpless women and children who never would have done us any harm. We see now that all the misery that Sioux and Ojibways inflicted on each other was useless. It was the Devil, whom we both served, who made us do it.

And those whom I have mentioned are not the only Sioux that I have killed. But I have done more than that, my friends, more than any of you know of. I went once toward the white man's country a great many days' journey to visit some Ojibways there; away over toward the river that is called Gigo-shekumot—(St. Croix river). When I was near that place I saw a family of those whom we call The Chipmunks (The Swedes), because when they first settle on land, being poor, they have no money to build a house, and so burrow in a bank of earth, like chipmunks, till they get money enough to build them a house. There I saw the little tow-headed children, with white skins and red cheeks and eyes as blue as the sky, playing about the door. What do you think I did? I killed the whole family. Why did I do it? It was not any advantage to me. They were poor and nothing that they had could profit me. Why did I do it? It was because I had got so used to killing that I wanted to kill more and more. That was the dreadful curse that was on me; that was my dreadful punishment, that the more I killed the more I wanted to kill. And as you may imagine, that was not the last family of whites that I killed. I was out hunting with one of my young men, when we came on the house of a Long Knife (American) whom I knew. I incited my young man to join me in killing that family. He did not wish to, but I overpersuaded and forced him. So we shot the father through the window in the evening, and then went in and killed the mother and all the chil-

dren with our tomahawks. Then we took what we wanted and set fire to the house and burned them all up to cover up what we had done. My friends, that is what grows out of killing Sioux! The-First-Heavens, who has spoken here, thought he had a load on his mind, and by the way he was gasping and staggering we could see that it was as much as he could bear, and Red-Sky-of-the-Morning thought she was the most unhappy woman living. But what a light grief is theirs compared with what lies on me! It is as nothing. I have opened my trouble to you, and you see how vast it is. My friends, I never thought to have made to any human being the confession I have made here to-day; but listening to those who have spoken has drawn it from me in spite of myself. You see before you the most unhappy man there is living. I suppose the whites would kill me as soon as they find me, but that is nothing. Now I have shown you the depth of my grief."

Pi-zhi-ki (The Buffalo) now rose and wished to speak. "My friends," said he, "I wish you to notice what my namesake the buffalo teaches us about these matters, and about these confessions that we have heard. We have often secretly watched my namesake feeding, when we were lying hidden, perhaps, in a grove. What does he do? He reaches out his long tongue and with a swirl he draws all the grass within reach of it into his mouth. He swallows it down and then reaches out his tongue for more; and so he keeps on until he has filled his stomach. Then he lies down. He has had enough. What

does he do next? He brings every bit of what he has swallowed down so greedily, up back into his mouth, and tastes it all over again at his leisure, and if he has eaten sweet and wholesome grass he finds the taste of it very good, and if he has swallowed down bitter and poisonous stuff he has again to feel it in his mouth and to find it indeed bitter and poisonous. So we in our life, like my namesake the buffalo, have been greedily swallowing down all sorts of things; and we thought it made no difference; that that was the end; but no, we find, like him, that we have to chew it all over again at our leisure. If we had watched the buffalo to take a lesson from him he would have taught us to put only sweet and wholesome stuff into our stomachs, for we find the bad inexpressibly bitter when we come to taste it over again, and the taste remains."

"I," said Ga-wi-ta-we-we-dunk He-who-goes-around-where-we-are-hallooing), rising to speak, "will not take a parable from the buffalo, as that man has done, but from ourselves. You know, my friends, how it is when we have eaten something that has disagreed with us. We try to keep it down, but no! we get sicker and sicker, and more and more uncomfortable; and though we try to put something on the top of it to keep it down, or drink something, yet our distress becomes greater and greater, and there is no relief for us until we have vomited it up. Then at last we are rid of it, and have ease, but not before. We have been swallowing down all sorts of things in our old life, and today they

are making us very sick; and I say that 'The Sioux' and Red-Sky-of the morning, and The-First-Heavens, and the others have taken the only sensible course in vomiting these things all up out of their stomachs—they will be well now. But, my friends, neither you nor I, nor any one in the world can know what it is to be well while vainly struggling to keep these things down, which yet in spite of all our efforts will make us sicker and sicker until they force themselves out at the last. And if we did succeed in keeping them down and in us they would kill us! Let us learn from what we see takes place in our bodies, to know how to treat the maladies of our souls."

"I want to say a word," said Yellow Thunder, standing up, "about what that man, 'The Sioux,' has just said about its being useless for us Ojibways to think that we would do any good by killing a few Sioux and so reducing the number of our enemies. It was useless, and our killing a few innocent women or children, or even killing a few men, made no difference in their numbers and did us no good. It was the wickedness of our hearts, I suppose, that made us do it, and we merely got up that pretext of reducing their numbers as a cloak for what we wanted to do. And all that which came down to us from our forefathers, about doing honor to a dead child by putting a lock of their hair or a toy in the bowels of a slain enemy, we see now to have been bad and wrong. It was the Devil who had possession of us at that time, and he incited us to do those things that we did. Oh,

how devil-ridden we were—both the Sioux and we! What misery we inflicted on each other, they on us and we on them; and it was all entirely useless. What a life of constant fear and apprehension we lived in on account of that thing! We could not enjoy this beautiful world that God gave us, because we made our lives a hell, by butchery, and by that fear ever hanging over us. We see now how much better it would have been to have enjoyed the good things of this life in peace, and to have let each other alone. But no! the Devil was our master in those days and he must drive us into that extreme misery. When I think of how we suffered from fear, all spring and summer long, and sometimes mooring our little children out on the lake in canoes for weeks at a time, I shudder at the recollection of it. We made our lives very miserable by our blindness. And you know, my friends, that I was one of those who went on a war-party—yes, who got up a war-party—and went and killed innocent women and children, as well as men, and took their scalps and brought them home and danced over them; you know all that. So I now publicly acknowledge my error, and say it was all wrong. And you know I was one of those who brought home that poor Sioux girl who perished here among us, so I feel that I am partly to blame for that. Not Red-Sky-of-the-morning only, but I also. I thought in those days that I was doing a good thing; now I see how blind I was. The Devil blinded me, whom I loved and whom I served. Now I have thrown him off”—here he

made a motion of throwing him off,—“and will trample on him every day,”—here he trampled with his foot on the earth,—“and oh, how I loathe my old life! So I ask God to forgive me; and you also, my friends, who have known all that I have done.”

Here another man rose to speak. It was Good-Sounding-Sky, the great hereditary Grand Medicine-man. “I wish to speak, my friends, of a different thing from that which the man who has just sat down has spoken to you about. Although it is true that I am equally to blame with him about that war-party, and killing those innocent people, and bringing that captive, I wish to speak to you about my Grand Medicine. You know that I am far the foremost man in the Ojibway nation in the Grand Medicine, and so was my father before me. You know how the sick were carried to me from all the villages of the Ojibways—two and three and even as much as seven days’ march distant—for me to cure them. You know the presents of blankets and food and furs and every imaginable thing that I received. I made myself hoarse and I made myself tired—Oh, how exhausted I was—calling on endless names of spirits to help me; spirits under the lakes and under the rivers, spirits everywhere; and shaking my rattle, and beating my drum, and chanting my medicine songs, and working over the sick, for days and days at a time. And I say to you now, I, the foremost Medicine-man in the whole nation, after having tried to the full all that our fathers left us in the way of knowledge; after having made the

utmost proof of it more than any other man—I say to you that there is nothing in it. I say that we have inherited from our fathers, lies, vanity, and things wherein there is no profit. And I publicly declare here that I shall bury all the instruments of my craft,—my drum and my rattle, and my medicine-bag, and all my medicines,—and that I shall practice my art no more. I will not give them away, for fear some person might use them; but I shall bury them so no person can use them. When I first began to hear this new doctrine there was some one stood at my elbow and said, ‘Do not listen, do not listen.’ I could almost hear the voice. Then I would take my drum and beat it violently, so as to shut out the sound of what the missionary was saying, both from myself and from others. I know now that it was the Devil who was at my elbow, and said to me, ‘Do not listen;’ but I, like Yellow Thunder, am trampling on him, and shall every day of my life. And it was the Devil or one of his spirits who came to me in the che-suk-an when practicing sorcery to find out about the future, as when calling upon him to know whether Yellow Thunder’s daughter would live or not. There was a power in our old religion; a malign power; from the evil spirits whom we invoked; whom we loved and whom we served, and to whom we gave ourselves. We called them to come to us; we invited them; we implored them; and it was our punishment that they did. I used to think my Grand Medicine the greatest thing in the world, now I think it just about so much”—showing the thickness of his nail—“in

comparison with this that has been brought to us, and I acknowledge with the last speaker that I have been blind all my life, and have only just now received my sight." These words from such a source were a great surprise.

Here a woman arose, Omayasek (The-woman-general-of-the-army), and said she had something to say about this. "My friends," she said, "I wish to deal first with the cases of The-First-Heavens and his companions, and with Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, reserving the case of 'The Sioux' for the last, because it has different features from the others, and requires to be separately dealt with. I shall speak of that last. The-man-in-the-centre-of-the-earth and Misty Cloud have quoted to you words from the Scripture. Now I want you to know that I also am capable of remembering a word when I hear it. I have a brain in my body and not all words escape me. And I think I know a word that I listened to lately when it was read in church, which tells us what we ought to do to these who are so sorrowful, these who have addressed us, and made confessions here before us. It is this — I remember every word of it: 'So that contrarywise you ought rather to forgive him and comfort him, lest such a one should be swallowed up with his overmuch sorrow.' You see the condition that these are now in. They are so weighed down to the lowest depths with sorrow that if we do not do something to them they will become desperate, and very likely kill themselves. They are in danger of being swallowed up with their overmuch sorrow. And I remem-

ber that near the same place there is a word that speaks that we should take care that the Devil does not get an advantage over us through their overmuch sorrow. That is what he is now in danger of doing to these poor people if we do not prevent him. He first set them on to killing those people; we all know very well that he did that. And now having got them to do it, he is trying to drive them to despair by making them think that what they have done is so bad they are beyond reach of forgiveness, so that they will not go to God for mercy, but make away with themselves or become reckless and desperate. And then he will have got them forever and ever. He will rule over them in the Bad Fire (hell), and that is what he is now coming pretty close on doing. So we must do something quickly to save these people, and I shall tell you what it is. It is that every one of us who are Christians shall rise and kiss and shake hands with these people, and tell them not to grieve too much about what they have done, but to trust in God. In that way we are to do as the Word tells us, 'confirm our love toward them.' We are to tell them that we forgive them; and what is the word that we so often hear?—'Ye are the body of Christ.' If we who are the body of Christ forgive them, that means that Christ, Who is the Head, has forgiven them, and that they are to grieve no more, and we are to tell them so. And I say the same to 'The Sioux,' who has told us what he has done. I tell him to remember the word that The-woman-who-lands-in-Heaven-from-her-canoe quoted 'that Christ

Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' And I wish to give him for his consolation this further word from myself which I remember, 'If we walk in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin.' Then why should we fear? Let us rely on that word. It is sad that he has done what he has, but there is great virtue in repentance. If the white people come upon him for what he has done, and execute him, he must stand that as well as he can. That is his punishment in this world which he must bear. But God will save him in the world to come if he does what I say. We have nothing to do with what the white people may do to him, neither to tell them nor not to tell them. We must leave that to God to do about that as He sees best. Now I am going to begin, and I want every one of you men and women here who belong to Those-who-pray to follow my example, that we may save these people."

With that she went to Red-Sky-of-the-Morning and, putting her arms about her, kissed her heartily, and said a few words of encouragement to her. Then she went and kissed each of the three men in succession, and told them to trust in God and not to grieve. In this she was followed by every woman of the Christian band, who kissed and addressed encouraging words to each. The men followed, shaking hands with each one and addressing to them words of cheer. All the assembly was in motion while this was going on, either shaking hands, or moving about,

or speaking to the sorrowful ones who were the objects of all this attention. As for them, they appeared visibly comforted. As one after another kissed them or shook hands with them and comforted them, they looked up; their hearts were touched with this Christian love, and they were no longer the woe-begone beings they had been before. They felt their heavy burdens rolling off. They felt that God forgave them when they saw so much love in the faces of His people, and in their actions.

The Woman-General-of-the-Army, who had now taken the lead and was the one who said what should be done, evidently because she was the one who saw clearly what ought to be done and did it, passing over even the men, now had a final word to say about these newly reconciled ones. She said she wanted them brought immediately to the missionary to be baptized, for that she remembered what he had said, that if one's hands or one's face were very dirty and the person took water and washed, then the filth would all be removed and the person be clean; that so in the water of baptism the soul was washed from all the filth of sin and made clean. She said these persons' sins were upon them still, and would be till they were baptized, so she wanted them to be baptized at once. She said there were sponsors wanted, who would vouch for them in the future, and she called for volunteers who would act in that capacity. Instantly there arose many, men and women, each saying "I." She selected those she thought

proper, and they took the candidates and marched them off to seek the missionary, telling him what had happened, and asking him to baptize them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RETRIBUTION.

While they were gone there was still a very important question to be decided—what was to be done with Sha-bosh-kunk. To this they now addressed themselves. One and all spoke of him with detestation. They recounted again how he had deceived them, abused them, and set himself up for them to worship as the Son of God, while inwardly full of the greatest enormities. They recalled again his aged mother's end—a thing they thought little about at the time, but which in the light in which they now stood they saw to have been most abominable. They recalled Big Wind and Big-Elder-Brother, and their sad fate brought about by him. In fact, the speakers could hardly bring themselves to an end when they began to speak of him. However, it would do no good to talk on in that way—the question was, what was to be done with him.

The first thing that suggested itself to all was to kill him. Some of them advocated going and as many as could get at him burying their tomahawks in his head. They considered for awhile that proposition. They all agreed that he deserved it; that it would be a light punishment for what he had done. They said it would take many deaths to atone for the deaths he had

caused. But could they do it? Some, it is true, were in favor of it; but the larger part thought that in the new life on which they had entered they should not kill any one. In their old life they said that is what they would immediately have done, but in this new life they could not.

Then they discussed allowing him to live on in their village, but this they were unanimously averse to. Finally, not knowing what to do, and after they had discussed it a long time without finding just the right thing to do, they agreed as a compromise measure to call him into their council and then to be guided by circumstances, or to some extent by how he would conduct himself. Accordingly, messengers were dispatched to his wigwam to summon him, for he had by this time returned from his hunt. By the messengers also they sent word to him to repent, for with their new principles fresh in their minds they had the wish even for Sha-bosh-kunk that he should repent. Amidst all their hot indignation against him there was mingled that touch of pity for him—the wish that he might come to a better mind.

His answer to the messengers was a refusal to go, nor would he give any satisfaction to them in any way. In answer to their request that he should repent he gave only the hard, cold answer, "I will not repent. What have I done that I should repent?" He would remain just as he was; would never change as long as he lived!

When this answer was reported to them their indignation was more hot against him than ever.

GAMBLING SONG.—Ojibway.

Transcribed and harmonised
by EDWIN S. TRACY.

M. M. ♩ = 132.

The musical score is presented in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'M. M.' with a quarter note equal to 132 beats per minute. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth-note patterns and occasional ties. The piano accompaniment in the bass staff features a steady eighth-note bass line with chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Earnestly did they wish to go and tear him to pieces, but their new principles forbade. At last, moved by a common impulse, they decided to let him live, but to drive him away from their village, never more to return there. And they decided to send runners to all the other villages of the Ojibways to notify them of what they had done, and to request that he be received in no one of them. They asked that he be forced to live by himself, away from human kind—live with the beasts whose equal only they thought he was.

In order to emphasize more strongly their detestation of him, they passed a law that his name should never more be spoken by any Ojibways, but that when they had occasion to refer to him it should be by the new designation which they gave him, *Gegwanisugendagozit* (The-Accursed). This new name also was to be made known to all the other Indians to whom they were to send word about him; and they also were to be requested to observe it, and by it alone in future was he to be known to them. The messengers were instructed also to tell them that they had sent word to him to repent; and that if he had, notwithstanding all the enormities he had committed, there was no telling with how much leniency they might have dealt with him, or how they would have regarded him, but that his final deliberate answer, "I will not repent," and his refusal to acknowledge that he had done anything wrong had put the stamp of permanence on what he was and on all that he had done—burned it in, and made it an in-

separable part of himself; so that thenceforth by his own deliberate decision, the door of forgiveness and restoration was forever closed against him; to all eternity he must remain what he had deliberately elected to be.

The runners who were sent to the neighboring villages were instructed to ask that those villages in turn notify others still more remote of what had been done, and they in turn others; so that to the farthest limits to which his fame as the Son of God had extended there might also extend the news of his degradation and banishment from human kind. The loathing of him was to be co-extensive with his exaltation. The god whom they had approached on hands and knees was to be dragged in the dust and be an object of execration to them all. The lonely canoe man on Lake Ontario who had heard that he was the Son of God was to hear that he was a vile impostor, the companion of beasts.

On a certain day the inhabitants of Gull Lake were assembled around the fallen idol's wigwam. First the fire on the hearth was put out, and it was commanded that as long as the earth remained no fire should ever be made on that spot. Next the wigwam was torn down and the materials burned. Then Sha-bosh-kunk was brought forth, his gun and a few traps given him, and he was commanded to go to a certain lonely region away from their village, which was designated to him, and never more to show his face there. He was told to keep himself from human kind; that orders had been given to shoot him if he ever approached or spoke to any

Indian. He must not approach any other village on pain of death. If he needed powder and ball to make his living he must go to a certain distant white trader mentioned to him, and then only in the night. He was to build himself a wigwam as best he could and there live all alone. His wife and children refused to go with him to banishment; said they would remain with their relatives, and would become Christians and be baptized.

When at last he went forth there was the entire village looking after him, with arms stretched forth and voices sending after him words of execration. It recalled the day when he set forth from that same village on his war expedition, and then there were the same people shouting after him words of love and of encouragement.

He disappeared from view, a lonely man; indeed, a "fugitive and a vagabond" on the earth. Once in a while a hunter caught a glimpse of a distant figure, then turned his head. Occasionally for some years a smoke was seen to rise; then the mother uttered the name Gegwanisugendagozit, and her little one shudderingly hid its head in her skirts. For some years a gun was occasionally heard to sound; then the hunter stamped upon the earth and spat. By and by all was silent, no smoke any more; no gun any longer heard. The hunter still avoided that tract lest he should come on the bones of Sha-bosh-kunk, gnawed clean by wolves, and his skull lying like dung upon the ground. He had no burial but what the wild beasts gave him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STILL WATERS AT LAST.

Soon after this a great event happened—a Successor of the Apostles visited their village. He was the godly old man who had been consecrated by that other Successor of the Apostles who ministered before George Washington, to be the Apostle of the Northwest wilderness. As an Apostle he had carried the Gospel through Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, and as far west as there were any settlers; and into all the states of the Southwest, even to Florida and Louisiana—and all this in the days before railroads, when there were only the slow and painful stage coach, and the not very safe river steamer. He cared nothing for fame, for applause, for rank, for anything but to do the will of his Father in Heaven. He fled from praise, and love pursued him. In his own state, Wisconsin, in which he had now taken up his residence, he was worshiped. When he alighted at a town all the hackmen crowded around him, and fought as to who would have him. "Here, Bishop, get into my hack," cried one; "here, Bishop, take mine," cried another; "here, Bishop, get into mine," cried they all! When he was driven to his destination and asked what was to pay, not a cent would any of them take. "Well," he would say, "I do not think I ought

to do this; you have your family to support." "No, no," cried the delighted cab-owner, "not a cent from you, Bishop; will not take a cent." The man thought himself already overpaid by being permitted to carry him.

This godly old man, Jackson Kemper, with his silvery white hair, came to Gull Lake, and took his place beside the Altar in the log Church. As many as could get in the church were in and the rest crowded around outside. They were brought before him; the women in their white dresses, which had been given them at their baptism, and the purity of which they were exhorted to keep unsullied. The aged Apostle asked them if they ratified the vows of their baptism; to renounce the Devil and all his works, to believe in God, and to serve Him to their life's end, and they answered with a loud voice that they did. Then they knelt and each received an Apostolic blessing, and the Apostle laid his hands upon them and prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost. Then followed the holy feast upon the Body and Blood of the Saviour Christ, of which they each partook, each of them receiving the Consecrated Bread and then drinking of the Consecrated Chalice, after which they went joyfully to their homes.

It seemed to themselves like a dream, all that they had passed through!—starvation, the fights with their enemies, pursuing and being pursued; all the dreadful miseries of their past lives. And now they were safe from it all, like a canoeman who has nearly lost his life in the boiling waves but is now at last safe in the quiet haven. Soon

they had houses, farms, cattle, and every earthly comfort. They laid down and slept in security, with no fear of hearing the awful Sioux yell in the morning, nor of beings with the energy of demons bursting in upon them!

They had, though, through a most frightful and terrible experience, found God; and in finding Him they had found every blessed thing in this world and in the world to come. Their meetings with each other now were filled with thanksgivings, recalling the frightful dangers through which they had passed and their present happiness. "We went through fire and water, and THOU broughtest us out into a wealthy place!"

"Thou shalt forget thy miseries or remember them only as waters that pass away!"

THE END.